

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1987

HOT STUFF!

SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE



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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 11/November 1987



Broads On Boards



Casino Busters



Porsche Panache



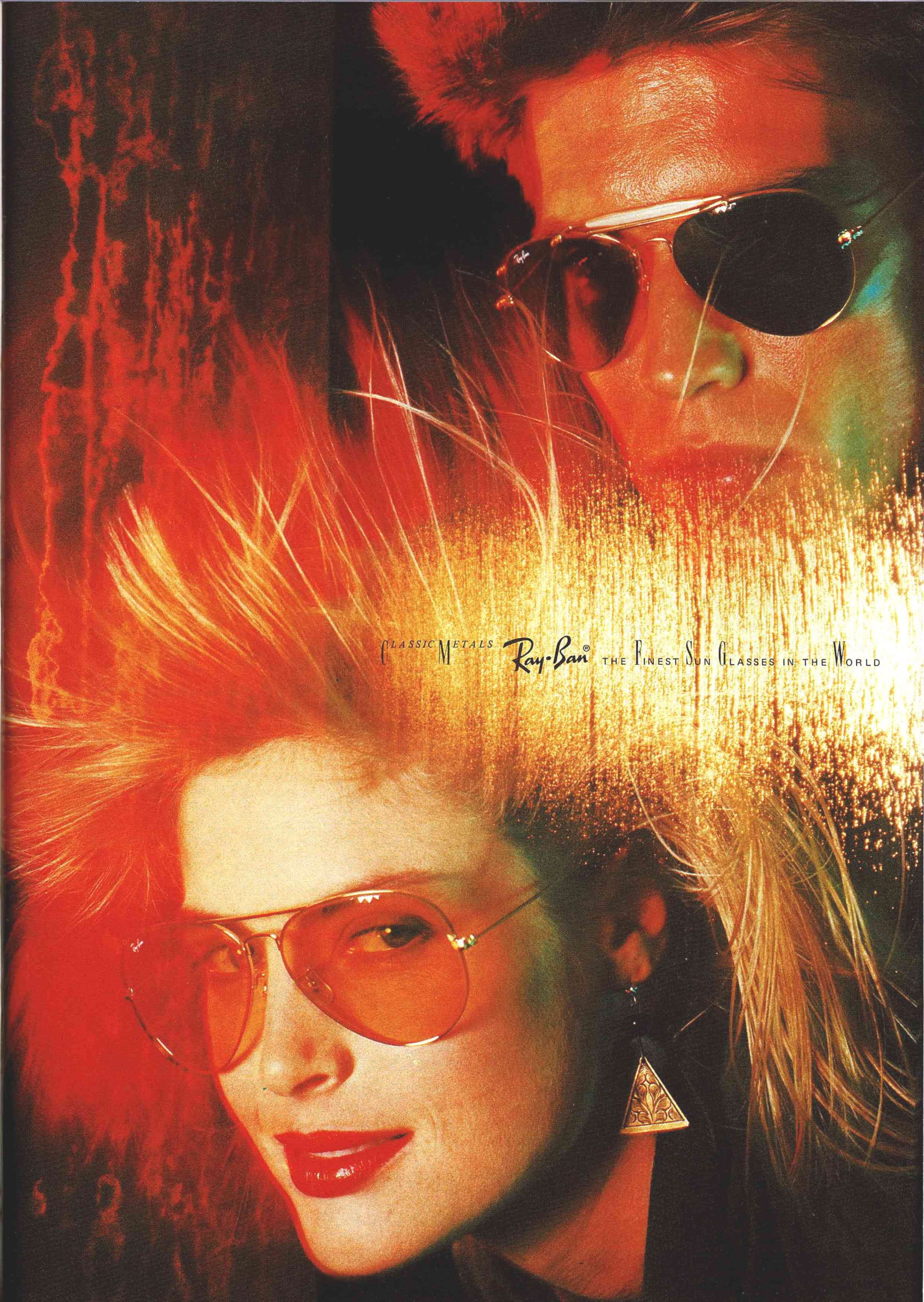
Bright Lights

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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER



PETER SIMONS



PETER CRAWFORD



PAUL MANN



JULIA EDWORTHY



SUSAN GEASON

HOUSECALL

HOT STUFF

Welcome to our Special Summer Issue. Can you feel the heat yet? You will when you turn to our centre pages, where blonde beachgirl Amanda Wolfe turns it on with the aid of photographer Hank Londoner. If that doesn't put you in mind of a cold shower, check out stunning Lisa Spears on page 110, as seen through the lens of Nick Brokensha. You just can't beat surf, sand, sun and sex. Put 'em all together and you've got Broads On Boards, a pictorial tribute to the world's best female surfers — ladies who've busted down the doors of a previously all-male domain and left some shattered egos in their wake. Photographers Peter Simons, Paul Sargeant and Peter Crawford gave the gals some welcome exposure while Nick Carroll contributed an insightful look at their achievements in the hard grind of competition. That story starts on page 80. Now you're primed for the main event — Noel Carstairs' profile of Gary "Kong" Elkerton, a Queenslander regarded by many as the world's most exciting surfer. Kong has taken the pro circuit by storm and compromised none of his outlandish individuality in the process; he's single-handedly put the grunt back into professional surfing. Peter Crawford shot the accompanying photo on page 54. So there it is: red-hot summer entertainment in the *Penthouse* tradition of selling the sizzle and the sausage. Get into it.

ABALONE WARS

Australia's abalone industry is a powder keg ready to ignite. With the Japanese market sending prices through the roof, hard men fight and betray each other for a

shot at the lumps of gold lying on the ocean's floor waiting to be plucked. Paul Mann sent despatches from the front line of the abalone war in an absorbing story starting on page 32 and illustrated by Julia Edworthy.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF RONALD REAGAN

You think we're joking? Well, heh, you're right, folks. But we haven't stooped to presenting a series of blank pages. Instead, Roy Blount Jr collated a random set of Ronnie's bucolic *bon mots* and pious pronouncements and undertook the taxing task of explaining what they actually mean. Turn to Kunio Hagio's illustration on page 58.

CASINO BUSTERS

Despite what you may have been led to believe, casinos really hate winners. They hate them so much they'll do anything to weed out the small number of blackjack experts, who in turn will do anything to get a game. On page 74 Paul Hamilton, a blackjack expert himself, reveals the hilarious schemes he and his mates have adopted to protect their shaky livelihoods. The illustration is by Chris Payne.

CONNECTIONS

When a New Right politician's wife goes missing he can't risk the hot breath of the afternoon papers on his neck. Better to get his press secretary to make some discreet inquiries — but can that smart-arsed bastard be trusted? Susan Geason mixes classic gumshoe with political intrigue in a fine piece of Australian fiction, illustrated by COLLIDE. Turn to page 98. ☐

ONE PHONE CALL GETS THE BALL ROLLING

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You will have VIP Service all the way. And you can game in the exclusive privacy of our International Room.

We'll pay your return air-fare to Adelaide, your accommodation in a first class hotel, and all your restaurant bills.

Ring now and ask for Tony Boyd. He'll make sure you get nothing but the best in Adelaide.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian Penthouse—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Seeing pinko

It is apparent from the articles written by such journalists as C.J. Mackay and Mungo MacCallum that *Australian Penthouse* exhibits a definite left-wing political bias in its articles and format. I find this incongruous as the "average" *Penthouse* devotee is a "well-educated, upper socio-economic orientated, innovative yuppie", as often stated in your subscription renewal campaigns.

Perhaps in future a more objective conservative political tendency could be reflected in some of your articles, which would be more in keeping with the values of your clients. — *John Birges, Sorrento, WA*

Your accusations of "left-wing political bias" are misdirected. C.J. Mackay's stance and subject matter are absolutely apolitical. Only one story by Mungo MacCallum ("Who's Afraid Of The New Right?", January) has been published by Penthouse in 1987, which can hardly be construed as evidence of political bias. — *Ed*

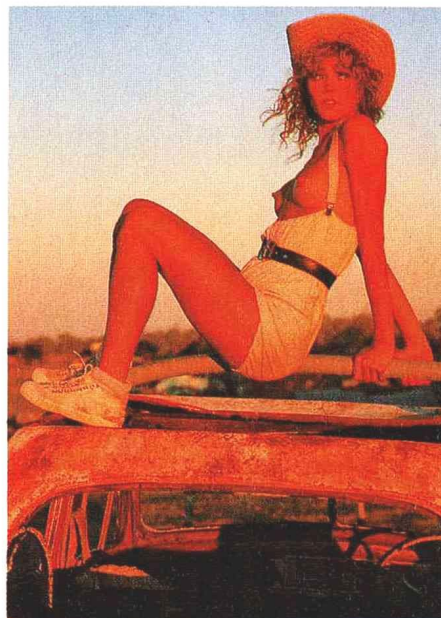
Poster problem

We write to you with some concern about the recent *Penthouse* posters (advertising each month's issue) now being displayed by newsagents everywhere. We urge you to reconsider the need to show topless women in this advertising.

No doubt the argument offered is that worse is available on television, or some similar comment. However such comments cannot be substantiated because the magazine is an "adults-only" publication. Under the laws of this state, adults have free choice to read or not read such publications. However, once a poster is in full public view, there is little to no choice. Worse still, the adults-only tag is thrown away and children are subjected to adult material.

We object to this lack of consideration for our children's welfare. As parents we have the right to protect our children from what we consider to be harmful. We therefore request in the strongest possible manner that you refrain from displaying nudity in posters.

It is the democratic right of individuals to read such publications in privacy; it is also the infringement of a democratic right for those not so inclined to be harassed with



Bambi . . . a triumph

what they would prefer not to view. Looking forward to your reply. — *Edwin and Pam Galea, Chipping Norton, NSW*

Australian Penthouse products are published under guidelines set out by the Federal Attorney General's Department, whose Publications Review Board decides whether or not an item is suitable for perusal by a minor. The Board considers that its decisions reflect community standards and this magazine will continue to act on its rulings rather than on the opinions of individual community members. — *Ed*

Get it off

Who is this C.J. Mackay? She's got to be in the wrong part of your magazine, hasn't she? I mean to say, any woman (I presume she is of the female gender) who can knock back 99 percent of the Aussie males who are generally considered to be "sex symbols" ("The Sexiest Man in Australia", June *Australian Penthouse*) has got to have more going for her than a fussy disposition.

Come on fellas, offer her money, or whatever you do to get her into the centrefold! If her physical proportions match her ego then you've got to have the next Pet Of The Year on your hands.

We can't all be Mel Gibsons, so unless "Seej" has a head like the rear end of Albie Mangels' unfortunate dog, I can't see why

every red-blooded Aussie male shouldn't get all "thingy" about Ms Mackay. I, for one, would be the first to admit it. — *Anders "Thingy" Nilsson, Maleny, Qld*

Ms Mackay accepts your tactful criticism, but feels you have missed the point of her column. She adds with regret that she, and the Australian public, may not yet be ready for her to put her "thingy" where her mouth is. — *Ed*

Who shot Bambi?

Your gorgeous August centrefold provoked an irresistible response in me. I couldn't resist writing to ask the question: "Who shot Bambi?" But of course I know it was your photographer Nick Brokensha, a bloke who as well as having what must be the best job in Australia, deserves a medal for capturing the strangely-named Bambi as he did. A triumph. — *Chris Donnelly, Brisbane, Qld*

You've outdone yourself this time. Your pictorial of Canadian-born Bambi had me wanting more and more. She has got to be the sexiest woman you've ever presented. I have for a long time been impressed by the standard of the models and the photography in *Australian Penthouse*, but Bambi is on the top of my list. Congratulations for giving us another winning heartthrob. — *D. Richards, East Fremantle, WA*

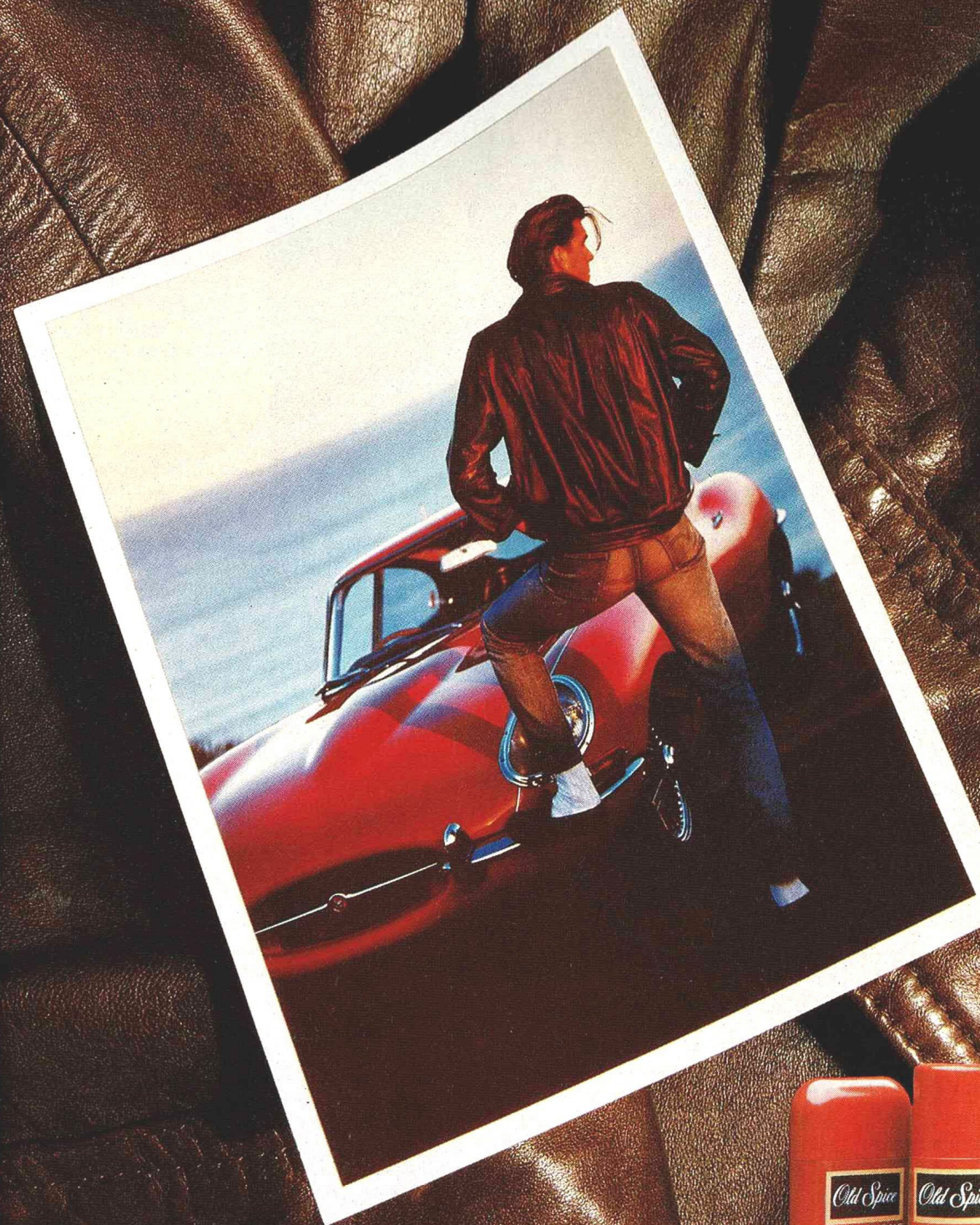
Animalia

It could only happen in *Australian Penthouse*! When I saw you had a feature story about bestiality ("Animal Acts", June) I have to admit that my curiosity was aroused. I hasten to add that I have no personal experience of the subject matter, just a perverted curiosity about the people who do the odd things we read about from time to time in the papers.

Well, I didn't know what to expect from your story except for the vague suspicion that it would be shallow and sensationalist. Not at all. It was highly informative, presenting an historical perspective as well as current information and quotations from Australian authorities. All up, so to speak, it was a definitive article on a subject untouched by other publications. If it wasn't so frightening it would be very funny. As I said, it could only happen in *Penthouse*. — *J. Conway, Melbourne, Victoria*

L.E.A.T.H.E.R

A WHOLE NEW OUTFIT FROM OLD SPICE





WE'RE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that some things in America are still moving slow.

It takes a whole lot of just sitting for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain rightful age. And, since there's no way to speed this process along, our employees get good at just sitting too. You may feel most things in America move too quickly today. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's you'll be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Easy money

I am a 20-year-old male university student. Although I am considered good-looking, I had never been treated as a "sex object" until the recent episode that I'm about to describe.

I was in need of some extra cash so I could join my friends for a break, when I found a notice posted on a jobs board looking for someone to serve as a waiter for a private party. I called the woman who'd posted the notice, and she asked me to stop by her house the next afternoon to be interviewed. I thought this was kind of peculiar for a one-night gig, but 50 bucks is 50 bucks, so I went. Marianne was a divorced woman in her early thirties who lived in a large house not far from campus. She was quite attractive, and also very wealthy.

When I entered her home, she gave me the once-over and asked if I had any experience as a waiter. Apparently satisfied with my credentials, she told me I had the job and should show up on Friday at 7pm. I was to be her only help, serving wine and hors d'oeuvres to about a dozen people. She asked for my waist size and said that she would take care of my uniform. This seemed really odd to me, but she was the boss. It occurred to me later that she hadn't asked for my shirt, jacket, or shoe size; but as I had an exam and a paper to write that week, I didn't give much thought to these rather strange circumstances.

I dutifully appeared on Friday evening at the appointed hour. Marianne, who wore a pretty aqua-blue skirt, told me the guests would be arriving in half an hour and that I should go to the bedroom upstairs and change. When I entered the room, I was first confused, then shocked. The only clothing visible to me, lying on the bed, was a black swimsuit that looked like something out of the ads in *People*. I sensed that something wild was in the works, but I decided to be cool and play dumb for a while. I went back downstairs and confronted my employer. "I can't find anything in that bedroom but a bathing suit," I told her.

"Yes," she replied, "that's what I want you to wear."

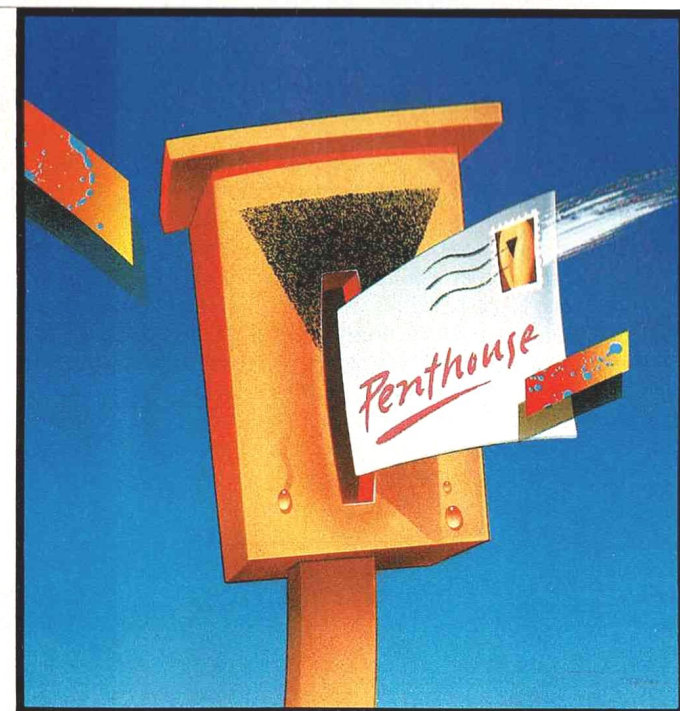
I was near flabbergasted. "What kind of

party is this?" I stammered. Marianne impatiently explained that she was entertaining a group of her friends who are all divorced women. They get together once a month, taking turns as hostess. I told her I wouldn't do it. Wearing a swimsuit at the beach is one thing, but at a party with a bunch of well-dressed women is something else!

Marianne was clearly annoyed. Reaching for her purse, she pulled out a \$50 bill and handed it to me. "This is for helping me serve tonight," she said, "and this is to stop this silly modesty routine!" She handed me a \$100 bill! "Now change! My friends will be here soon."

I couldn't believe this was happening! I certainly needed the money, so I figured what the hell. I took off my clothes and put on the bathing suit. When I returned to the kitchen, Marianne fitted me with a black bow tie. I asked, "Should I wear my sneakers, or . . ." She interrupted me. "I want you barefoot. You're not to wear anything but the swimsuit and the bow tie. Now try to relax."

Marianne advised me of what she wanted served and when, and soon the other women began to arrive. As I served the glasses of white wine. I tried to act as professional and nonchalant as I could. But it wasn't easy! All the women were nicely dressed in skirts or slacks and there wasn't a bad-looking one in the bunch. They each



looked me over from my blonde hair, down my six-foot-one body, all the way to my toes. I felt like a piece of meat on display at the supermarket. The more these women drank, the more I overheard them talking about me. When I heard comments like "He sure looks like a stud" and "I bet he's got a big one," I couldn't help but get aroused. This made it really awkward for me, since the skimpy swimsuit didn't do much to conceal my eight-inch erection. I filled a plastic bag with ice and pressed it against my crotch every time I was in the kitchen in an effort to keep it under control.

As the evening wore on, it got tougher and tougher. As the women got drunker, they became less inhibited and began to brush against my body as I

walked by, or pat me on the arse. I was getting horny as hell. Just as I finished serving the last of the pastries, some whipped cream fell and landed on my foot. The woman holding the piece of cake from which it had fallen crouched down and wiped it off my toes with her finger, then seductively put her finger into her mouth to lick it off. This was just too much for me. My cock sprang up, long and hard, causing a huge bulge in my swimsuit. Immediately noticing this, one of the women asked, in a very patronising tone, "Oohhh . . . Is the boy excited by all the pretty women around him?" With that, she put her hands on my bare chest and began feeling my flesh. I stammered and stuttered, attempting some sort of response.

Suddenly, things started happening real fast. I began to tremble, so someone took my serving tray. Other feminine hands began to caress my quivering body. My heart pounded and I felt dizzy. My knees buckled and I fell to the floor. As I lay there, stretched out on my back, at least half of them were going at me while the others cheered them on. Their hands were almost all over me! Simultaneously, I felt their fingers running through my hair, around my lips, across my chest, up and down the insides of my legs, even teasing at my fingers and toes.

I felt more raw lust than I had ever known! Panting and shaking, I was so turned on

FORUM

that my mind was in a dreamlike haze. They grabbed at my swimsuit and wrestled it down my legs. My rigid cock, throbbing and dripping, stuck straight up. By this time, everyone had a hand on me. A couple of them probed at my sperm-filled balls, but they wouldn't yet touch my hungry peter. A few of them had long fingernails, which really drove me wild when they tickled at my scrotum and at the bottoms of my feet.

Writhing in ecstasy, I began to buck my hips, I wanted to fuck so badly.

Sensing that I was as ripe as I could be, one of them closed her hot little hand around the head of my sex snake. Already well lubricated by all the ooze it was producing, it slid easily in and out of her fist. I humped for all I was worth, and in less than a minute, I came hard. Erupting like a volcano, I shot one long stream of juice after another—by far the biggest load ever. The feeling was so intense that I cried out like a wild beast!

When my orgasm finally subsided, the women began licking my goo from their arms and from my body, where most of it landed. Well, feeling five tongues at once and watching all these women slurping up my jism really got me going again. My hard-on quickly pumped up again, and I felt I still had plenty of jam. Feeling powerfully

horny, I scrambled to my feet and began prancing around the room on my tiptoes, thrusting my turgid shaft and asked "Who wants it?" Suddenly, some of the women began to undress, and they actually argued over who would have my cock. It was amazing!

They finally decided that since Marianne was the hostess, she deserved me the most. She pulled off the last of her clothing and embraced my naked frame, planting her tongue deep inside my mouth. I was so charged up that I had to have her as fast as I could.

When I pulled her down to the floor and mounted her, some of the others began to finger themselves, while others fingered me. Once again I felt those hands everywhere. They loved to feel the cheeks of my arse as the muscles tightened with each thrust. One of them tickled my feet and kissed my toes, while another actually reached underneath me and gently stroked my balls while I passionately rammed their friend. Marianne screamed and then she began to climax. I gasped and pounded into her with all my strength, emptying myself deep inside her until I was drained.

Exhausted, I dragged my limp body upstairs to regain my clothes. As I was leaving, all the women gave me tips. I had the wildest sexual encounter of my life and made close to \$400 to boot! — *Name and address withheld*



Summer of love

Reading the interesting letters in Forum made me decide to write about my first time. It happened in the mid-Fifties, when I was 18. I had a job taking care of the grounds of a large rented house. The husband was usually away on business. His wife Margie was about 30, a lovely brunette with a warm smile who always complimented me on my work.

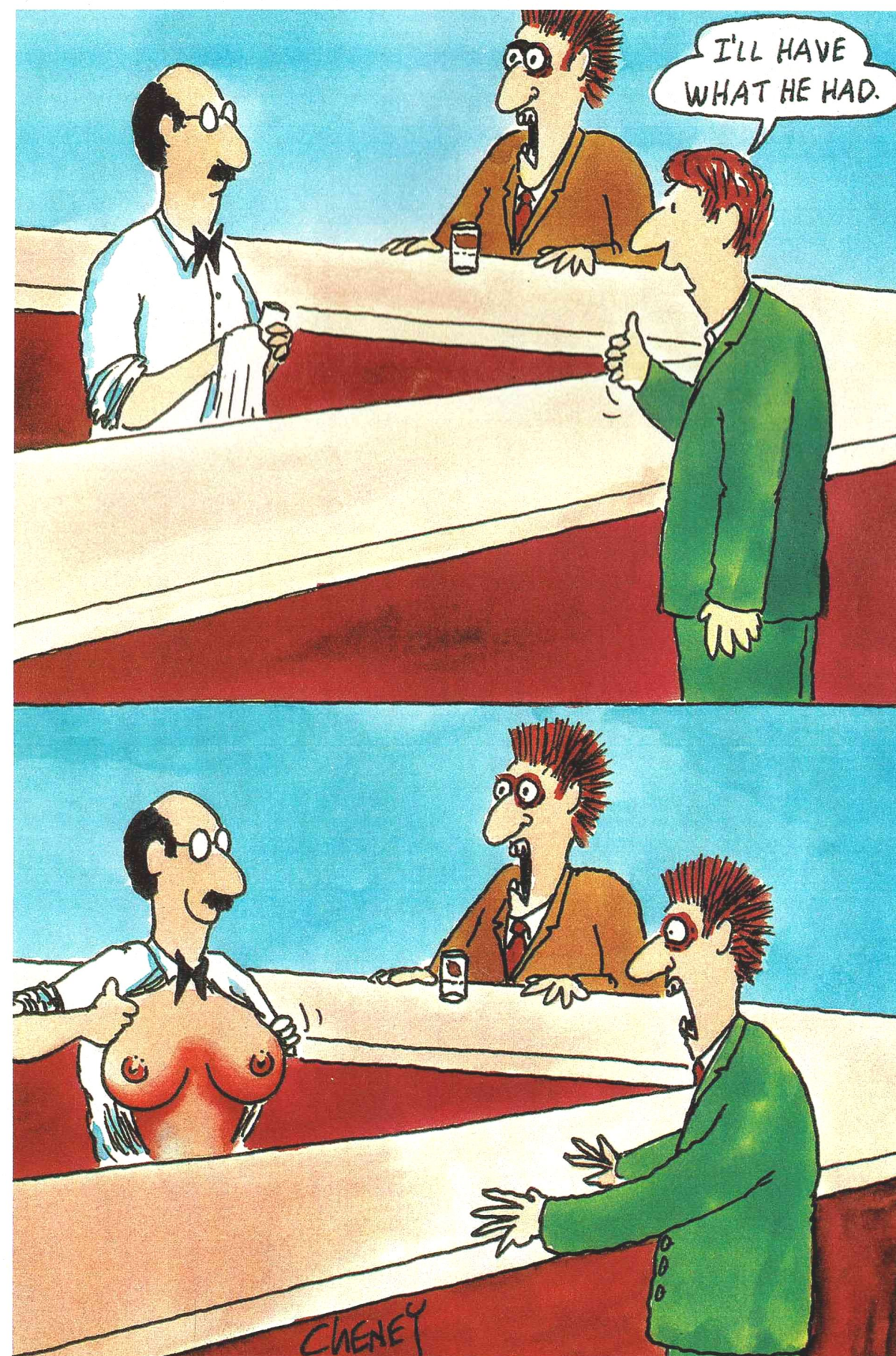
One Saturday, I was raking around the swimming pool when Margie asked if I'd like some lunch. An eager "yes" resulted in her bringing out sandwiches and beer. Not wanting to admit I wasn't much of a drinker, I downed a couple of mugs. Margie began telling me how bored she was: there's so little to do in a "dull" town. Looking back, I can only laugh at that. I was good-looking enough, and sports kept my body in great shape, but I was hopeless with girls. The furthest I'd ever gotten was a few French kisses with an (I'm sure) equally virginal candidate. It never occurred to me that Margie might be hinting at something.

She probably decided more direct measures were in order, and suggested a swim. Not waiting for an answer, she gave me a pair of her husband's trunks and went inside to change. The trunks were about a size too small, but I pulled them on. The beer, plus thoughts of Margie had given me a hard-on, so I quickly jumped in the pool. When Margie came out, I gasped — she was wearing a two-piece suit (remember, this was the Fifties!). I found my eyes glued to her body. She had a lovely tan, and her full breasts seemed to be pointing right at me. My erection came back full force. We were both standing in about three feet of water when she mentioned how well the trunks fit me, making my hard-on bulge even more. I knew she could see it, but didn't know what to do. Margie solved that by "accidentally" slipping. As I caught her, her arms went around my neck and she brought our lips together, pushing her tongue back into my mouth. Her hands moved to my back, then my arse, and she rubbed her pelvis against mine. She pulled back only to say, "Take me to the bedroom," then wrapped her legs around my waist. I somehow managed to walk up the pool ladder, into the house, and up the stairs. All the way she was covering my face, throat, and shoulders with her kisses.

When I put her down by the bed, she helped me off with my trunks, saying "I thought you'd have a big one," as she stroked my cock. I was ready to come almost at once, but Margie gave a hard squeeze to slow me down, and quickly stripped. The untanned skin of the areas covered by her suit accentuated the size of her firm breasts and the dark brown of her pubic hair.

I leaned over to lick her nipples, and Margie pushed down on my shoulders, saying "Lower, lower."

When I knelt, she pulled my face into her





Some
things
linger
in
a
woman's
memory.

"There are two things about him I'll never forget.
One of them is Menāge."



FORUM

pussy. I found myself running my tongue along its lips, then plunging deep inside. I didn't even know what a clit was, but when I licked it a few times, her whole body shuddered. Margie moved to the bed, spreading her legs wide, saying "Now fuck me." I crouched over her, trying to say how beautiful she was, when she grasped my cock and guided it inside her. I didn't last a minute before I came. I was ashamed, and tried to pull out, but Margie grabbed my arse and held me in, her pussy tightening on my cock. This time, when I kissed her, her tongue seemed to go all the way down my throat. My dick was soon hard again, and it stayed rock-solid as I plunged in and out. Her cries of enjoyment, her fingers clutching my arse cheeks, spurred me on. I don't know how long I lasted, but when I fired again, her mouth was buried between my shoulder and neck.

I began to suck one breast, then the other. Hearing her moan had me so excited, my cock stiffened again (oh, to be 18 once more!). But before I could do anything, Margie pulled away and pushed me on to my back. Kneeling, she said, "No, no, darling. I want you in my mouth." She ran her tongue back and forth from my balls to the tip of my cock, nibbling harder and harder. Then she moved my cock into her mouth — sucking steadily all the time —

until her lips were at its base. Each time I was ready to come, she would slow down. I was moaning, pleading, begging for what seemed like forever, until I exploded. Margie swallowed it all, keeping my cock in her mouth as my emissions dripped from her lips. When she finally released me, she moved up to nestle in my arms. We dozed for a little while, but soon awoke. It was late afternoon. "You must go now," she told me. "Your parents may get curious and start to ask questions." I tried to tell her what this meant to me, but no words would come. "I think the yard needs more cleaning tomorrow. Please be here by noon," she laughed.

It was the best summer I ever had. I was over there nearly every day, doing my chores as quickly as possible so I could have more time with Margie. By the end of August, I knew everything about pleasing a woman. On my last visit, after a final hour of nonstop fucking, Margie told me she was getting a divorce and was going back to the city. As a farewell gift, she gave me a gold signet ring with an L inscribed on it; she told me it stood for "lover." I never saw her again, since she never gave me her new address. If by some chance Margie reads this, I want her to know I'll carry her ring till I die. — *Name and address withheld*

Virgin island

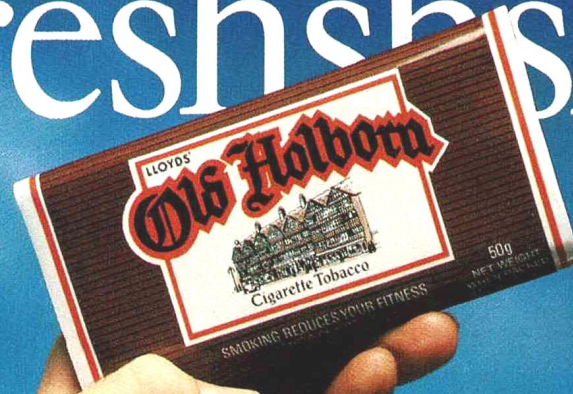
I am an avid reader of *Penthouse*, and I would like to share a recent experience

with you. I am a student. The semester ended about two weeks ago, and, as with every year, on the last day there is the annual dinner-and-dance night, held at one of the best venues in the area. That was when I met Linda. She was 18. She'd just arrived three weeks before. As a courtesy, I offered to take her around and lend her any needed assistance.

Last Friday night she called me and gave me the excuse that she couldn't make it back to her place because it was too far away (a good 45 minutes' drive), and asked if she could stay over at my place. I readily agreed, and about ten minutes later she arrived. She said she was hungry, so we drove out to a nearby take-away place and grabbed a couple of hamburgers. We got back to my room and ate while watching the telly, but since there was nothing interesting on, we switched it off and talked about her stay so far, making some tentative plans to visit some attractions.

At about ten, Linda said that she needed to change, and I decided to bust out some cognac. When she came back to the room, all she was wearing was an oversized polo shirt with the top three buttons undone and the bottom of the shirt hanging just two inches below her crotch. My cock instantly came to life as she shut the door behind her, and I thought it would rip right through my shorts as she bent over to put her clothes away, giving me a fantastic view of

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FORUM

her small, firm arse.

Linda climbed on to the bed with me. I handed her a glass of cognac, and we both made a toast to the coming summer and the fantastic time we would be having. I looked into her eyes and, sensing that she wouldn't object, kissed her lips. Our tongues met, and in less than 30 seconds, we were both panting heavily. My right hand reached down to caress her arse, then slowly moved up to unbutton the rest of her shirt and pull it off her shoulders. I immediately attacked her left tit with my mouth while my hand went to work on the right one. Her nipples now stood hard and erect. I started stroking her thighs and stomach, and when I inserted my fingers into her panties and began to finger her curly mound, her whole body froze. She clasped her long, thin thighs together, and her last moan stuck in her throat. It took me quite a while before I realised what was happening.

"Are you a virgin?" I asked her. In a soft cute voice, she shyly admitted that she was, and this was the first time she was "really" being made love to. This was one opportunity I had no intention of letting slip away. Pushing her back on to the bed, I planted a deep, forceful kiss on her wet mouth. Our tongues met and she moaned deeply. Her hands were rubbing my chest and back as I pulled her bikini pants off her legs. I again began fingering her cunt as I slowly worked my mouth down her tits to her pussy. I thrust my tongue between her parted thighs and began licking her dripping snatch. I slowly and teasingly lapped at her thick and juicy pussy lips, and as I shoved my tongue up her, I felt an obstruction. Here was a real virgin, just waiting to get fucked for the first time. Her cunt lips were closed so tightly together that I needed my fingers to pry them apart.

By now my prick was so hard that I thought I'd come right then and there. I climbed on top of Linda and turned her over so that she was now on top of me. We kissed for a little while before I pushed her down to my cock. She pulled my shorts off, freeing my throbbing manhood, and began sucking hungrily. With her head bobbing up and down on my proud, hard, erect man-meat, it wasn't long before I started shooting a huge load of my sweet creamy white come down her throat. Somehow, Linda managed to swallow all my spunk without missing a single drop. She kept on sucking my cock while I reached over, pulled her arse toward me so that we were in a 69 position, and started licking and sucking on her soft, red-hot pussy. Suddenly Linda let out a scream, and her sweet love juices ran all over my face. She then turned around to face me and fell on top of me. We kissed softly while I stroked her

Continued on page 118

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

PUBLISHING A NOVEL

I'm publishing a novel this month. It's called *Clea And Zeus Divorce*. I'm telling you this because I've looked around and I realise if I've got a novel coming out in this day and age, I've got to do publicity, nonstop publicity. First thing is parties. I've got to get invited to publicity parties. It's very important that you read little items like: "At the party for **Oliver North's** unauthorised biography, *The Wrong Stuff*, **Emily Prager** and **Fawn Hall** talked shredding and blow-drying." Or, "At the Writers-Who-Are-Sure-They-Must-Have-AIDS-Benefit, **Emily Prager** talked down **Norman Mailer**, saying, 'Look, you've used condoms since 1952, you've been faithful to your wife since you married her ten years ago. You don't have it. You're just paranoid.'"

Publicity parties are very important. But so are ads. I must appear in several ads for liqueurs. It's crucial that you open a magazine and see a picture of me dressed as I have never dressed in life, and below it, the caption: "Emily Prager, as funny as she is fabulous and damn proud of it! Especially when she drinks [product name here]." Or, "'Writing — difficult?' says novelist Emily Prager. 'Not when you suck back a fifth of [product name here].'"

Parties and ads are very important for publicity, but so is television. I must appear on talk shows. You must be able to turn on and see me there, perfectly made up, terribly confident, saying, "I have good sex, but the characters in my book, *Clea And Zeus Divorce* (Vintage Contemporary, \$6.95), do not." You must see me on a morning show, 7am, hair beautifully coiffed, saying, "Of course I — and my characters in *Clea And Zeus Divorce* (Vintage Contemporary, \$6.95) — believe in the essential decency of man. Don't we all?"

Talk shows are terribly important for publicity — parties, ads, and talk shows. Because through them you'll see that I'm a somebody, and then you'll read my book. Nobody wants to read a novel by a nobody in this day and age, even if that nobody was, as I was, Dostoyevski in a previous life.

If I do enough parties, ads, and talk shows, and enough of you read my novel, then my publishing company will want to publish any other fiction I've written, preferably a novel I wrote some time ago that has just been waiting for me to become somebody so it could see the light of day. I happen to have such a novel. I wrote it when I was five years old, and it was first published in the *Houston Post* newspaper of Houston, Texas, in 1953. I could wait to republish it, until I become somebody, but why? In the interest of publicity, I'm going to publish it now:

Cinderella Goes To The Ball And Breaks Her Leg by Emily Prager. Preface: This is a special book about Cinderella and the Charming Prince where Cinderella has a baby sister. A baby sister who has no home and she got her out of the river. It was the Mississippi River. The story: Cinderella's telephone number is 442879. Cinderella plays jacks. With a bullet. In Cinderella's pocket it explodes. It doesn't disturb them at all. Today is Cinderella's birthday.

They are having a great time, but Cinderella falls and breaks her leg. They sing "Over The Rainbow." The porter runs and tells all the people at the party that Cinderella broke her leg. She's out in the hall. All the people call the doctor and millions of doctors come.

"Oh, we didn't expect to have a million doctors. This one girl has a broken leg."

"Do you have another broken leg?" one doctor asks, and Cinderella says yes. "We can fix those broken legs in a jiffy."

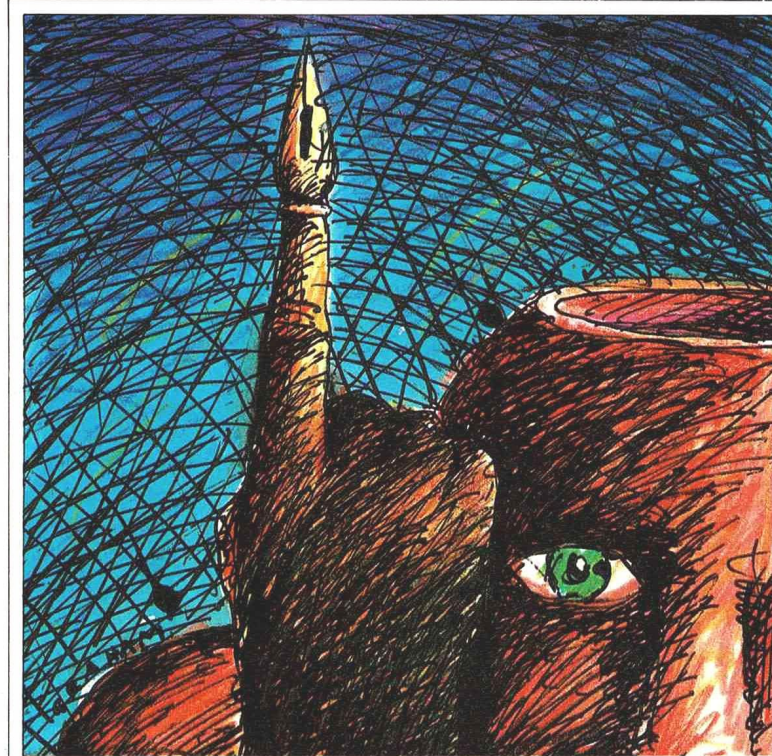
The porter breaks his leg. The doctors leave Cinderella and go fix his leg. All the lights go out. This is in the daytime. Cinderella gets a surprise for her leg. It's a new garter.

There were doctors, ministers, judges, church people, little girls, little boys, big men, big ladies, officers, and monkeys.

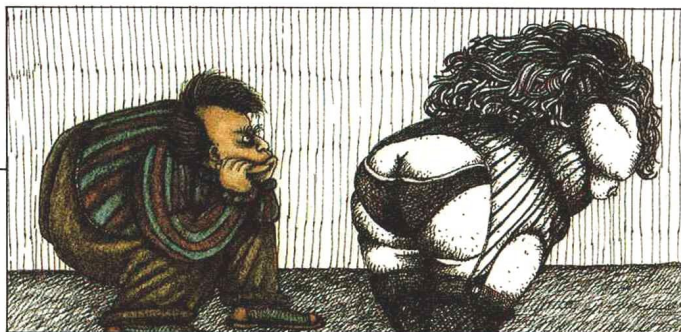
The church people break their legs and the monkeys come in and break their legs.

After that everybody lives happily ever after and Cinderella has a ball.

The end. — Emily Prager



LUST



CANINE KNOWLEDGE

There comes a time in all men's lives when they have to face a hard and humiliating fact: their dog has a better sex life than they do.

Several months ago, I looked at my dog, lying there exuding the smug euphoria of sexual contentment, and thought, "You bastard. I'm going to get you castrated."

But then it came to me: obviously Grubba knew something that I did not. He had unlocked the key to sexual power and happiness; I could learn from him. All I had to do was follow him around, dogging his tracks, making notes, and I too could share his secret of unlimited sexual bliss. For the next two weeks I became the Masters and Johnson of the canine world. I learned lessons from this that few men are privy to. Since that time my sex life has never been the same.

I want to now share those precious insights with other men.

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED FROM MY DOG'S SEX LIFE

1. Never wash before you go out; they like you to smell strongly. Rolling in manure makes a particularly strong impression.

2. Never let a barrier come between you and a female. Jump it.

3. Table manners don't count. Eat as fast as possible. Dates are impressed if you lick things off the floor.

4. Long smooth tongues are a big turn-on. Bitches like to be licked over the eyes.

5. On meeting a new bitch, you should circle around her, sniffing at her bum. The worse a female smells, the more she wants to have sex.

6. If you find you are in competition with other men for her attention, urinate on all nearby objects.

7. If she snarls at you, do not give up. Jump on her and give it a try.

8. It is not necessary to find out her name beforehand.

9. Foreplay should be strictly limited to sniffing at her crotch.

10. Contraception is the female's responsibility.

11. It is preferable to do it in public; near crowded bus stops is best.

12. If they try to bite you when you are attempting coitus, get off and try it another day.

13. Start thrusting madly with your hips right away. Penetration is optional.

14. Always let your tongue hang

possible so that she doesn't walk away. This is also the only sexual position.

16. Don't muck around. Be as quick as possible.

17. Never hang around to ask if she had an orgasm. Go straight home in case you are late for your tea.

18. It is easier to score females who are shorter than you. Tall ones can be a big problem.

19. Catching things from her is a risk you have to take. Fleas are likely.

20. There is more to life than merely chasing sex. Chasing cats is important too.

21. It is all right to watch others having sex as long as you might be able to have a turn afterwards.

22. Don't feel you have to send flowers the next day. Leaving her a message on the lawn is enough.

23. If you are unable to score, a good substitute is to go next door and screw the neighbor's leg. Using visitors' arms is good value too.

24. After good sex, go and lie under the nearest bed.

I have followed these simple rules learnt from my dog and now I have the sort of sex life that few men can even dream of.

And the rest of the time I just lie there, lick my balls, and scratch occasionally. I have also discovered that furniture tastes good.

Aah, it's a man's life. — Garry Sargeant

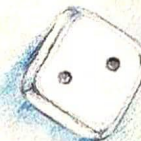
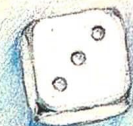
out and pant loudly. Dribbling saliva on her back is good too.

15. The best sexual position is to get on from behind and grab her body as tightly as

HOW TO SPOT A MAN WITH SPIRIT.

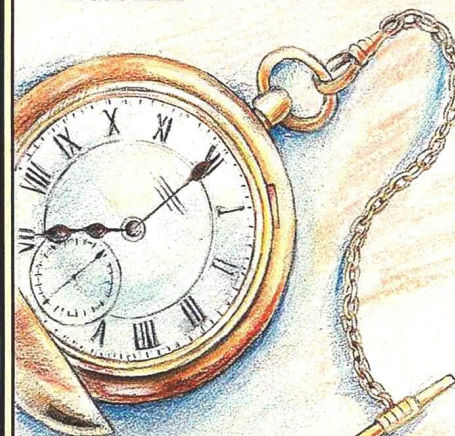
1. His most attractive feature is definitely –

- a) His eyes.
- b) His face.
- c) His smile.
- d) His investments.



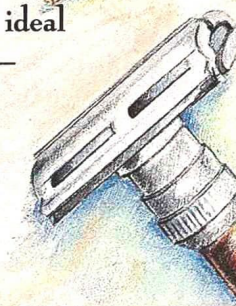
2. If he knew a rival had started a terrible rumour about him he would –

- a) Ignore it, knowing it will pass.
- b) Tell him he'd better stop.
- c) Get him to publicly admit it's not true.
- d) Start an even worse one about him.



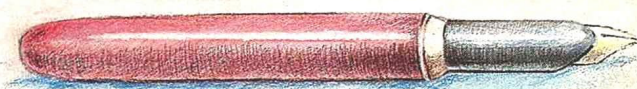
3. He believes his ideal woman should be –

- a) Attractive.
- b) Intelligent.
- c) Career minded.
- d) At his place around 7.00.



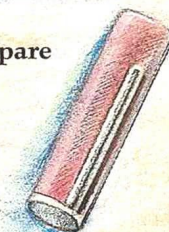
4. He always keeps his top right hand desk drawer locked, because it contains –

- a) A mess.
- b) A photo of another woman.
- c) His list of personal goals.
- d) The key to the bottom drawer.



5. If he had some spare cash, the first thing he'd buy is –

- a) A new suit.
- b) A new car.
- c) Something for you.
- d) 25% of BHP.



6. He believes women get better with –

- a) Time.
- b) Education.
- c) Experience.
- d) Champagne.



7. He believes men who make the best husbands are –

- a) Labourers.
- b) Office workers.
- c) Professionals.
- d) Married.



8. If he saw a man rush out of a bank, dragging a woman hostage with a gun to her head and backing down the street toward him, he would –

- a) Run for his life.
- b) Pop into a shop to avoid danger.
- c) Stand perfectly still and do nothing.
- d) Wait until the robber was one foot in front of him, poke his umbrella in his back and say "Drop the gun or I'll fill you full of lead."



9. He always wears Matchabelli on –

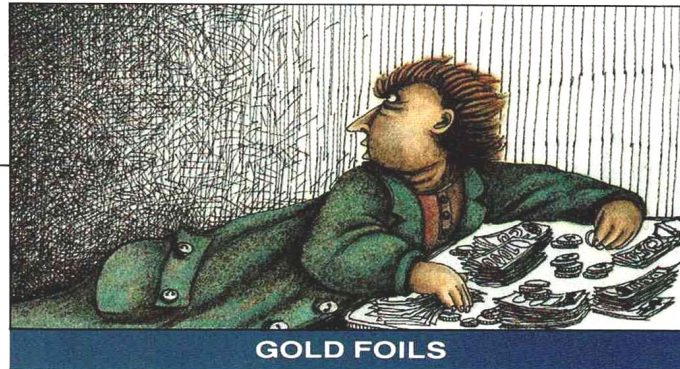
- a) Special nights only.
- b) Weekdays.
- c) Weekends.
- d) His face.



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AVARICE



GOLD FOILS

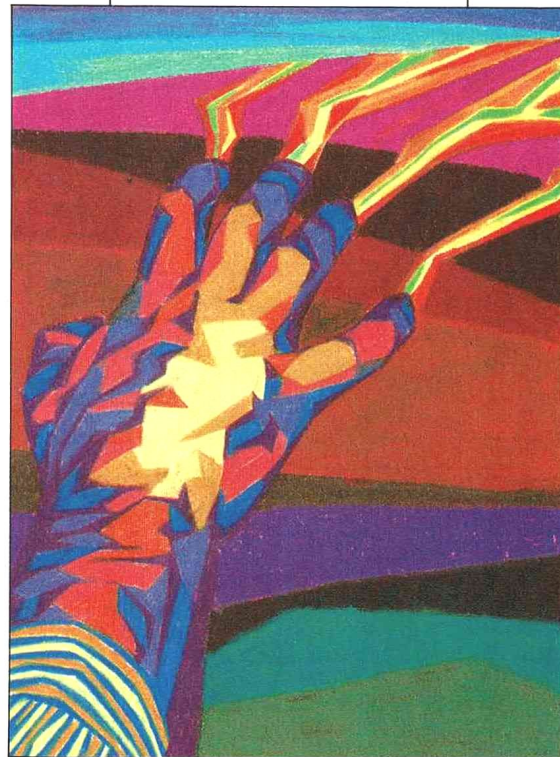
Each year more than 1000 tonnes of gold comes out of the world's gold mines to meet the demand of dentists, jewellers and crazies who think the world is coming to an end and that a bar of gold is the only thing that will protect them from eternal misery.

And each year even more gold is found lurking in streaks of quartz deep beneath the ground; discovered, shouted about, the drill cores analysed and written about, the shares bought, sold, bought, sold, bought and sold again, at ever increasing prices; and then quietly forgotten. So that for every ounce of gold sold a dozen are discovered and left in the ground; well, not exactly discovered — inferred is the word.

You see, the big thing about gold is that it is very amenable to science. And, just as the astronaut asks: "Where would I be without science?", so can many of our gold-miners ask the same question.

There's Pacific Gold Ltd, for example. When gold was first discovered in Australia it was dug up in rich veins of an ounce of gold per ton of ore (in modern terms, 28 gpt) or better. The Chinese then came in and went over the mullock heaps extracting the skerrick of gold left. Pacific Gold is going over those same mullock heaps and pulling out what the Chinese left. Thanks to science, all the old mines are being mined once again.

These days you don't need a pennyweight per pick stroke; a colleague of mine borrowed \$17 million on the strength of a possible mine assaying no more than 2.9 grams per tonne. At least he is fair dinkum — or claims to be, anyway — and is going ahead with the mine. That's different from a lot of other folk.



So why bother to dig it up, process it and all that mularkey if it just disappears back down into the bank vault?

Like who needs it? Last year a mere 12 percent of total world production went into electronics, dentistry or other industrial uses;

the vast bulk went into jewellery, medals and coins. So to decorate some spiv's chesthair with a gold chain we should dig up our National Parks?

Some very clever entrepreneurs discovered this basic fact last time we had a big mining boom: that leaving the gold in the ground is preferable to mining it. It's cleaner, cheaper, there's no environmental damage and there's no great capital outlay. Indeed, there are still some entrepreneurs around who, although they have been in the gold game for 20 years, have never commissioned a mine.

Mines are noisy, troublesome things. They turn inferred deposits into throughputs, and we all know what that can mean. It can mean that that 200,000 oz reserve on which you managed to boost your share price can actually turn out to be an overestimate based on a couple of anomalous drill cores and the fact that the drilling operator dropped his gold Rolex down the hole; or the ore can be resistant to normal methods of extraction and you have to go and build an expensive new super hi-tech extraction plant; or the local greenies can take offence at your pouring cyanide all over the place.

Leave it in the ground — it's much simpler.

Now the stock market agrees with this principle. You look at the gold stocks that show promise and compare them with the stocks that are about to actually go into production. Usually the stocks with more promise than

production will be valued higher than those where the future is all laid out with a mining schedule. Because when you're looking for gold the market doesn't know whether you might not find another 100,000 oz a year El Dorado; but when you say "I've found it" and it turns out to be a sulphide deposit bearing 10,000 ozs and you've got to truck the ore 100 kilometres to the plant ... well that's that, isn't it?

Promise is always more enticing than production.

To make big quids out of the gold boom you buy explorers, not producers (the same goes for any mineral or oil). Producers only react to the price of gold, ie they go up or down by 10 or 15 percent. But explorers can go from a penny to a buck on the flash of color in a drill core — they can go from having nil reserves to having a million ounces. Obviously, then, their share price is much more volatile.

The trouble is this: which explorer is going to discover gold?

You can buy a swag of about a dozen and hope that one comes good, or you can follow certain rules of the road and, even if gold isn't really discovered, get a turn out of them. I mean, you back known rorters, rampers and conmen sure in the knowledge that sooner or later they'll salt the mine or rig the drill samples or let loose false rumors or otherwise attempt to fool the market — and the market will be fooled. That's when you sell.

Which, of course, is often the problem: so heartening are these conmen that even those who know they are crooks will often believe them and hold on to the shares until they become as worthless as they always were.

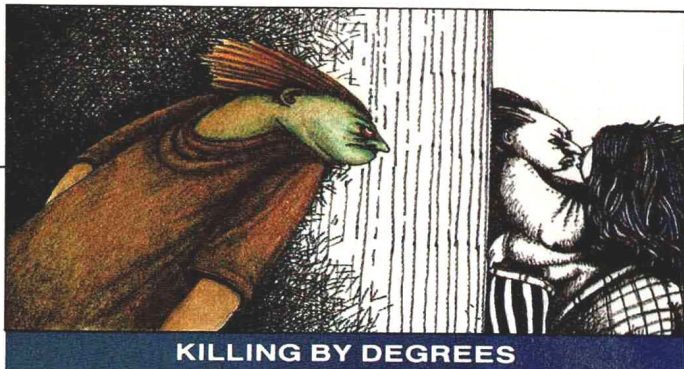
Look, make it a rule not to believe them. And even if they are telling the truth and they really have discovered gold, so what?

You don't want a gold mine, you want promise. Sell out and get into another explorer. Promise is where you make the money, not the production. — David Quicksilver



Quality in an age of change. Bottled exclusively in Scotland.

ENVY



KILLING BY DEGREES

Education gets a lot of hard knocks, especially from those who have succeeded without it. Why teach kids a lot of useless things, we are told, when it's street smarts, guts, and common sense that count, out there in the real world?

This attitude is in part responsible for the timid retrenchment of the educational establishment, which has responded to criticism by throwing out of the curriculum a substantial amount of what was once regarded as our Western cultural heritage, replacing much of it with phys ed, sex instruction, and the computer sciences.

Anybody would think that education was a threat, from the way it is commonly criticised — as if the worst thing you could say about somebody was that he or she was "overeducated." After all, the argument goes, why teach kids the classics? Who needs Greek and Latin anymore, except pharmacists? Why teach them foreign languages, when the rest of the world is learning English anyway? Does it matter whether they can read Shakespeare?

Well, yes, it does.

Education for its own sake is not necessarily a requisite for success in life, we all know that, but what is often overlooked is the fact that education teaches children to *think*. Of course you can learn to think without formal education, and many people do, but the simplest way of starting the process is to begin with basic knowledge.

Certainly there is no need to memorise the lengths of the great rivers of the world or the names of the highest mountains, but memory itself is a skill that has to be mastered and maintained, and the only known way to develop it is to memorise things. History or geography may seem

useless, but on the other hand, one can question whether a country like the US was as well governed by President Carter, who had to have Zionism and the geography of the Middle East explained to him, or Ronald Reagan, who seems to operate proudly on a zero-knowledge basis.

It is important to note that our major industrial competitors, Japan, Germany, and the US, all pay far more attention to education than we do, not because it's useful but because it teaches kids to use their minds creatively and flexibly, even for occupations we regard as "routine production-line jobs" — which perhaps ex-

producer must be measured — and perhaps even why nobody seems to be able to repair anything anymore in this country . . .

The great tragedy of our present educational system is that we have forgotten that education is a pleasure. It isn't a chore, or a means of keeping young people out of the work force and off the street until they're 17, or something that begins and ends in school. Education is a process that continues throughout our lives, and it isn't limited to what is generally thought of as "formal" education.

What matters is the ability to learn, not the sum total of knowledge. Some of the least "educated" people I know have a high ability to learn, and take a real joy in being challenged by something new; some of the most "educated" couldn't find their way out of a paper bag. Mere knowledge for its own sake, without direction, is useless, except as a form of self-entertainment; what counts is the intelligent use of knowledge, the ability to interpret the facts we've learned, to put them to use — in other words, thinking. It's a tragedy to suppose that education is something apart from real life, a kind of cloistered activity of the mind, when in fact each of us is in-

involved in the continuing process of becoming educated every day.

Learning is what life is about — and the day we stop, we might as well as be dead. What's more, though I am myself the recipient of an expensive education, I don't think of education as something

that needs to take place behind the walls of a school. Much that I learned there might seem, by any objective standard, totally useless, but in the end, nothing we learn is wasted. It simply isn't possible to learn too much, any more than it's possible to be too healthy. Sports lore, statistics, the rules of games, the names of the rivers, old movies, what does it matter? The mind is elastic, and even if what we pour into it isn't productive or useful in any obvious way, at least it gives us pleasure. In fact, what's really astonishing and wonderful is how *much* even the most uneducated person knows, and how much we can learn from other people.

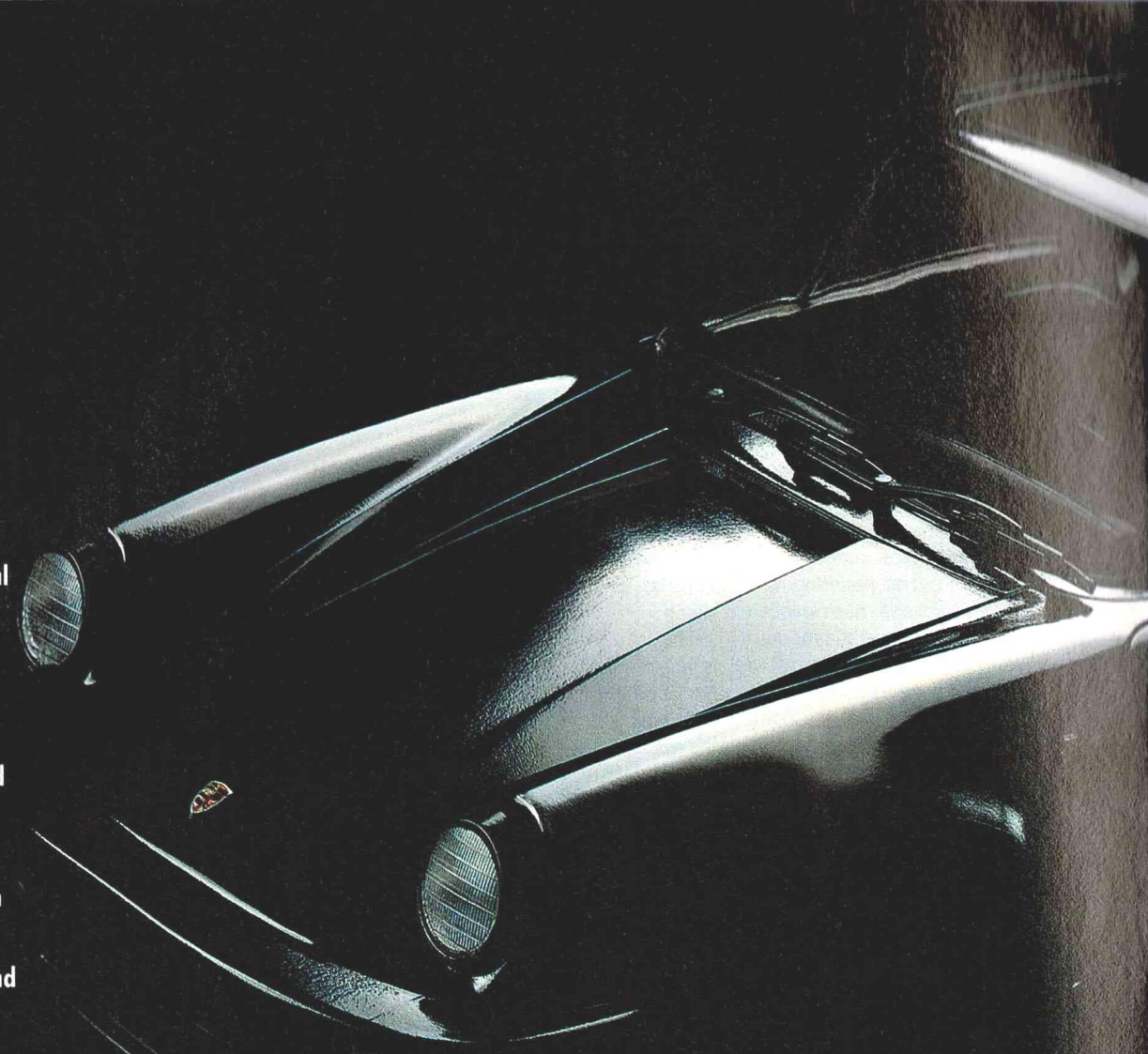
Of course, education is a loaded subject. Because we've been taught to respect it, most people have a tendency to resent those who claim to be educated. Nothing except physical beauty produces so many inferiority complexes. It is therefore worth remembering the following.

● Almost nobody is as educated as they *think* they are. Besides, the omnivorous pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, without a focus or a purpose, produces some of the world's great bores. Almost invariably, what you *do* is more interesting than what you know.

● Where people were educated has almost no bearing at all on how well educated they are. Some of the least interesting people I know graduated from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Oxford, and Cambridge; some of the smartest never graduated from high school. There is simply no correlation. Many of Australia's successful businessmen and entrepreneurs are not university graduates, nor for example were Henry Ford, Winston Churchill, and most of our best playwrights and artists . . .

● Knowledge of the world will beat our knowledge of books every time in the day-to-day combat of life — but beware the man (or woman) who has both! And envy them. — *Michael Korda*

When Ferdinand A. Porsche sat down to create a shaver, he combined elegance, precision and reliability and came up with Le Mans Dual Voltage Electric Shaver. The handsome, compact body contains a shaver pack and cord housing module. Hidden away is a beard trimmer which operates telescopically to stand clear of the shaver head, ensuring an efficient, expert trim. Le Mans is a great performer with an unbeatable track record.



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VANITY



COVER YOUR EYES

Conventional wisdom has it that the way to tell an Australian is to look at his eyes: he's the one with premature crowsfeet radiating from them — the result of a life spent squinting into the sun.

A poetic bit of imagery, but these days not so flattering now that the boardroom has replaced the back paddock as the modern Aussie's workplace. There, a man of vision need only concern himself with a view of the computer print-out right under his nose — and the sun seldom shines.

Squints are out; the clear-eyed, healthy and unlined look is definitely in. So all you nature lovers who never bother with sunglasses, it's time to mend your ways. Protection of the eye area isn't just a matter of vanity, it's a point of sound health. Harmful ultraviolet rays can cause any number of problems besides those twin road maps many of us find etched around the eyes. In summer when the sun is at its zenith, glare is a real problem — especially for anyone who spends much time out of doors: travelling salesmen, long distance drivers, life-guards.

If you come home at night with itchy red orbs, don't necessarily reach for the antihistamines, as you may be suffering the effects of sunburn.

And that's not the half of it. There are other, medical conditions of the eye which are aggravated by overexposure to the sun's rays. Pterygia

removed first. At best they are unsightly, at worst a threat to vision.

The tendency toward pterygia is inherited usually, but its expansion is determined to some extent by the amount of ultraviolet light the eye is exposed to. A good pair of sunglasses will reduce the ultraviolet rays and protect the eye from further incursion.

Fortunately, the old Dorothy Parker epigram about gentlemen never making passes at girls who wear glasses never extended to sunglasses, anyway. So anyone who feared the converse of her observation coming true needn't worry. In fact, shades have been

decade.

Australian sunglasses king Jonathon Sceats would like to see everyone buy their sunglasses from boutiques and department stores or optical outlets. "That way they'll be able to try the full range of styles and fits. Pharmacy displays aren't large enough to provide a proper selection."

This season, lots of Sceats' designs are meant to tone in with the double-breasted, baggy trousered Thirties fever that's gripped the men's clothing industry. Sceats' Handbuilt range features a very tough yet comfortable frame suitable for playing sport.

"They feel good," says Sceats. "The temple (arm) is flexible to accommodate differing head sizes and shapes and they're tough enough that you can even sit on them without breakage."

His Palm Beach range, constructed of metal and acetate, features lots of tortoiseshell and the muted shades appropriate to today's styles for men. As Sceats describes them, they're "modern looking, complementary to the latest trends without really being trendy."

Tortoiseshell and black are the "in" tones this year, but for those of you who really want to wear those Hawaiian

central to establishing more than one star's persona. Think of Stevie Wonder: what is the key item in Eddie Murphy's impersonation? And the Blues Brothers started a whole new fashion in summer (and winter) eyewear that lasted the better part of a

shirts one more time, the Palm Beach range includes a few bright colors and patterns. Black and white zig zags and frames set with chips of green and orange are two of the more eye-catching patterns.

According to Sceats the way to

test fit when buying a pair of shades is to concentrate on the way the glasses fit over the bridge of your nose. We each have higher or lower or wider bridges and no one pair of glasses will suit everyone. Sceats' designs come in slightly varying styles to accommodate those differences — so everyone can find a comfortable fit. The kind of research and precision crafting necessary to guarantee a fit like this also accounts for the prices — between \$52 and \$80 (no \$20 pair of glasses can offer such customised fitting and quality lenses). Still, these shades are half the price of popular foreign imports and a great incentive to "buy Australian."

Lenses are all of 100 percent SOLA Gard — a material which is guaranteed to cut around 99.98 percent of ultraviolet rays. They're impact resistant and reduce atmospheric glare from surfaces such as water and sand — even on the snowfields.

A good pair of sunglasses can last for years if properly cared for. Never lay them lens downward; contact with table surfaces and the like will cause them to become scratched. In fact, when you're not using them, keep your sunglasses in a case. Sceats provides a soft, leather-look pouch with each pair of his sunglasses.

As you would with standard eyeglasses, wash your shades occasionally with mild soap and water. Skin oils, suntan creams and finger smudges all find their way on to the lens surfaces and must be regularly removed.

If you want quality in sunglasses this summer you'll have to search beyond the local surf shop or pharmacy. Optical retailers and boutiques are where you'll find the good stuff. Just try not to lose them under a sand castle.

If you're not already a regular wearer of sunglasses, now is the time to start. A good looking, comfortable pair that really block the sun will become second nature to you in no time. And in Australia, they really are essential. — Mary Ellen Dyster

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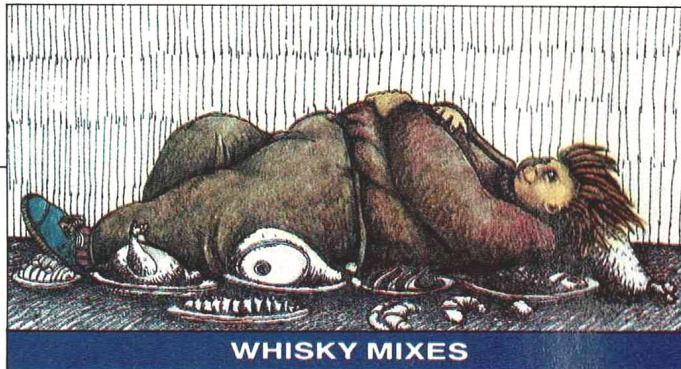
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GLUTTONY



WHISKY MIXES

Although purists maintain that whisky is a liquid gold too precious to be alloyed with baser materials, whisky is one of the most popular spirit ingredients in mixed drinks throughout the world.

American and Canadian whiskies lead the pack as bases for a vast array of long drinks and cocktails because of their less assertive, smoky sweetness. However, in spite of a much vaunted rugged individuality, many brands of Scotch, especially the softer blends, make an extremely good background for traditional and modern mixed drinks.

In Australia, most blended Scotch and bourbon whiskies are consumed "on the rocks", "neat" (without ice or mixer) or mixed with water and soda. In the US and Europe, however, whisky has long been blended with sweet mixers such as cola, ginger ale and, horror of horrors, 7-Up. This tinkering with a good liquor may not appeal to the dyed-in-the-wool "straight" man, but such liberties do open the mind to the idea that you can do more things with Scotch and bourbon than just open the bottle and pour.

Considering the current season, whisky-based mixed drinks make good sense, as many of them are considerably more refreshing than a lonely liquor. Think of mint juleps, the rye whisky or bourbon thirst-quencher of the Deep South, or American milk punch, one of the best dry-throat-slaking drinks in existence. It is a great shame to stifle this versatility of whisky because of out of date notions of how things are "done," or images of machismo.

The Manhattan is regarded by connois-

seurs as the whisky drink par excellence. In the embellished bars of mid-19th Century New York, many cocktails were originally served as straight-up spine tinglers to start a busy day. Jerry Thomas, the legendary barman of the era, claimed that the success of the Manhattan as an eye-opener rested solely on the aromatic bitters used.

Times change; today the Manhattan is a sophisticated evening drink, and most imbibers are indifferent to the virtues of bitters. In the traditional Manhattan, however, a dash or two of Angostura bitters help to blur the edge of the drink's biting sharpness.

To make a classic Manhattan, simply drop a few hard ice cubes into a large mixing glass. Add 20ml red vermouth, 30ml bourbon and two dashes of Angostura bitters. Stir briskly and strain into a chilled, stemmed cocktail glass.

The Old-Fashioned, like the Manhattan, stands at the top of the whisky drink ladder. It began life in 1881 at the snobby Pendennis Club in Louisville, Kentucky. Today Scotch and Canadian whisky are often substituted for bourbon, but the pride of Kentucky is still the classic choice.

For a simple modern version of the Old-Fashioned, combine 40ml bourbon, a dash of Angostura bitters, a teaspoon of sugar and three ice cubes in a broad tumbler or Old-Fashioned glass. Stir well and squeeze a spray of lemon zest over the surface of the drink.

One of my favorite drinks, the American milk punch, is a classic blend that has sadly fallen into disfavor. In the 19th Century, it was an egalitarian drink enjoyed among Virginia gentlemen and New York wharfies alike. It is a direct descendant of earlier British concoctions and has the happy knack of satisfying the taste for alcohol while providing the nutritional qualities of milk.

The American milk punch not only tastes good but it is also easy to prepare; it's difficult to understand how its popularity declined so rapidly. To make an individual serving of Am-

erican milk punch, stir together two or three parts icy cold milk to one part bourbon or rye whisky. If you prefer a touch of sweetness, add some caster sugar. Then pour into a large wine goblet and add two or three ice cubes.

The whisky sour is another fabled drink that is rapidly gaining new-found popularity in Australia. It originated over 40 years ago at New York's famous 21 Club. According to folklore, it was invented because of the need to mask the impurities of bootleg liquor with lemon juice and sugar. However, the concoction soon became a preferred taste.

Whisky sours can be made with bourbon, Scotch or Canadian whiskies, but a few other standards are immutable. Always buy the best brand of whisky you can afford. Use plenty of fresh, clean, transparent, hard ice. Always add liquors to ice, rather than the other way round, so that the drink chills more swiftly — the slight dilution achieved in this way makes for a smoother drink.

To make a suavely austere whisky sour, place the juice of one lemon, 1½ teaspoons of sugar and 50ml of the whisky of your choice in a cocktail shaker with hard, clear ice. Shake well and strain into a small goblet.

Like whisky sours, mists can be made with any form of whisky. Mists are a favorite with those who prefer to relish one good thing at a time — in this case, a good quality, mellow liquor.

Bon vivants stipulate that if a top liquor is to be served chilled, the ratio of finely cracked or shaved ice and spirits in a mist should produce the perfect degree of dilution — neither too great nor too little.

Rob Roy: Place 25ml each red vermouth and Scotch into a mixing glass with ice cubes. Mix well and strain into a chilled cocktail glass.

Highland Cooler: Place some ice cubes in a long glass. Add 50ml Scotch, 20ml lemon juice and angostura bitters. Stir well and top up with ginger ale. — Elisabeth King



“Of course they’re easy to make. It’s just that they taste complicated!” It was no idle boast. A Bacardi rum daiquiri is simplicity itself. The tricky part is in getting the correct balance of flamboyance and showmanship into the mixing performance. “So watch closely.” My guests, gathered in the kitchen, moved a step forward. “To 45 ml of light, dry Bacardi rum we add a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sugar, ice...er, crushed usually...and strawberries. Into the blender.” And then I said, pitching my voice above the whirr of the mixer as smiles broke out all around, “Hey Presto! The 18 second, Bacardi rum, strawberry daiquiri.” I took a sip of the foaming, pink, magical daiquiri. Flushed with pride, I saluted the gathering with raised glass as, in unison, they cried, “Encore!”

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SLOTH



SUBLIME SUMATRA

Our dramatic entrance into Bukittinggi was, perhaps, inevitable.

When you have been exposed to the nerve-numbing rigors of Sumatran bus travel, reality drifts out the cracked windows, along with the thin strands of smoke from a hundred kretek cigarettes being smoked around you, below you, and on top of you. It is replaced by the spaced-out perception of a time traveller, for that is surely what you are.

But this description takes no account of the crossfire of questions hurled at the strange white sardines wedged among the many brown:

"What your name?"

"Mick."

"How old?"

"Forty-nine."

"And your friend?"

"Penny. She's 29."

"Oooooo." The roll of many eyes. "You so old and she so young and beautiful. You must be very strong."

Well gee, shucks. They never tell me that on Sydney buses.

Settled in the pleasantly seedy Hotel Gangga in Bukittinggi we're able to reflect that if the bizarre is up for international exchange, we have got the best of the deal since leaving Jakarta two days ago.

There are two ways of reaching the rugged, fascinating island of Sumatra, if approaching it through the Indonesian heartland. We had flown by Qantas to Denpasar and trekked our way across Bali and Java to Jakarta. Or you can fly direct to Jakarta. Which-ever you opt for, you end up on the Pelni cruise ship *Kerinci* for a 30-hour trip along the breathtaking west coast of Sumatra to the grubby port of Padang. Along the way you pass myriad small islands and craggy mountains

that shoot straight up from the sea — including Krakatoa, which spectacularly extinguished itself 104 years ago, sending out 30-metre high tidal waves across the seas and fathering a boom that was heard in far-off colonial Brisbane. Krakatoa now lies impotent, flanked by Anak Krakatoa (Son of Krakatoa), an islet that sprang out of the sea almost half a century after its sire's death throes.

Four am on the *Kerinci*, and we too are swamped by a tidal wave of sound. Sleep-drugged heads pop up from bunks, banging against bulkheads in their alarm. Startled passengers spring into

muezzin, calling the faithful to prayer. The ship comes equipped with a mosque in the stern and soon the companionways are apattered with Moslem feet as they obey the call.

Kerinci is a ship any government would be proud of — clean, spacious and cheap. The day and a half's cruise in the eight-bunk cabins of fourth class costs only 27,500 rupiah (about \$A25). Penny, who travelled in *Kerinci*'s predecessor nine years ago, awash on the deck with giant cockroaches and stench, was ecstatic.

But, mosque-call apart, *Kerinci* retains enough of that off-beat Indonesian individuality to make the trip surprising as well as scenic. On board you make your own arrangements, hunting about for an empty cabin until you come to a comfortable accommodation.

There are some towns that breathe serenity. Bukittinggi is one of them. Wide, clean streets, harboring a variety of pretty trees, undulate up to and away from the clock tower. The tower overlooks a market, a maze of shops and stalls filled with woven goods and artefacts of vivid color and great variety. Dramatic Minangkabau houses with their sweeping roofs, shaped like water buffalo horns, pierce the skyline, backed on the horizon by the encircling mountains Merapi, Singgalang and Sago.

The volcanoes provide their own counterpoint to the peace of Bukittinggi, a lure of danger that Western travellers find hard to re-

sist. While we were there a party of five Europeans disappeared on Merapi. Two of them turned up after wandering two days and a third was found in poor condition. The other two apparently had gone forever. The locals say the danger lies in innocent piles of ash that hide chutes straight into the heart of the lava.

For the less hardy, or maybe the less foolhardy, there are more sedate adventures. Bukittinggi is poised on the brink of its own Grand Canyon — Ngarai Sianok. It's an imposing view from the top, and a walk along the track at the bottom, overhung by towering grey cliffs, takes you past farms and villages, water buffalo wallowing in their muddy holes, surprising exclamation marks of peaks that seem to spring from the ground without reason, and past swarms of schoolchildren who, Indonesian-style, hold your hand, quiz you about where you come from, ask you for money, and laugh when you don't give it.

Bukittinggi, which literally means High Place, is the centre of West Sumatra's five million-strong Minangkabau culture. Minangkabau is a strong matriarchial and matrilineal society. Property is owned collectively by the family but is inherited through the daughters. Houses are the domain of the women; the grandmothers are the grand matriarchs.

If you go to Bukittinggi, you should on no account miss the bullfights in the nearby village of Kota Baru. This has nothing to do with the Latin blood-sport of persecuting beasts until they are goaded into a death duel, man against animal. The Sumatran bullfight involves water buffalo against water buffalo. It is staged mainly to satisfy an insatiable lust for gambling. It is bloodless, quite illegal and happens every Tuesday. — Mick Barnes

QANTAS flies regularly to Jakarta. High season excursion fares (Nov 22 to Jan 15) \$870 return, low season (Jan 16 to Nov 21) \$720.



Sumatra breathes serenity

companionways in their night-gear. Surely, old man Krakatoa has woken and is bellowing his blood-lust. But no, the sound is coming from the ship's loud-speakers, piped at umpteen decibels into every cabin, nook and cranny. It is the *Kerinci*'s

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**Greed and cut-throat tactics are turning
South Australia's lucrative abalone
industry into a battleground**

BY PAUL MANN

The Southern Ocean is the world's last great oceanic frontier. Its fierce, freezing breakers gnaw relentlessly at the southern flanks of this continent. It is also the only ocean in the world to be bordered by the territories of a single nation, the Australian mainland in the north and the Australian Antarctic Territory in the south. It is, effectively, the Australian Ocean.

For two centuries it has yielded a dangerous living to those men brave or desperate enough to fish it. The whalers and sealers were first. Then came the fishing fleets, prawners, tuna boats and cray boats. About 20 years ago came the abalone divers. All these men, though they made their living from the ocean in different ways, had one thing in common. They all lived outside the law.

Now, in South Australia, that ocean's dangers take a back seat. Now men are fighting, lying and

ABALONE W·A·R·S

ILLUSTRATION BY JULIA EDWORTHY



ABALONE

betraying *each other* for abalone, a snail-like marine creature about the size of a Big Mac with a hard shell and edible underbelly. Plucked easily from the ocean's shallows, it sells for \$60 to \$70 a kilo in the fish markets of Tokyo. It's as if these soaring prices have transformed the abalone into lumps of gold lying around the ocean floor waiting to be plucked. The limited number of abalone diving licences change hands, if at all, for amounts in excess of half a million dollars.

As the stakes have gone through the roof, so has the level of desperation. In mid-May this year, someone crept into the home of Hoss Hura, former diver and manager of a frozen food storage company. A gas cylinder was placed in Hura's living room and turned on; a trail of petrol was laid back outside the house — and lit. Adelaide detectives are investigating, but those close to the abalone industry knowingly suggest a link with the reaping of *haliotis laevigata* and *haliotis ruber* — or greenlips and blacklips. Abalone. It is suggested that this bombing is only a taste of the explosive atmosphere now surrounding the abalone industry.

The Japanese and Chinese consider abalone an aphrodisiac as well as a delicacy — and it's true that abalone does contain eight parts per million of zinc, one

of the prime components of the male hormone testosterone. However it is a different expression of lust which turns South Australian men against each other. It is the lust for enormous riches. Unmitigated greed. Stories abound of individual divers making a million dollars a year — *not* legally.

Twenty years ago, such wealth was undreamed of. Back then it was all mates together in an infant industry populated largely by wild men with a love of the sea and diving. There was plenty for everyone — and besides, prices were so low that large profits were unheard of.

All that has changed, the industry fragmenting into a three-cornered fight between those "fortunate" enough to have licences to dive for abalone legally; those who don't and who have turned to full-time poaching; and the bureaucracy struggling to referee it all: the South Australian Department of Fisheries, known to the divers as the "fish pigs." It is a particularly nasty fight. It started out as the odd case of verbals and fisticuffs. Then one man connected with the industry had the windscreen of his car blown out with a shotgun. Now houses are being bombed.

Stories abound of differences being settled "privately", either in the alley of some waterfront bloodhouse or by the side of some lonely coastal byway. More than one diver has disappeared mysteriously at sea. The weather has not always been to

blame.

This is wild country, inhabited by a wild breed of men. For almost 200 years, large tracts of the South Australian coastline have operated like the Barbary Coast, attracting scoundrels, rogues, misfits, adventurers and a few outright loops — a law unto themselves. That's why many of these men choose to live here and why they choose to settle their differences their own way. In the mid-Sixties, for example, poachers were raiding the fishermen's cray pots; the sniping developed into a kind of open warfare. There was more than one wild gun battle at sea, and for years locals got used to seeing cray boats dock at Port Adelaide with bullet holes through the wheelhouse. An ugly precedent.

Those days have returned. Except now abalone is the prize.

OUTSIDE THE LAW

Depending on whose side you're on, Johnny McGovern is either an arsehole or a hero. He is an abalone poacher.

When abalone diving evolved into a viable industry, with the advent of exports to Asia, McGovern was one of the first divers to obtain an abalone fishing licence upon their introduction by the Fisheries Department in 1968. A nuggety little Scot, he was a good diver and he quickly became one of the ab game's first big money makers. Not without cost to his health. Ab divers have traditionally been cavalier about diving ailments which is why so many ab divers suffer from the bends.

The bends is caused by the accumulation of nitrogen in the bloodstream which builds up when divers stay down too long. Unless the diver takes time to decompress during his ascent to the surface, to let the nitrogen dissipate gradually from his bloodstream, the nitrogen fizzes out of control like the bubbles in a shaken bottle of Coke. The result can be anything from aches and pains in the muscles and joints to total paralysis if nitrogen bubbles become lodged in the spinal column. Because ab divers say they don't make enough money staying within safe diving limits, they'd invariably stay down too long, grab all the abs they could, then shoot straight to the surface and suck on a bottle of oxygen, as pure oxygen accelerates the dispersal of nitrogen.

Treat your body like some kind of chemistry experiment for a few years and it begins to come apart at the seams. Which is why so many ab divers are old men at 40, crippled with arthritis, rheumatism and osteonecrosis — crumbling of the bones.

McGovern has accelerated that deterioration. In 17 years he has destroyed 20 boats and a similar number of cars through sheer hellacious living.

"Boats and cars just had a habit of falling apart under me," he shrugged. And he took that attitude underwater with him. He'd soup himself up on scotch and speed, and then dive for six to eight hours,



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ABALONE

pulling huge numbers of abs. He might have rested after three or four hours, come up to the boat, sucked on some oxygen, downed a bit more scotch, popped some more speed, then headed down again.

Today, aged 36, most of McGovern's joints pop like firecrackers. And he has the unnerving habit of grabbing his head with both hands and wrenching it around about 120 degrees so that his neck cracks like a pistol shot. He says it keeps his neck and shoulders from stiffening up.

Six years ago, he sold his ab licence for \$240,000. In the Sixties, they were given away.

McGovern claims he sold his licence because Fisheries had issued an edict forbidding arrangements which allowed relief or substitute divers to work ab licences. The new ruling meant the licence holder had to do all the diving. McGovern speculated that the value of licences would stagnate as a result. Besides, the writing was on the wall where his health was concerned. He had just about burned himself out. He figured if he wasn't allowed to hire relief divers he may as well get out of the business.

Though there was another deciding factor. A close encounter with a white pointer. Johnny admits that after the narrow escape from the big shark — he jammed a

bag of abalone in its mouth and went for the boat like an Exocet — he lost his nerve for a time.

Just a few months after McGovern and a few others sold their licences, he claims, Fisheries amended their earlier ruling to allow the limited employment of relief divers. The value of licences began to march upward again, but it was too late for Johnny. He had sunk his money into another business venture — which sank along with it right down the plug hole. Johnny was introduced to the harsh realities of financial deprivation. He turned to his only recourse. He became an abalone poacher. That immediately put him on the wrong side of the Fisheries Department. But that was okay by McGovern.

McGovern claims Fisheries screwed him with contradictory rulings about relief divers which persuaded him to sell his ab licence in the first place. It was the beginning of a vendetta that continues to this day.

Johnny became a hunted man as far as Fisheries was concerned. He didn't help matters by going to *60 Minutes* in 1985 and exposing the ignorance of the Fisheries Department about an organic disease attacking and destroying South Australia's abalone stocks. Poachers claim they have a far more comprehensive and accurate picture of abalone reserves in South Australia than the Fisheries Department. Johnny succeeded in embarrassing

Fisheries Department director Richard Stevens in a face to face confrontation on national television and claims Stevens has held a personal grudge against him ever since — a claim Stevens strongly denies.

McGovern got a share in another ab licence and went legit again — but he lost that share after a long, acrimonious and expensive court battle with other parties in the industry. While diving under the protection of that licence, Johnny was accused by Fisheries of pulling undersized abs and his total catch for about a month was confiscated. It was worth, he estimates, around \$70,000.

At the time of writing, Fisheries were preparing four charges against McGovern in relation to the catching of undersized abalone — while McGovern had 11 writs pending against them alleging, among other things, that mismanagement by Fisheries cost him his livelihood.

At last contact, McGovern was penniless and on the dole. "At least they can't take any more off me," he said. "I'm fighting the bastards on legal aid now."

FIGHTING THE LAW

"Bob's" story started with a phone call. He acknowledged he was a poacher and insisted on using an assumed name. He said he was afraid to talk on the phone because he thought Fisheries might have his line tapped. The impression that he'd been watching too many TV cop shows was probably forgivable, but some of that paranoia is not unfounded. The SA Department of Fisheries does have extraordinarily "broad" powers under the *Fisheries Act* of 1982. Powers which include the lawful interception of people, the breaking into their homes or boats and the seizure of all manner of property without the need for any charges or authorisation. Powers even the police don't have without the authorisation of a magistrate — or even when acting on behalf of Fisheries.

Bob turned out to be a tall, skinny man of 30 with thick, curly hair. His long-term losing battle with Fisheries had cost him virtually everything, he said — including his girlfriend. A couple of months earlier, he claimed, he had been stopped by Fisheries at a road block on Kangaroo Island. He has an eight-year-old conviction for ab poaching, and admits he has poached frequently since then, but the night he was stopped he hadn't been poaching and there were no abs either in the boot of his car or in his boat, which he was towing. He claimed Fisheries seized his car, boat, and everything on the boat, including diving compressor and all his dive gear, then left him standing by the side of the road late at night with only a change of clothes in his hold-all. Under the Act, Fisheries has the power to do that even if they just *think* you might be thinking of breaking the law. And they can hang on to the confiscated gear for six months without bringing charges.

Bob said he had been fighting,

unsuccessfully, through his lawyer to have his gear returned. He had finally taken the desperate step of going public, he said, because he felt the wider community ought to know about what he believes is an abuse of power by Fisheries in South Australia — a department he accuses of relishing dictatorial powers, accountable to no-one.

"If they weren't destroying people's lives," he said, "it'd be funny."

Bob had chosen Port Lincoln — the hub of the abalone diving industry — to tell his story. Port Lincoln is a beautiful town on a harbor three times the size of Sydney Harbor. It's a tough town and it's a man's town, where fortunes have been made stripping the Southern Ocean of its prawns, crayfish and tuna.

Bob had explained that South Australia's coastal waters are divided into three zones for ab fishing. The southern zone covers the south-eastern shoreline of the state and is home to six licensed divers. The central zone includes Kangaroo Island and the gulfs and it too is home to six licensed divers. The western zone reaches from Port Lincoln to the WA border and hosts 23 licensed divers, making it by far the biggest and busiest of the three zones. This is because it's still *mau mau* country, encompassing vast tracts of untameable ocean. Deep, cold, dangerous water lashed by sudden storms and swept by freak waves.

It's also where most of the big abs are. Great succulent greenlips bigger than hub caps, the choicest of the two breeds and the kind that fetch the best prices. Waiting out there for whoever is bold enough to go and get them. That's where most of the poachers go.

Bob was with a mate in the front bar of the Port Lincoln Hotel. He seemed a bit more relaxed than he'd been on the phone but he insisted on complete privacy to talk. A motel room was the venue.

His real name, he said, was Tim Purslow. He was known to Fisheries as a poacher but still, going public took nerve. That's one of the ironies about this whole affair. There are about 20 full-time poachers in South Australia and they're all quite well known by licensed divers, abalone buyers and Fisheries. Nevertheless, Purslow said going public meant raising the stakes for him personally, "because the bastards don't like it when you go to the media."

But, like Johnny McGovern, he said, "They've pushed me so far into a corner I have nowhere left to go. They've taken everything I own without laying charges so I've got nothing left to lose. I might as well go down fighting."

"That's the really stupid thing. I don't take that much fish. It's nothing like they're making out but they're branding me and other blokes like we're gangsters or something. They're the ones who've gotten really heavy. They're the ones who are getting dirty on everybody. They're the ones

making people like me desperate. I tell you what, next time I see a Fisheries road block I'll drive straight through the bastards."

His mate, meanwhile, paced backwards and forwards across the motel room, the brows on his round, weathered face getting darker and darker under his woolly fisherman's cap. He was a big, heavy-set bloke. He hadn't said much but it was clear he didn't like the direction the conversation was taking. He had made it plain he didn't want his name mentioned.

Tim added: "That helicopter Fisheries uses is getting on everybody's nerves. They hover right over your boat when you're out there, whipping all the spray up, blowing you to buggery and taking video pictures of you. I tell you what, mate, I've heard a few blokes talking and one day somebody's going to blow that bastard right out of the sky."

At this, his mate spun around, his face squinting with alarm.

SA Fisheries Officers have broad powers that include lawful interception of people, breaking into their homes or boats and seizure of property without charge

"Jesus Christ, Tim," he said, "you can't go saying stuff like that. That's bullshit . . . It's terrorist talk. This is still Australia, y'know . . . We don't do shit like that here. So don't go putting ideas in people's heads."

Tim smiled and looked mildly chastened. "Nobody's going to do it at the minute," he admitted. "But some blokes are talking about how they'd like to do it."

This exchange revealed the thin line between farce and drama which characterises the current situation in the abalone industry. In the past it was a bit of a game. The bureaucracy had moved in to regulate it all but it was still possible for a few minor players to make a buck on the side. Then the price of abalone went through the roof, the penalties became much stiffer and Fisheries started playing the game harder. Suddenly the fun went out of it. People could get badly hurt, financially and physically. So could innocents.

The bombing of Hura's Adelaide home is the most dramatic turn of events yet in this threatening scenario. Fisheries, meanwhile, is keeping up the pressure on everybody to play the rules. Except not everyone

believes Fisheries is playing the game straight.

Tim had been diving since he was a kid. He learned to swim when he was four years old. Originally from Melbourne, he's a trained industrial diver and has worked overseas. He first arrived in South Australia in the mid-Seventies and found work as a sheller, shelling the abs in the boat as the diver brought them up by the bagful. From there he graduated to relief diving, but when the restrictions on relief divers came in he claimed he was effectively locked out of the industry where he'd been earning his living.

"In those days nearly everybody was breaking the law," he said. "The situation was still pretty loose in the Seventies, and you could just go and jump in the water and work with one of the licensed divers if you liked. Or you could go by yourself and sell them direct to a processor. It was illegal but everybody was doing it. It's still what goes on now but to a lesser extent."

"You see, I did my bit in getting this industry started. I know what it's like to sit out in a boat in the cold when it's pissing rain, shelling abs all day. I helped develop and test the first dive cages to protect ab divers from shark attack after a couple of our mates got chomped. I was happy to do relief diving until that was shut off."

"The first ab licences were given away to anybody who had a good track record in the diving industry and now they're worth a fortune. If you were around at the time, and you were lucky, it was like winning the lottery. Blokes like me did our part and I don't think it's fair we should have been excluded."

"I'm not talking about getting a licence. That's out of the question now. I'm just talking about being allowed to make a living in the industry. We don't need to make a fortune, we don't expect to. But we've been pushed out over the years till the only way we could make a living was by breaking the law. Now Fisheries is making us out to be desperadoes, and that's just total bullshit. They're going to the media and accusing poachers of depleting the abalone reserves of South Australia. That's so far from the truth it's not funny."

"If there's any threat to the abalone reserves of South Australia it's from the new breed of licence holder. These are blokes who weren't around at the beginning, and they don't give a stuff about the industry, they're just out to make a big quid. They come in with big financial backing, pay half a million bucks for a licence, pull a million bucks worth of fish a year for five years, then get out and they don't give a stuff for the industry or anybody else in it."

"We're accused of leaving some beds out there like a wasteland. That's rubbish. We have to find new beds all the time. We're finding places nobody's been to because we have to. We're the ones who are doing the real exploring. The licensed divers are just picking over the grounds



ABALONE

that were pioneered by the first divers 20 years ago and they're the beds being stripped bare.

"Fisheries wouldn't have a clue what's going on over here because they don't have the divers and they don't put in the hours we do. Yet they're trying to tell us they know the full picture and they're going to tell us what to do. They don't know shit about what's really going on with the abalone stock in South Australia. They just wouldn't know shit."

"And," he added, "it's making me crazy because I see licensed divers pulling 23 tonnes of fish in a year and we're taking the blame for it."

In the western zone, which reaches from Port Lincoln around the coastline to Point Brown, just west of Streaky Bay, licensed divers are restricted to a quota of eight and a half tonnes of abalone per year. That can bring in a gross income of around \$300,000 a year, though out of that the licensed divers have to pay all their boat and diving expenses, plus licence fees of around \$10,000 a year. If they want to pull more fish they have to go further west into *mau mau* country. Tim Purslow alleged that some licensed divers are pulling far in excess of their eight and a half tonne annual quota out of the western zone, thereby plundering the western zone stocks, and claiming

the extra abalone are coming from outside the zone. In some cases, he said, licensed divers are selling the extra tonnage to different fish processors further afield and still claiming they're only pulling eight and a half tonnes a year. That way they don't have to explain the extra tonnage to anyone, and they don't have to explain the extra income to the tax man.

If, as Tim claims, one diver pulled 23 tonnes of abalone in a single year, that would represent almost a million dollars of income. Of which around \$700,000 would be undeclared.

"These blokes are devastating the known beds and ripping off the system for millions of dollars a year. We've got the same expenses as these blokes. We have to run a boat, car, diving gear, all of that. Yet, because we're under pressure, we have to grab what we can when we can. There are no rich poachers. We're lucky if we can break even. But Fisheries are throwing all their resources into destroying us when we wouldn't represent a flea bite on the ab stock. No wonder it's making blokes like me crazy . . . but do you think we can make the bastards listen? Nah mate, we're scum."

WITHIN THE LAW

One of the most respected men on all three sides of this dispute is John Kroezen, secretary of the Abalone Industry Association of South Australia. Kroezen admits

he's a bit of a dinosaur in the ab game. He's 40, and the last of the original ab licence holders still diving. He was awarded his licence in 1968 and reckons his time in the water is just about up — another five years at the most. His sandy hair is almost all grey and he has more aches and pains than he cares to think about.

Still, he's always been one of the most careful divers on the coast and compared to many of his crippled colleagues, he's Olympic Games material. He could make a big dollar if he chose to sell his licence now — the current price has been touted at anything up to \$650,000 — but he has two young sons and he plans to pass it on to them.

Like most divers, Kroezen doesn't mince words, and he flatly rejects the poachers' proposition that they were locked out of the industry when licensing came in.

"That's bullshit," he says. "If they were legitimately involved in the beginning of the industry, when licences were issued, they would have been given a licence, because they were given to anyone who could prove they had an involvement in the industry. There was no other criteria involved except that you had to be able to prove you'd been diving for abalone and you'd been selling abalone to some of the fish processors. That's all that was required."

"As for saying they couldn't afford to buy a licence . . . all right, granted, licence values are very high now, but they haven't always been that high. Many of the individuals who hold licences now were once involved in illegal diving. Then they stopped and made the decision whether they wanted to continue to be illegal or try to go legitimate. They went and borrowed the money, got their families to support them, put up what real estate they had, and got into the industry legally. The first run of licences to come up for sale were priced at around \$100,000. Some guys bought in, some made the decision to wait until the price came down — that's their problem."

"Most of the guys who hold licences now bought them on the open market and they had no greater opportunity than those poachers out there had. Those poachers had exactly the same opportunity on the open market to buy into the industry. Now some of those poachers are running around trying to get relief diving jobs. But, before this whole issue became very hot, these guys weren't looking for jobs as relief divers. They've only started looking for jobs as relief divers since the pressure was put on them."

"They're trying to say they'd like relief diving work but because they can't have it they have to go poaching. Look, I'd like to get some money out of the bank. Because the bank won't give me any, does that mean I can get a gun and rob the bank? It's the same argument."

On the issue of whether it's licensed divers or poachers who are ravaging the

state's battered abalone resource, the debate got hotter. When Tim Purslow's allegation that at least one licensed diver pulled 23 tonnes of abalone out of the western zone last year was put to him, Kroezen blinked and there was a long silence.

"I'm astounded," he said finally. "I really am. If that's true I'd like to see the evidence. If it is true it means one of two things: either our quota is set too low and we're costing ourselves money, or the guy who did it is a bastard and needs to have his bloody head chopped off. If there's substantial, supportable evidence for that I'd like to see it and I'd like to see it handed to the relevant authorities so they can take action. Even the Department of Fisheries in South Australia would ultimately get off its bum and do something."

When tackled on the performance of Fisheries as referee in this whole stoush, Kroezen sighed and looked to heaven, perhaps for inspiration. "Look," he said, "there are people in the department who are very keen, enthusiastic and hard-working. Unfortunately these people suffer from the bureaucracy within which they have to work."

"In my opinion the abalone resources in South Australia are being most effectively managed by the licensed abalone divers and the abalone divers' association, with the assistance of Fisheries. I will continue to give those people in Fisheries whom I respect and admire my utmost co-operation, but there's a lot of turkeys in there and they deserve a kick up the arse. Just like the poachers deserve a kick up the arse."

John Hargman, a licensed diver operating out of Elliston, is a 37-year-old former postman who bought into the industry for \$115,000 in 1980. He largely concurred with Kroezen's views.

"I started as a sheller," he said. "Then I borrowed the money to buy a licence. My parents and my wife's parents both mortgaged their homes to find me the money. That's how I got in. So what the poachers say about it being hard for them to get in is sour grapes. It's hard for everybody. I've got no sympathy for the poachers — they're irresponsible and they're ruining the industry. I've been through ab beds where there's nothing but dead shells on the bottom. They're killing the industry."

Asked if that dead shell could have been left by a rapacious licensed diver, like the one alleged to have hoisted 23 tonnes, Hargman said: "I've heard that rumor. We might have had one bad apple in the game but this year I believe we've got 23 honest divers on the west coast."

THE LAW

Richard Stevens, Fisheries Department Director, has been painted as the villain by the poachers. Not surprisingly, he says Fisheries have their own side to this story. And that story doesn't include a lot of sym-

pathy for poachers.

Stevens is a young man in his mid-30s. He's intelligent and articulate, and he can be every bit as blunt as the divers.

"Let's get one thing straight," he said. "We wouldn't be having this problem if abalone was fetching a dollar a kilo. Now, it doesn't matter to us whether the price of abalone is a dollar a kilo or a hundred dollars a kilo. We have the same job to do. That's to see that the fish reserves of this state are not over-exploited. You don't have to be bloody Houdini to figure out who's stretching the system, and we intend to catch up with them and we will catch up with them."

Does that include the licensed diver on the west coast who is alleged to have taken 23 tonnes?

"I'm aware that one of the divers in the western zone is alleged to have taken greater than his quota," he answered. "And we know who the person is."

"It's making me crazy because I see licensed divers pulling 23 tonnes of abalone in a year and the poachers are taking the blame for it."

So why hasn't Fisheries moved against him?

"It's an enforcement problem for us," Stevens admitted. "We have to enforce the quota arrangement with the resources available to us."

So they don't have the manpower? "Sure. We've only got five officers in Port Lincoln and three in Ceduna to follow up all the fisheries for rock lobster, prawns, tuna, scale fish and abalone. That's the number of people we're allocated. Because of the number of people we have it's unlikely we're going to catch up with every offence that's committed in the abalone fishery or any other fishery. Just like the police can't catch up with everybody who breaks the speed limit."

So why concentrate the department's limited resources on the harassment of a few raggedy-arsed poachers when the greatest threat to abalone stocks may be coming from one or two greedy licensed divers?

"Because, on the hard evidence we have available, there's a lot of undersize abalone being taken by unlicensed divers," said Stevens. "And there's very

little evidence to suggest licensed divers are taking undersized abalone."

Taking undersize abs is one of the worst offences you can commit. It is illegal to take blacklips less than 13 centimetres wide across the shell and greenlips less than 14.5 centimetres. By the time they're past this size, they're usually seven or eight years old and well into their breeding cycle.

"When people start taking undersize abs it has a far worse effect on resource management than people taking more than their quota of legal size abalone," added Stevens. "But with the price the way it is people are taking any abalone they can get their hands on in order to cash in. That means we have a far greater concern with illegal activities than one or two licensed divers taking more than their quota."

"We concentrate our activities on people who take significant quantities of abalone. And I'm not talking about 10 or 20 abalone. I'm talking in hundreds. That's totally unacceptable and they are the people we are concentrating on."

So the helicopter stays?

"The helicopter stays. It's been around for ten years, so if we upped the ante, we upped it in 1977. It doesn't surprise me that some people are talking about blowing it out of the sky. It's designed to act as a deterrent to people engaged in illegal activities. If it upsets people, I make no apologies. So be it."

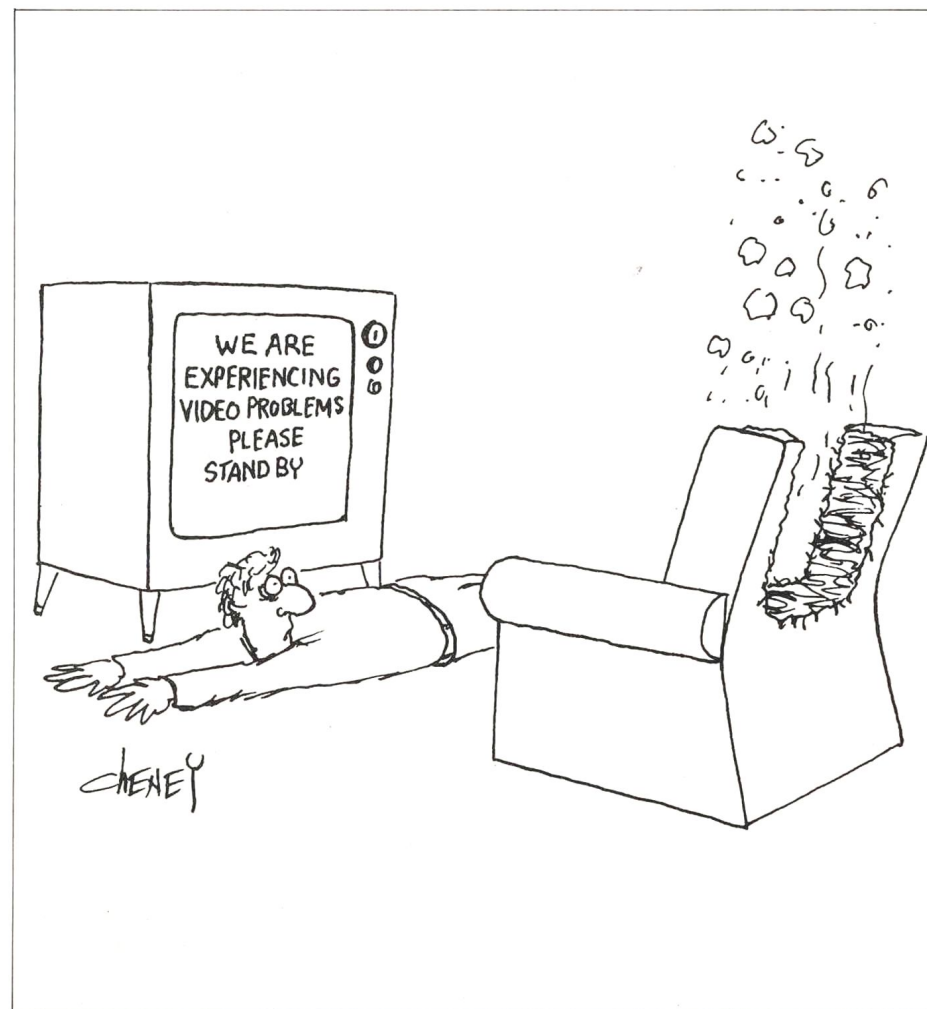
Stevens takes the same uncompromising stance on his department's enforcement of *The Fisheries Act*, drafted under a state Liberal government in 1982 and passed under a Labor government in 1984. The intimidatory aspects of this Act are obvious:

"... a fisheries officer may for the purposes of the administration or enforcement of this Act —

(a) where he reasonably suspects that any premises, land, waters, boat or vehicle is being, has been or is intended to be used for, or in connection with, an activity regulated by or under this Act — *at any time, enter and search and inspect and where necessary for the purpose, break into or open any part of, or thing in, the premises, land, waters, boat or vehicle;*

(b) where he reasonably suspects that anything has been done or omitted to be done in contravention of this Act in relation to any fish, boat, vehicle, device, equipment, document, record or other thing, or that it affords evidence of an offence against this Act — *seize and retain the fish, boat, vehicle, device, equipment, document, record or other thing.*" (Author's emphasis)

That is the law — the battle lines are drawn. What remains to be seen is whether the rules of legal battle will be observed. The tough tradition of abalone divers suggests otherwise. 



RAINY DAY WOMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Elle Anthony makes hay while the sun shines — leaving her way clear to fully enjoy the delights of inclement weather. Her recipe for fun and games encompasses a “closeness with nature”, and, as she says, “Rain is nature’s way of saying take it easy, and I take my cue from it. When it rains, I take a raincheck.”





"When I hear the soothing drum of rain on an iron roof, my thoughts turn to indoor games. It helps having a boyfriend who is a brickies' laborer. Those guys understand what nature is saying to them when it starts to sprinkle — *relax.*"





Elle had other boyfriends who were ruled by the working week, but they could never understand why she'd work on the sunniest of weekends. "My calendar is the clouds, not this nine-to-five bullshit," says Elle.







"It took me a while to work out that the building industry blokes have it all worked out — and that that's where I should aim my romantic designs if I was to meet my match. I didn't come down in the last shower."



**The slope-nose Porsche is the
ultimate in automotive hip**

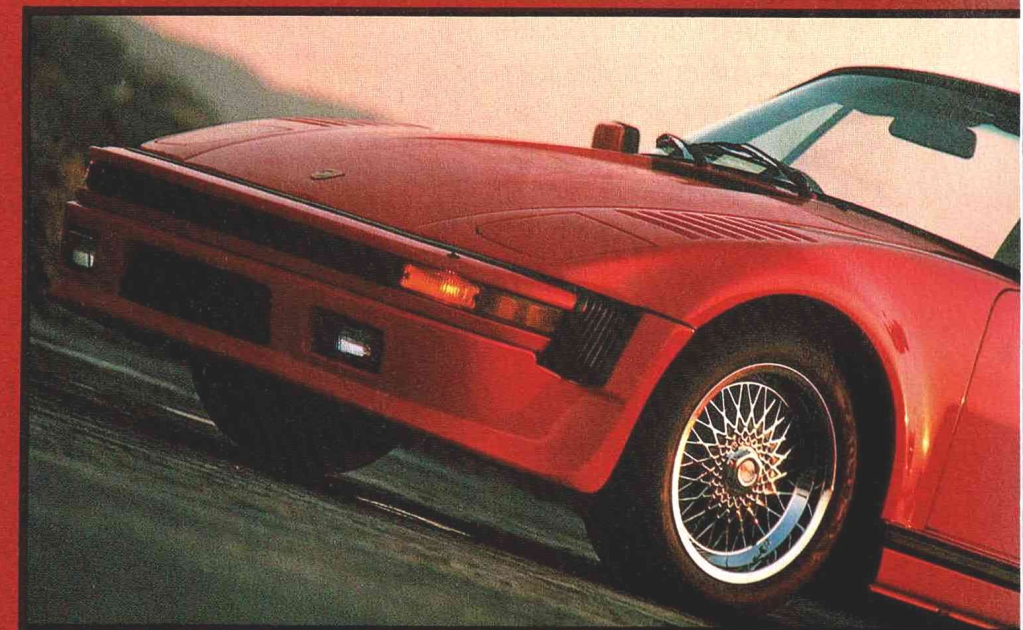
BY MIKE KNEPPER



PORSCHE PANACHE

**At first, it's an unthreatening
speck ascending from the
horizon, but a few seconds later,
you look and it's riding your tail,
filling your mirror, the steeply
sloping nose pressed to the
pavement like some terrible
carnivore ready to devour its
helpless prey.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF ZWART



PORSCHE PANACHE

It pulls closer, huge fenders bulging like muscles bunching to spring, then drops back. Apparently uninterested in skinny everyday iron, it darts to one side and, as suddenly as it appeared, is gone.

The slope-nose Porsche's territory is primarily Southern California, where it first appeared just a few years ago and where it is often seen tooling around Beverly Hills and Hollywood. Although it is generally harmless to man, even superficial contact with this exotic automotive species has been known to weaken knees, knot stomachs, palpitate hearts, and empty wallets.

The Porsche 911 has been a head turner for years. Many years. It first appeared in 1964 and is basically unchanged 23 years later. Despite the fact that Porsche has offered up a steady stream of alternatives — 914, 924, 928, and their variations — the demand for the venerable 911 just won't go away. This year it is available in four exotic styles: Coupe, Targa, Cabriolet, and get-

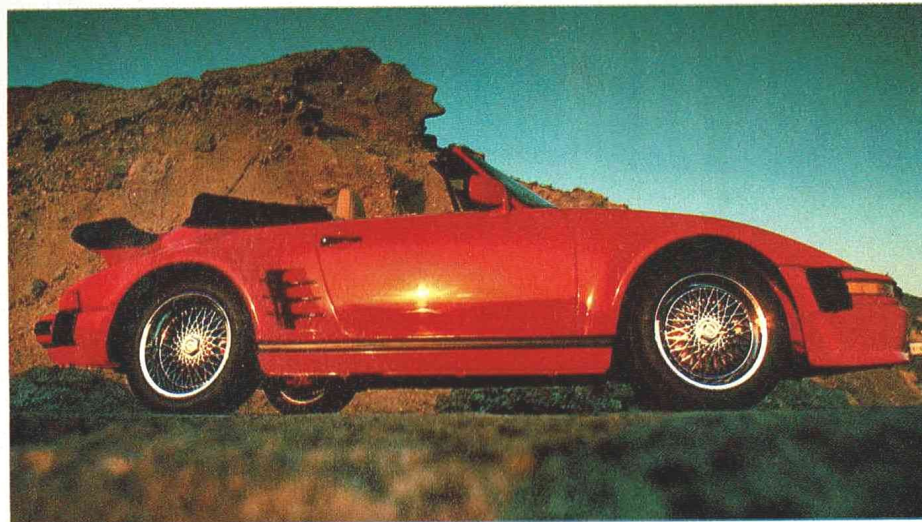
out-of-the-way Turbo.

But in that part of the world where too much is seldom enough — California — there is now the breed of 911 known collectively as the slope-nose Porsche, the ultimate expression — at least for the next 15 minutes — of in contemporary automotive hip.

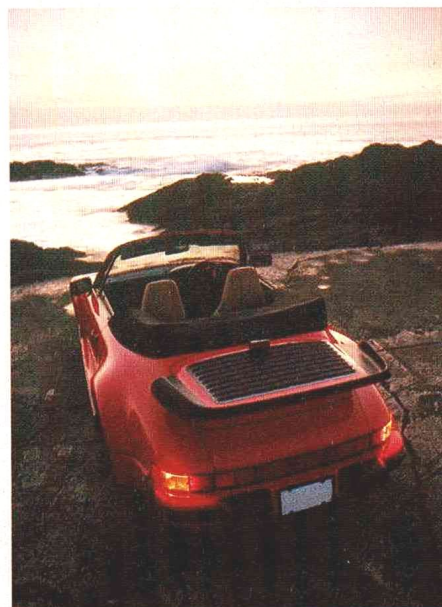
Even Porsche purists — the ones who

learn German so they can read the owner's manual in the mother tongue and who refuse to work on Ferdinand Porsche's birthday — are not too upset about all this, because these new slope-nose 911s are actually variations on an original theme by Porsche.

The Porsche 935 was the racing version of the 911 in the late Seventies and early



Even Porsche purists — the ones who learn German so they can read the owner's manual in the mother tongue — are not too upset about this



Eighties. In an effort to improve the performance and aerodynamics of the 935, Porsche and private owner-racers began modifying the familiar bodywork. The nose of the car was reshaped to slope steeply to the road. The fenders were sliced off level with the hood and the headlights converted to pop-up units. *Voila!* or the equivalent in German: the slope-nose Porsche.

It's only a matter of moments after an unprecedented race car appears that someone copies it and builds look-alikes for the street, and so it was with the slope-nose look. It took but a few moments more for a car so dramatically different in design to begin showing up.

There are several shops offering the slope-nose treatment in and around Los Angeles, with more showing up as the trend spreads. California-based VIP Toys International is one of the largest and most successful. (Due to the enormous success of these massaged 911s in the US, Porsche has jumped on the bandwagon and is now offering a limited number of factory-modified slope-nose 911 Turbos.) As the popularity of the slope-nose look has grown, VIP President Terry Roark has

seen his business grow from \$240,000 worth of bodywork and used Porsches in 1982 to more than \$3 million in 1986. In fact, Roark's meteoric rise to success has inspired him to open up a national chain of VIP "auto boutiques," which promise to stock everything imaginable for every car model, from fiberglass-customising kits to imported steering wheels, key chains, and clothing. To further spread the VIP word, Roark recently took his company public, and if his instincts are right, not just his customers but thousands of others will soon know about VIP Toys.

At present, most of customers are Porsche dealers located throughout the country, who quickly gobble up Roark's small production of ten to 12 units a month. But he is happy to do business on an individual basis. Just drive your 911 in and tell him what you want. Owners as diverse as Blake Edwards and Erick Dickerson are VIP customers, and ZZ Top and Chuck Norris have been seen kicking tyres in the shop.

Most shops that modify Porsches use Kevlar and fiberglass; VIP, however, shuns that commercial approach and fabricates

by hand the bits and pieces needed out of metal. The majority of the employees are skilled metalworkers, many of them with experience in handforming race car bodies. Roark is quick to point out that the craftsmanship at VIP Toys is "often better than what you find coming out of Germany." Despite the high-tech aura of mystery behind Porsche conversions, Roark welcomes visitors to his shop and will gladly give an informal tour of his operation.

Although it takes hours of tedious handwork, the make-over is relatively simple, at least in the telling. If a car isn't the bulging, wide-stanced Turbo, it is first made "Turbo wide" with new fender flares to accommodate wider wheels and tyres. Rear-bumper extensions are added and the rear deck crowned with a huge "whale tail" spoiler off the Porsche parts shelf. Boxed rocker panels that create a mini running board are welded on to the sides to increase the visual width. A new front valence panel that houses the driving lights, an oil cooler, and the new bonnet come next. Then, the fenders are sliced from below the headlight back to the fire wall, and the resulting space is capped with new sheet metal. Louvres are an option that may be cut into the fender. (Louvres are recommended to owners planning the occasional blast through the desert — or down to the corner shop for that matter. Travelling at high speeds without louvres will cause air to build up under the fenders, forcing the nose to lift.) Pop-up rectangular headlights complete the flat slope-nose effect, and functional brake scoops in front of the rear wheels finish off the serious modifications.

Interiors can be modified to the limits of an owner's imagination and beyond — a custom-built stereo system featuring a programmable CD and a mobile telephone are just a few of the possibilities. But the typical package, Roark says, includes custom knee pads below the dashboard and a redesigned console that repositions the air-conditioning controls more conveniently and houses a selection of additional gauges. The leather upholstery is removed and contrasting color piping added, and VIP carries a variety of steering wheels for the final touch.

If a customer wants some go-fast "mods" on the engine or suspension to go with the new-look body, VIP farms out this service to one of the companies of racing engineers responsible for some of the most successful Porsche race cars in the US.

The basic VIP treatment on a Coupe, Cabriolet, or Targa finishes up at about \$20,000. For the Turbo, which requires fewer modifications, it's around \$17,500. Those prices, of course, are in addition to the cost of new 911 . . .

Obviously, the slope-nose game is not for the faint of wallet. But who ever said ultra-hip comes cheap? 

Gary Elkerton is not your average
surf star

KING KONG

BY NOEL CARSTAIRS

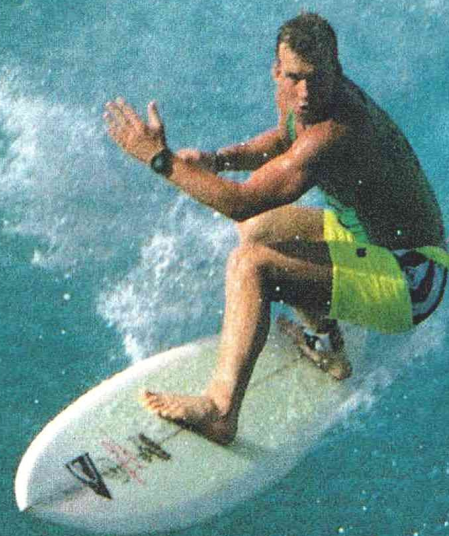
Softcock. The word has a nice insulting ring to it. *You yanks are a lot of softcocks.* Carefully calculated to maximise offence? Or shot from the hip by someone to whom actions speak more eloquently than words?

In the case of Gary "Kong" Elkerton, probably a bit of both. That's because Kong is a lot smarter than some of his utterances would lead you to believe. He is the Mick Dundee of world surfing and he is the Australian most likely to wrest the world professional title from the United States, where the not-so-limp Tom Curren resides. Seen in this context, his insulting and widely-publicised remarks about his American rivals make some kind of sense. Unsettle the bastards. Make them feel the pressure.

But when you quiz Kong about it, you just get a vacant stare. Kong has moved on. He doesn't want to be reminded of past indiscretions.

"Kong's changed," says a friend from

PHOTO BY PETER CRAWFORD



KING KONG

the Queensland Sunshine Coast. "Oh, there's still a bit of the wild man in him, don't you worry about that. [Do all Queenslanders use this expression?] But he's dead serious about winning the title now. He doesn't want to be distracted by the bullshit." Says Kong: "I'm off the party program. If I win a contest, I'll go out and have a good time, but if I don't win I'll stay at home because I don't deserve it. You have to have that discipline. Without it you just go berserk."

Indeed it is nigh on impossible to distract Gary Kong Elkerton from his singular purpose, which is to show his detractors he has not only the mad zap of a surfing genius but also the self-control and discipline of a surfing champion. Although he finished fourth in the world professional rankings for 1986-87 after a controversial decision went against him in the Coke Classic in Sydney last May, there was a brief period when reigning champion Curren faltered and it seemed possible — just possible — that Kong would sweep from behind and grab the title. A crumbling Manly shorebreak put paid to that dream, but Kong has smelled the glory. He is number four and number one is no longer a fantasy. "My record against Curren is not that good, but I'm starting to feel that there are ways to knock him off. The guy's not invincible," says Kong.

Australia has had more than its fair share of surfing champions and in most cases their stories are less than rivetting. Freckle-faced grommet plays hookey from school, eats, sleeps, breathes surfing, saves his pennies to get on the tour and finally comes through. This is not Kong's story and he is not your average surfing champion.

To understand Gary Elkerton's standing, you must first understand that surfing, like diving or gymnastics, is a qualitative rather than quantitative sporting experience. The objectivity of the judging panel is frequently at odds with the creativity of the surfer. Consistency is the name of the game. There is no place for the maverick genius, even when he is the most explosively exciting surfer in the world. But Kong has made his own space. He's a round peg in a square hole but he's there — number four in the world.

To understand where Gary Elkerton is going you must first understand where he has come from. Keith "Bully" Elkerton was barely into his teens when he started working at the old Byron Bay whaling station, and by the time he was 15 he was the meanest, toughest sonofabitch in what was in those days one rough town. When he got older Bully moved to Ballina and worked the prawn trawlers, plying the coast right round the tip of Cape York and into the Gulf of Carpentaria. Like most commercial fishermen, he only had two

states of being — sober or ashore. But Bully mellowed, married, bought himself an old trawler and started a family.

The first-born, Gary, learned to walk between the prawn shells on the deck. He learned to swim in the time-honored fashion — Bully threw him overboard in the shark-infested Queensland waters and fished him out with a gaff. Another boy and a girl followed and the Elkerton kids spent their formative years as daytime correspondence schoolkids sweating in the cabin and night-time deckhands as they worked the coast from Ballina to Karumba on the Gulf.

When the family got too big for the trawler, Bully bought a caravan which his wife towed up the coast highway and parked wherever the prawns were on. The kids were in and out of schools along the way, but young Gary, a giant for his age, was more often than not seconded for deckie duties on the trawler. It was a funny

Kong started to notice things he'd never noticed before on the outer reefs where he fished with his father. Waves. Perfect, lonely waves.

life for a kid but Bully had had no need for formal schooling and couldn't see why his kids should be different. There was money in fishing. It was a good life. Asked about those years now, Kong gets kind of dreamy. "I learned a lot about the ocean," he says. "Developed a real respect for it — and for a few other things."

Bully landed a contract supplying prawns to industrial workers on Groote Eylandt and the Elkertons moved into a fishing camp on the beach. Meals were served in a tin shed mess hall but Kong was seldom there. His Aboriginal schoolmates taught him to hunt and fish and fend for himself on the land. He was the whitest kid on the island but he became black in spirit. He says: "I loved the Aborigines, still do. I loved the way they seemed to understand things without really saying too much. They taught me a lot about being Australian."

When the Groote contract finished the Elkertons moved back to Karumba, the Gulf prawning port where shanghaiing is still a fact of life and the hookers carry knives in their garter belts. Kong got into motorcycle racing on the scrub tracks. He

recalls: "It was rough, real rough, but I never got into fights. I was bigger than other kids of my age. I tended to be the leader of the pack."

Eventually Bully Elkerton settled his family at Mooloolaba on the Queensland Sunshine Coast, adjacent to Fraser, Moreton and Stradbroke Islands and some of the best prawning waters on the east coast. Kong went to high school but the academic life didn't stand a chance. On the one hand he had his father constantly hauling him out of school to go prawning, and on the other he had the powerful lure of the surf. He had come to surfing relatively late, via a variety of beaten-up old Malibus and a surf ski his grandfather had built and stashed in the garage, but it soon replaced motorcycling as his sport of choice. And as he reached a reasonable level of competence Kong started to notice things he had never noticed before out on the outer reefs where he fished with his father. Waves. Perfect, lonely waves.

Soon after he had turned 15 Kong was hauled out of school for good and he became a full-time deckhand, out at sea for three to five and sometimes even seven nights at a time. The work was hard, pulling up nets and cleaning and cooking the prawns from dusk until dawn, but the days made the nights worthwhile. Bully would pull the trawler into the lee of an island and bed down for the day, but Kong had no time for sleep. He'd paddle a kilometre or two to one of the many reef breaks and surf perfect, lonely barrels until his arms gave out. Then he would slowly paddle back to the boat and shut his eyes just as his father opened his.

More than once Kong's ocean senses told him to be cool, as he sensed that something was following him through the water. On one occasion he pulled himself into the boat, turned around for his surfboard and saw a three-metre shark gliding underneath it. He grimaces at the memory. "You kind of know they're there but the important thing is to stay calm. I believe they can feel the vibrations of panic and it sets them off. It's hard not to but it's the only chance you've got."

Kong's solo surfing way out to sea bred a distinctive style and an uncompromising attitude. Kong surfed by himself and for himself. He knew he was good enough to explore the interiors of those barreling reef waves and get airborne across the coral, but he had no idea how this would translate into points for manoeuvres back in singlet-surfing competition. In fact, Kong wasn't all that interested in finding out. He had a livelihood and he had his own surf park, which stretched a couple of hundred kilometres up and down the coast. The status quo wasn't that shabby.

But something in him said compete. He had friends in a local board club and he went with them to club competition. Kong blew them all away. He was an overnight legend on the Sunshine Coast. Who was

this overgrown grommet with no neck?

Kong quickly went on to win the Sunshine Coast junior title and four Queensland amateur titles in a row. But it wasn't this that propelled him to the attention of the world surfing public. It was an animal spirit that his surfing — and lifestyle — seemed to revolve around. Former greats like Nat Young and Michael Petersen were mentioned in comparisons, but Kong was more explosive, more totally unpredictable than either of them. Basically, what it got down to was this: Kong would do anything. He didn't give two shits for anyone else's opinion. He was his own man.

Word spread that the big kid was hot. Local boardbuilder Paul Pasco told his mate Alan Green about Kong. Green, who years before had begun the internationally successful surf clothing company Quiksilver, was intrigued. Green was from the west coast of Victoria, a stretch of rugged cliffs where anyone who plays by the rules is considered a wimp, and to promote his clothing products he chose not champions but true surf rebels. "Just be yourself," Green told Kong. "Go surfing and we'll support you."

It was the sort of offer no surfer could refuse. There were no obligations on Kong other than to wear his sponsor's surf shorts and be seen and photographed surfing the best breaks in the world. Green was keen for Kong to continue to compete at the amateur level but he wanted to distance him from the "pro tour circus", reasoning that he was more enigmatic as an unknown quantity at pro level.

Kong travelled widely at Quiksilver's expense and had soon built up an international cult following for his radical blitz attacks on unsuspecting surf locations. A short Quiksilver-sponsored movie, *Kong's Island*, really did the trick. For the first time since the inception of the pro tour a decade before, here was a legitimate surf hero who didn't even have a pro ranking!

In 1983 Kong won the Australian amateur title and the following year led the Australian team to the world amateur championship at Huntington Beach, California. Australia had dominated world surfing for more than a decade but the Californians were on the ascendancy — and there was suddenly an intense rivalry between the two surfing powers. Amidst controversial judging decisions Kong finished fifth. Harsh words were spoken and, although Kong stopped short of labelling anyone a softcock just yet, he felt a sudden desire to beat the shorebreak heroes at their own game. He phoned Alan Green, who advised strongly against joining the tour. "Go pro now and we'll dump you," Green said. Red rag to a bull. "Well, I'm going to," Kong said and hung up.

He flew to Lannanau in France to join the second half of the world tour. Within four months of fighting his way through preliminaries to meet the seeded surfers, he had established the number 27 ranking in the

world. This position in the "back 16" gave him a seeding into the last round of the preliminaries with every chance of progression into the main event. Kong set his sights on the top 10 in his first full tour year and went for it. Despite Alan Green's initial reluctance, he now had the full backing of Quiksilver and enough sporting sponsors to cover airfares and hotel bills. Still uncompromising in his approach to surfing, Kong showed patches of brilliance and patches of competitive naivety, but still managed to finish 11th. That was in 1985-86. He was building momentum for a title run. "I've always said that I'd have a rage until I turned 21 and then have a serious appraisal of what I was doing and where I was going," he says. "I'm standing by that. It's a different type of fun chasing the title."

So it was a very different Kong Elkerton who emerged for the 1986-87 world tour. "I left a lot of bad habits behind," he says. While the Americans were still debating the ethics of his much-quoted "softcocks" description of them, Kong had turned his back on the controversy to concentrate on his surfing. His goal for the season was to finish in the top three and in order to do it he had to call on a hitherto unused component of his personality — self-discipline. On dry land he was helped in this regard by the fact that he had taken up with a beautiful and exotic French model named Pasquale, but in the water his new

disciplined approach drew immediate criticism.

His detractors claimed that Kong was "playing it safe" and that he had "lost the magic." Certainly he was playing the pro tour game for the first time in his career — milking each lousy little wave all the way to the shore — and not doing it altogether successfully. But when the tour hit Europe, Kong hit his straps, finishing equal third in the French and English events. A month later in Japan he broke through, winning the Marui Pro in a thrilling three-set final against Britain's Martin Potter. He took out his second rated event by a margin of 1.3 points, but it was enough.

Although its importance to the pro tour has been diminished in recent years, the North Shore of Oahu, Hawaii, is still the home of real surfing, the testing ground. You can win bags of money in Japan and Brazil, but it won't mean a thing with the people who matter if you can't cut it in Hawaii. In a few short seasons on the North Shore Kong had established an awesome reputation for being guts-up in big waves. The year before, in fact, he had done the macho legend no harm at all by completing another Quiksilver movie, *The Performers*, with 58 stitches in his knee as a result of a collision at Sunset Beach. Warned by doctors to stay out of the water for at least two months, Kong had said: "I know my own

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You'll laugh till you cry

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF **RONALD REAGAN**

BY ROY BLOUNT JR

Even in the wake of the Tower Commission report on the so-called Iran-Contra "scandal," there can be no doubt that US President Ronald Reagan is a true wit. "I don't believe the President wittingly misled the American people," said Senator John Tower. And testament to the fact that Reagan is a wise man can be witnessed everywhere. While the American press blatantly coined him the "Teflon Man" because blame never stuck to him, one must acknowledge that it takes great wisdom to perpetually dodge a smoking gun.

It is another matter, however, to dissect that wit and wisdom and see what they are made of. Let us consider some of their common hallmarks.

SIMPLICITY

At a rally in the town of Cincinnati in August 1984, one Reagan supporter held up a sign — amid thousands of waving flags — that had a picture of a bomb and the words OUTLAW RUSSIA written on it. Another held up a sign that said, simply, I LIKE YOUR JOKES.

Earlier that same day, according to *The New York Times*, "The President poked fun at himself at a cattle show at the Missouri state fair in Sedalia. Governor Christopher S. Bond presented Mr Reagan with a large prize-winning ham. Holding the ham, Mr Reagan said he was 'delighted that in view of my former profession you didn't say sweets to the sweet . . . ham to a ham . . . Here the President and his audience laughed.' That was a snappy one, wasn't it? Who else would have made that connection? Ham . . . ham."

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

REAGAN

Sorry. Once I get to quoting the wit of Ronald Reagan, I find it hard to stop. I was going to say something about that sign with the bomb and OUTLAW RUSSIA on it. I was going to say that not many witticisms can be captured in two words and a bomb picture. I'm surprised there hasn't been a T-shirt silk-screened for the President with those very words and that very image. Mr Reagan has often summarised complex issues by holding up to the cameras T-shirts that have been presented to him. One major policy T-shirt said: STOP COMMUNISM CENTRAL AMERICA. The President did not himself write this T-shirt, but note the sparseness of the prose. Actually, you'd think it would have said, STOP COMMUNISM IN CENTRAL AMERICA. I'm not sure what the President was trying to tell us by holding up that T-shirt without the "in" that you would expect to be there. But *he* must have known. After all, a straight shooter like Ronald Reagan knows what's going on. I quote an unnamed young woman in the 1984 Reagan campaign film who verifies the President's unerring manner:

"I think he's just doggone honest. It's remarkable. He's been on television, what have I heard, 26 times? Talking to us about what he's doing. He's not doing that for any other reason than to make it real clear. And if anybody has any question about where he's headed, it's their fault. Maybe they don't have television."

You remember the Russian bombing joke, don't you? It was in August 1984 during a microphone check for his weekly radio broadcast. "My fellow Americans," the President quipped, "I'm pleased to tell you today that I've signed legislation that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes."

There is that simplicity: If only *we could*. Just *outlaw* Russia. *Forever*. It would be a death blow not only to Communism in Central America, but also to the drug problem in this country. Dr Cory SerVaas illuminated Reagan's fear in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Cory wrote, after chatting with the President at a White House dinner: "He said that the Russians could wipe out our country if they could get a single generation of young people addicted to drugs and marijuana." (The Russians have a few simple ideas of their own. Deadly simple.)

The President realises, of course, that it is not within his discretion to outlaw Russia, at least until he gets a couple more appointments to the Supreme Court, but there's where the wit comes in. Not everyone can take a joke, of course. Sobersides in the media huffed about the "irresponsibility" of the sound-check joke — *when in fact it was the reporters themselves, not the President, who reported it*. "Isn't it funny?" the President pointed out. "If the press had kept their mouths shut, no-one

would have known I said it." Don't try to get the President confused about what's funny. He knows. You can tell by the look on his face.

And as for joking about nuclear war, hey, come on — it's not the end of the world. The President was joking about bombing *other people*. He wasn't talking about war. On the subject of war, the President has minced no words. He told students at a State University that we need better relations with Russia "because peace in America is such an attractive way to live that war is a terrible interruption." Long before this Mikhail-come-lately Gorbachev was coming up with his "disarmament" tricks, President Reagan was working to pacify Russia. As he wrote to a South Dakota man, in a letter reprinted in *Reader's Digest*: "... We and the Russian people could be the best of friends if it weren't for the godless tyranny and imperialistic ambitions of their leaders. I said as much in a

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Reagan realises that
it is not within his
discretion to outlaw Russia,
at least until he gets a
couple more appointments
to the Supreme Court

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handwritten note to Brezhnev. His reply was most disappointing."

See, if other people would only face up to their godlessness, we could all live in harmony. But we'll get to the other-people problem in more detail later. First let's look at three observations and see how, through simplicity, Reagan has redefined the meaning of the word *one-liner*.

The US Budget might be balanced, the President has suggested, "by all of us simply trying to live up to the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule." (Here the President has cut through a load of complicated bullshit about money out and money in — and in a way that no godless Russian could have done.)

Since there are more businesses in America than there are unemployed people, the unemployment problem would be solved "if a lot of businesses would take a look and see if they could hire just one person." (That's so *obvious*.)

The homeless could be dealt with if people would just read the newspapers more thoughtfully. At the end of his first news conference on the Iran-Contra so-called scandal, the President pointed out

that he had read that the city of New York paid \$37,000 to support a family in a welfare hotel for a year. "I thought to myself," the President said, "*Why doesn't somebody take that \$37,000 and build them a house?*" (But did somebody do it? No.)

If you can believe it, people in the US media have laughed at these suggestions, when they are the *wisdom*. These are the same people who *don't* laugh at the wit. I rest my case. These people, who might have a little godlessness problem themselves, ask things like, "What if every business in America wanted to hire the *same* unemployed person — Donald Regan or somebody?" And "Where and how exactly would you build a house in New York City for \$37,000?" Well, people laughed at Marie Antoinette, too. But she is the one who's remembered.

Because she had the right line for the right occasion. As does, invariably, the President. On March 3 of this year, he entered the White House pressroom for the first time since more than three months before, when the stuff about the Iran money going to the Contras came out. Instead of just being glad to see him, the reporters shouted out, in the snide way that reporters shout out things, "Welcome back." I don't know what I would have said in the President's place. I'd have probably hit one of them. But here's what the President said: "I've never been away."

Pretty hard to think of a comeback to that. And you know why? Because it's simple, but, well, he was away — so it's complicated too.

COMPLEXITY

Those things that win the hearts and minds of great masses of Americans — wrestling, television evangelists, chain letters — are all things that *seem* simple, but we know we should not be too quick to understand them. For instance, take a teenaged holy man who, because he is God, can speak any language, yet chooses to communicate in English. Try to fathom that by mere intellect alone! So too with the wit and wisdom of Ronald Reagan.

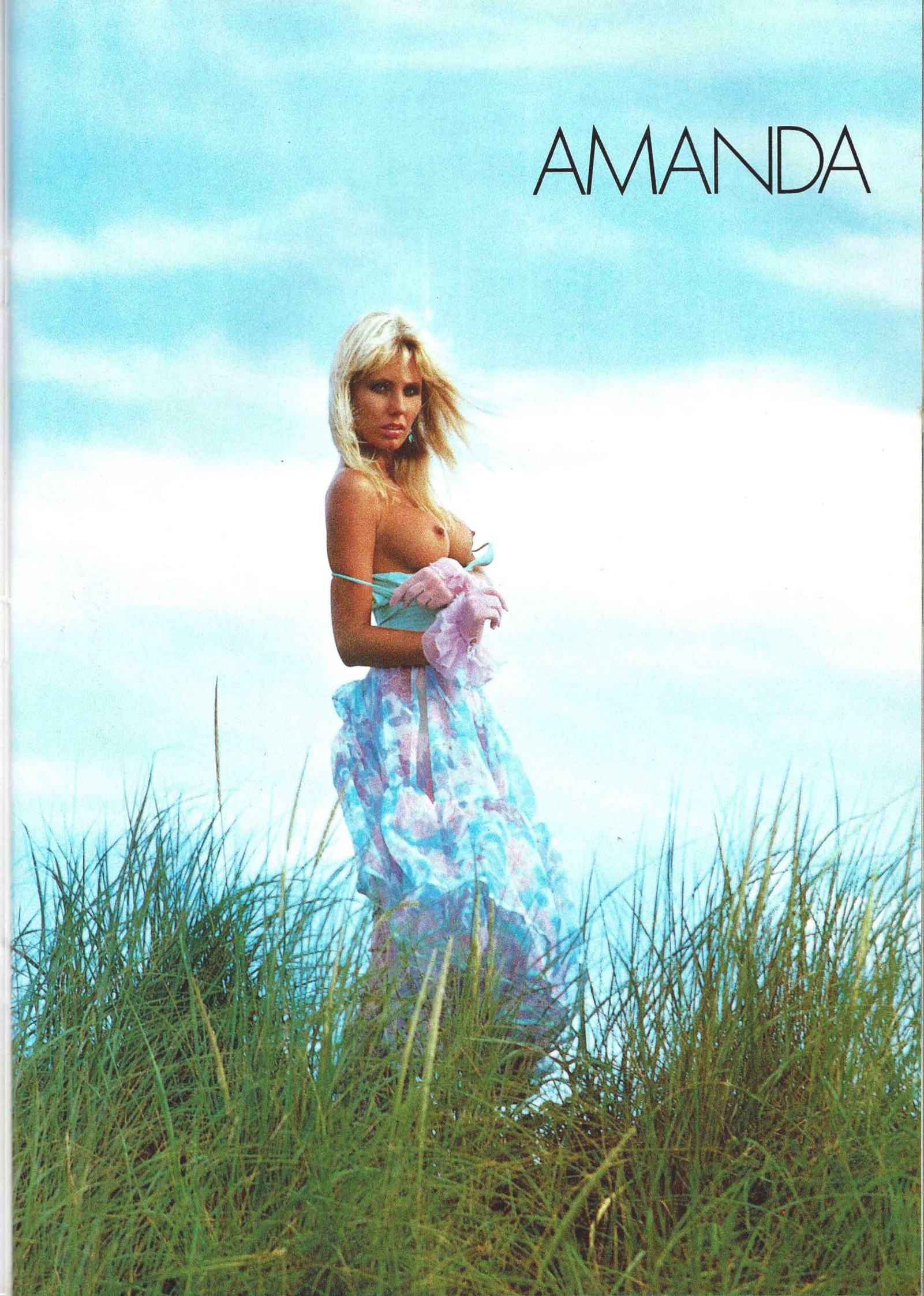
"Yes, there has been an increase in poverty, but it is a lower rate of increase than in the preceding years before we got here. It has begun to decline, but it is still going up."

I can see it — bobbing, hovering, almost like a UFO ... but wait! You don't know how it soars above statistics. If you believe in statistics, the rate of increase of the number of Americans living in poverty has been twice as high during the Reagan years than during the Carter years. So what the President is saying is *more complex* than statistics. And yet its message is so clear: If you were thinking of joining the disadvantaged, think twice.

"Over something less than 100 documents have some part in what's going on

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AMANDA



BRIGHT LIGHTS

Amanda Wolfe
was a *good*
Christian girl for
a while back
there, but then
she saw the light
— or rather,
lights. Bright
lights. Bright
lights. A trip to
the city at the
age of 19
represented a
fundamental
shift in her world
views, to put it
very mildly
indeed. Now
there isn't much
at all mild about
Amanda . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER





"If people want religion, that's great," Amanda explains, "but it should add to life. The impression I got was that it was foisted on me, and that it was all about denial . . . Though the church heavies would probably deny that."

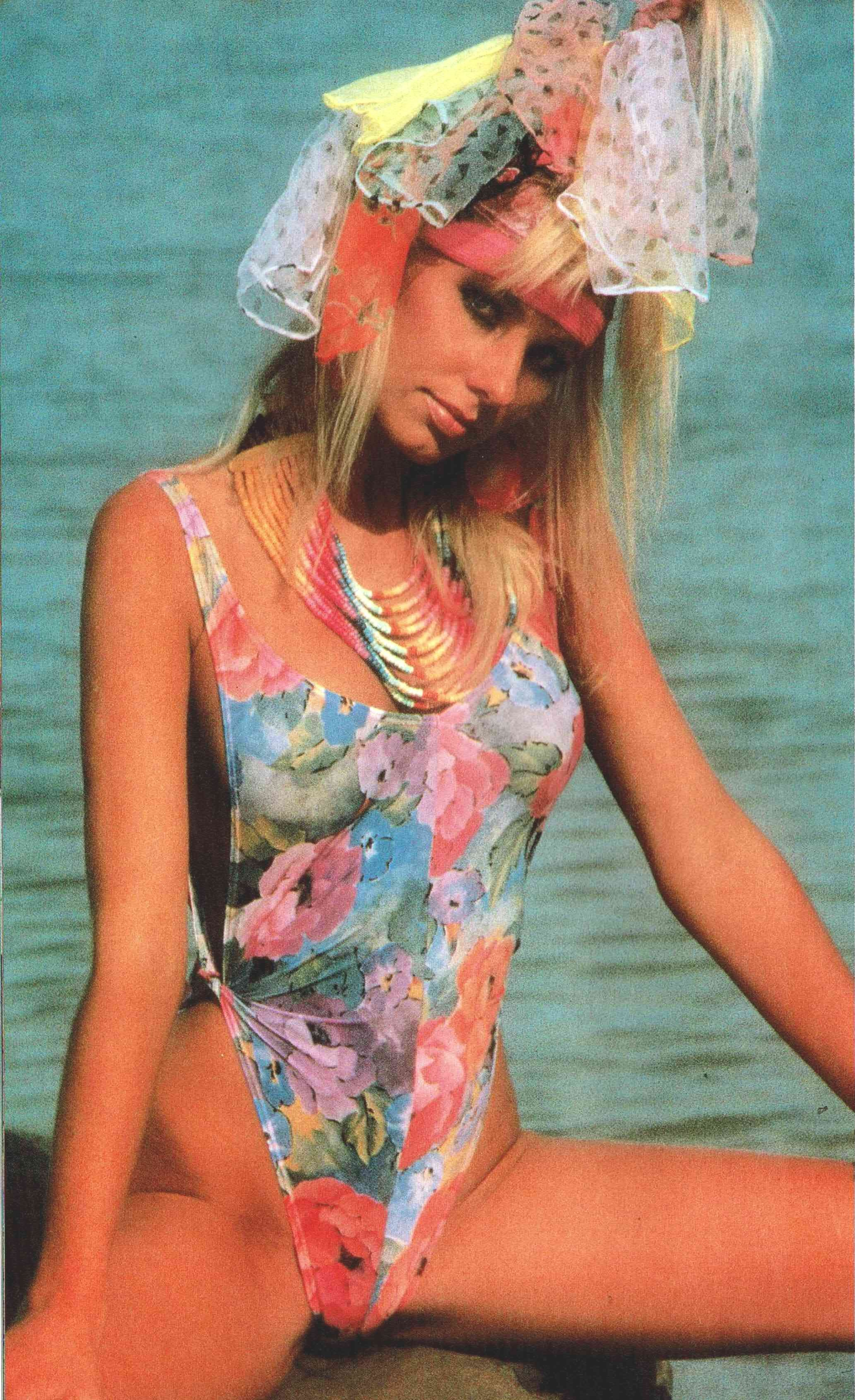




"You've just got to look at the fiasco in the States recently, with those evangelists really losing it. They seem to love punishing themselves. Of course, the wider public and the media are more than happy to oblige them."







Now more than ever, Amanda says, it is important for people to liberate themselves sexually. "That doesn't mean wild parties every night, for me, anyway. But it certainly does mean liberal doses of hot love. I wasn't born to be mild."





BY PAUL HAMILTON

CASINO BUSTERS

Blackjack experts will go to any length to play the game

I know how to beat the game of blackjack. And not just in theory, either. I've beaten it in casinos all over the world at one time or another.

"Gambling systems don't work. They're just superstition," you're probably thinking. That's true — except for card counting in blackjack. By remembering all the cards that are coming out of the deck, and then doing various intricate calculations, you can actually squeeze out an advantage over the casino.

However, it's a very *small* advantage, so you have to be very, very patient to overcome hideous runs of bad luck before winning out in the end. That's hard on the pocket, the mind and the emotions.

And despite the almost pitifully small advantage of the system, the casinos *hate* those players who have the skill and the emotional stamina to play it. There aren't many — but the casinos are so used to fleecing hordes of willing sheep that they tend to react with fury when a sheep with

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHRIS PAYNE

Extracted from
The Casino Busters
by Paul Hamilton



CASINO

teeth appears.

The solution? Act like a sheep, which is to say, a crazy gambler. Blackjack Experts are heavily into stage acts.

There are two big hazards, though. First, the acts consume a hell of a lot of energy. After an hour of playing with an act, the Expert might be as tired as from three hours of quiet play. Second, like all actors he's in danger of buying his own act, and partially becoming the person he's portraying. And as many acts involve looking like a gambling maniac, that can be hazardous.

I am in Atlantic City, the relatively new gambling area on the US east coast. It's just two hours drive from the New York metropolitan area, so there are now 12 huge casinos there. I wander into the Sands casino. I see Jack, a guy whom I know slightly from Las Vegas and who is reckoned to be an Expert, but not a very good one. He is playing alone — unusual in this town, but it's two in the morning and he's at a high minimum table. (The casinos vary the table minimum bet to give the high-stakes players a faster game. Like everything casinos do, it's not altruism: they expect to beat the high-stakes players faster that way.) He is middle-aged, fat, and is acting drunk. He is sipping what looks like whisky as he plays.

Well, Experts have been known to get a glass of ginger ale at the bar and walk it over to the blackjack table, then pretend it's whisky. But now a waitress appears, and I hear his order.

"Jack Daniels on the rocks," he says in a heavily slurred voice.

I'm shocked. Experts just don't drink while playing. Perhaps he's just sipping? No, he's taking heavy gulps. Then he sees me. "Paul," he yells, "I didn't know you were in town!"

I'm even more shocked. Experts *never* acknowledge other Experts in the casino. Their skill is their guilty secret, and avoiding "guilt by association" with another Expert is a logical, if wearying part of that.

I automatically watch the cards. He makes a major error on the play of the hands. Then another, and another. Now there just isn't more than a tiny margin for error, so weak is the system. I realise he's probably playing a losing game right now. I think I see why: his drunk act is no act.

Two hours later I bump into him in a hotel foyer. He seems shaky, but not as obviously drunk now. "How's it going?" I ask.

"Not too good," he says. "I was just playing at the Sands and I lost quite a bit. I put on this terrific drunk act though. Had them really fooled."

"I know," I say wearily. "I was there."

"You were?"

Then there are those Experts who simply enjoy putting on a show and fooling the

inspectors (or "pit bosses" in American parlance). Such a one was Bumblebee. He was an extremely genial fellow who talked incessantly during the shuffle. He was so genial that sometimes he even managed to charm the flinty-eyed pit bosses. So here he is, in Lake Tahoe. This is the third of the four big American gambling towns (the fourth being Reno). It's in northern Nevada, 800 kms from Las Vegas, and very different in atmosphere. Instead of desert there is the beautiful Alpine lake, surrounded by spectacular mountains. Naturally, with all that scenery, almost nobody bothers going into a dark, smoky casino . . . right?

Wrong. The places are jam-packed, because people get hooked on gambling to a large degree, which is why you can't blame the pit bosses for being fooled by a mad act like Bumblebee now proceeds to pull. He is playing single-deck blackjack at the High Sierra casino. He's clowning around and enjoying it. But he's winning big, and the pit bosses do something that is sometimes valid for security reasons, but is done much more often out of sheer superstition: they change the deck. The new decks come with two jokers, which aren't used in blackjack, so the pit boss goes to discard them.

"Hey, don't throw those away," says Bumblebee jovially. "Give one to me." The boss looks puzzled, but hands it over — and Bumblebee stuffs it into his mouth and chews on it.

He plays a few hands and wins some more. Then he spits the chewed up pieces of the joker into the ash tray. "This tastes awful," he yells. "Can't you bring me some salt?"

Now, the casinos can be as co-operative with eccentric high rollers as they can be hostile to Experts. And sure enough, a few minutes later, a waiter appears, bearing, on a silver tray, a salt shaker.

Then there are the few women Experts. I helped one of them learn, and I'll call her the Queen of Hearts. Women Experts have special troubles in the casinos. Ordinary women gamblers are generally even less skilled than men, and bet much lower, so that women Experts tend to stand out a lot. And because of the Queen of Hearts' flashy good looks and flamboyant personality, the bosses remember her very well.

"I'm getting even more heat than you men," she said indignantly one day. "There must be something I can do."

"So capitalise on your personality," I said. "Clown around. I know: pretend to play a betting system — make notes at the table."

Now, if anybody ever wondered which game was beatable, they could just look around the casinos. At the baccarat table so many players take notes about the cards that the casinos provide pre-printed forms for that purpose. Likewise at the roulette tables. Yet at the blackjack tables, they don't. Because the note-taking is no use at baccarat and roulette — but could

be at blackjack! Wonderful places, casinos.

But the Aladdin in Vegas today is cool, as the Queen of Hearts makes notes openly at the table. She giggles a lot, watches the cards openly, and jumps her bet around according to whether the dealer bust, or she won, or some other random criterion. She bets \$2, or \$25, and nothing in between.

The pit boss quickly sees what sort of system she is apparently playing. He knows that such systems don't work. So he thinks this is marvellous. He flirts with her like mad. He makes solicitous remarks about her wins and losses. And soon he walks away to watch players who are more of a threat to the casino. But all along, she is tracking, or "counting", the cards coming out of the shoe. Now the "count" goes up and she pretends to curse the system, tears up the notepaper conspicuously, and rams her bet straight up to \$250.

She is a brilliant actress, flipping back and forth between the note-taking and the apparently outlandish high stakes, for almost two hours. Finally the pit boss returns again. He realises how much she's won. He's no longer flirting. He's not even smiling. "Just where did you get this system?" he asks, glaring.

That illustrates another problem with acts: nothing works for very long. The Experts are constantly dreaming up new

tricks to outwit the casinos. But why is it so important to do that?

There are two reasons. First, the Expert system is quite fragile, so that any casino can easily spoil it by suddenly changing its dealing procedures on the spot. For example, the inspector can tell the dealer to shuffle immediately. Most casinos can also do a number of heavier things, including "barring", or prohibiting the player from further play. Thus the Expert's ability to make a living — already hard enough for statistical reasons — is always at the whim of the casino.

The second factor is psychological. It is extremely unpleasant to be shuffled-on, and much more so to be barred. And that being so, the constant prospect of it makes playing a very tense activity. So anything that might reduce the chance of "heat" is very much worth doing. In addition, in certain areas some casinos have occasionally resorted to nastier tactics than barring: they have stopped the player from leaving the casino, illegally detaining him, searching him, and taking his photograph. Australia is not one of those areas; unfortunately, Nevada is.

Shuffled-up on, abused, heat-ridden and barred, a frazzled Expert can become so desperate that he loses his common sense, and his dream turns into a nightmare.

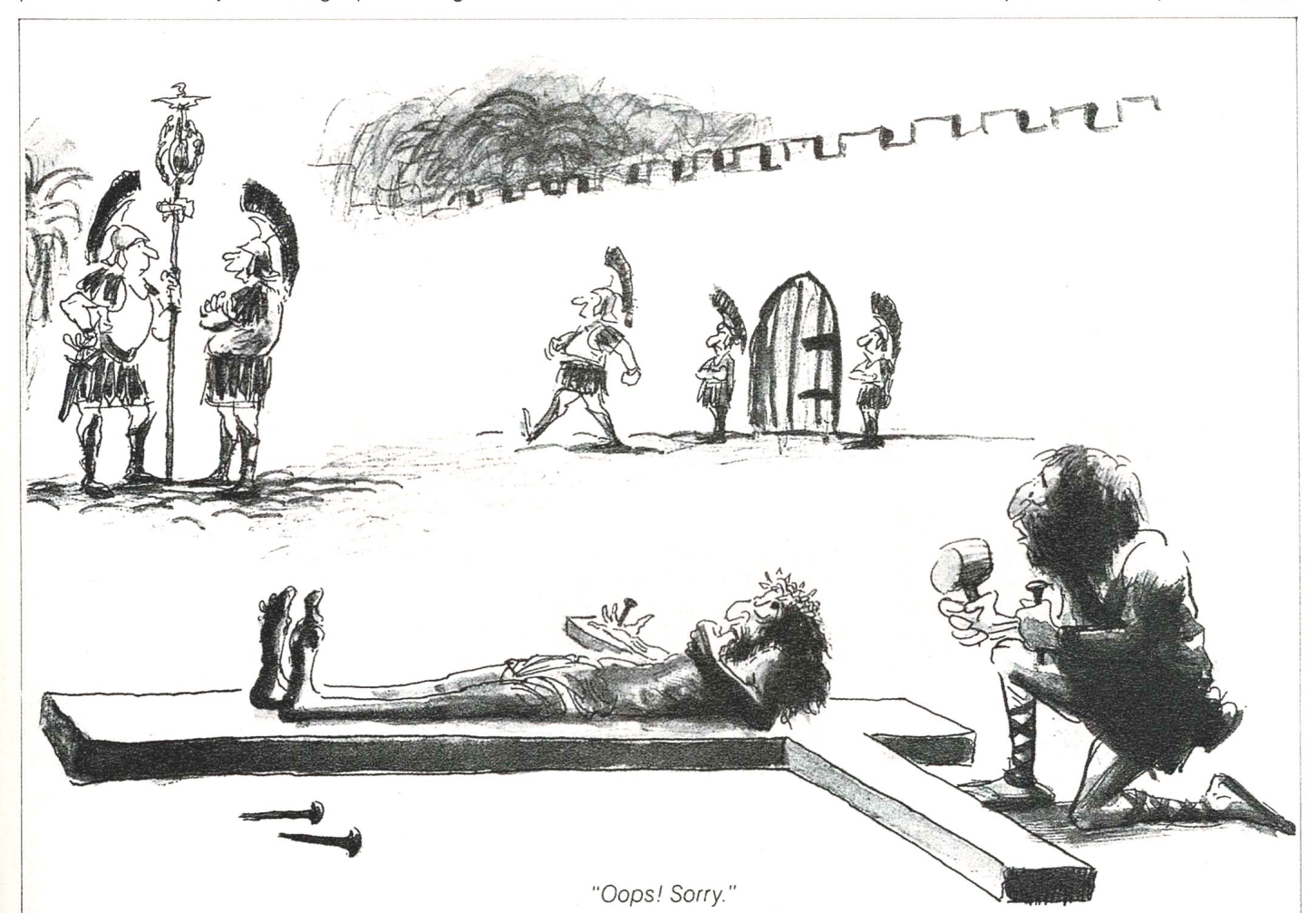
Here's Brent, a young Expert whose game is excellent but whose common

sense was never outstanding to start with. He's getting absurd amounts of heat all over Vegas. One reason is that he looks so young. The casino heavies always wonder how he can afford to bet so high. He broods about that. What kind of person could look young and yet have lots of money? He has the answer: he'll dress like, and act like, a drug dealer.

He goes to the Maxim casino. He's dressed as he thinks a cocaine dealer would, and acts like one. This involves wearing lots of flashy jewellery and using lots of street slang. He bets big, and the bosses seem to buy his act partially. But they're still watching him carefully. He figures he'd better lay it on a bit thicker. So he now starts reaching into his pocket, apparently taking out some substance, and *snorting* it off the back of his hand! The bosses look very startled. Then they retreat from his table. It must be working.

Suddenly there is a tap on his shoulder from behind. He looks around, startled. Two uniformed security guards are there, summoned by phone by the pit bosses. They are, as usual in Vegas, carrying guns. "Will you come with us?" they say. It's not a request. "We think you may be carrying illegal substances," they explain. They escort him to a back room. There, they search him. They find nothing of interest. They act confused, but threatening. Frightened, he tells them the truth. They are incredulous.

"Call the pit bosses then," Brent cries.



CASINO

"They'll confirm it!"

The guards do that. "He says he's a blackjack *Expert!*" the bosses exclaim. "What a laugh! Send him back out here — he's welcome to play." But Brent has had enough. He's crushed. He crawls back out to the street. "So much for acts," he mutters.

But a good act will generally work for a while, because for every Expert trying to pass himself off as a crazy gambler, there are hundreds of genuinely crazy gamblers trying to play. However, for all the flamboyant acts, crazy acts and downright brilliant acts, the best act of them all may be the one Susan uses. She is a very mild, very quiet Expert, and an extremely good one. I know because I taught her. And she simply dresses very quietly, acts extremely sedately, and speaks not at all. She would sit at the table as quiet as a mouse and would deliberately avoid all eye contact with the bosses. It was a non-act, totally the reverse of the Queen of Hearts' over-the-top flamboyance, but it suited her natural character just as well. And she's got a good game with it, playing long sessions with incredibly little interest from the casino.

Susan was playing at the Gold Coast casino not too long ago. Granted, they get almost no Experts passing through there, but it just so happened there was one that they recognised. Susan knew him, too — there are so few high-stakes Experts and they're forced to travel a lot, so they mostly know each other. She saw a commotion at his table: the inspectors were stopping him from playing. And yet she played on for days more, until she wanted to leave, undisturbed by the casino.

She laughed when I told her she must have a can of invisibility spray. But one day at the Tropicana in Las Vegas, she wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry.

She starts to play, with her usual high stakes, but loses heavily right away. The casino is moderately busy, but most other Experts would have had to leave after less than an hour of this despite losing, as the attention level would be too high. But not Susan.

So she battles away all afternoon. She has to buy in for about \$2000, but eventually it all comes pouring back, and then she wins \$1000 besides. She's now been playing for a remarkable three straight hours. She stands up wearily and walks her mass of chips over to the cashier.

As is usual in Las Vegas, the cashier phones the casino floor to tell them that there is a large chip cashout. It's a highly cautious control mechanism that they don't bother with in Australia or Atlantic City. She routinely describes Susan to the pit boss on the other end. She looks puzzled. She dials another number. She looks puzzled again. "What table were you

playing at?" she asks. "Nobody seems to know you."

Susan smiles inside. Then the cashier sees a senior pit boss walking by. She gestures him over. Susan tenses up. This fellow will remember her for sure — but perhaps too well. She's been playing right under his nose for a long, long time. Has he figured out her skill level? The cashier explains the problem. The boss looks carefully at Susan and her \$3000 in chips. "What game were you playing, honey?" he asks condescendingly. "Craps?"

Eventually, all acts will wear out. Then it's time to consider the next step: Disguise.

But are not disguises futile? Won't the hawk-eyed casino staff instantly see through the most brilliant disguise? The casinos would like people to think so, and a significant number of the Experts think just that. The truth is that disguises will work against most inspectors — but there's

6
She looks
puzzled. She dials
another number. She looks
puzzled again. "What table were
you playing at? Nobody seems
to know you."

always the one who will see through the mask. And they won't work forever. Plus there's the overriding rule that applies to all ventures in casinos: You Never Know.

The best disguise is not necessarily the most expensive or the most elaborate. The idea is to first examine your most distinctive feature. For some people that will be their hair, for others their eyes, and so on. Our first impression of people tends to concentrate on such features, and the more distinctive they are, the harder it is to see past them. Change that one feature and you may have a better disguise than if you changed everything else except it.

You'd better hope you don't have too many of those features, or you're in trouble anyway. Hayseed Hank, a member of a team run by a friend of mine called The Dolphin, was in trouble: he had a highly distinctive Texan accent; masses of gleaming white teeth; very blond hair; and he walked with a cowboy-like lope.

His team-mates studied him. Finally one of them worked it out. "Changing your accent is damned difficult. So the prescription is simple: don't speak." Hayseed Hank looked glum at the thought, but lots of

gamblers never spoke at the tables. "With your hair, we'll just comb it differently, maybe tint it later. As for your walk . . . that's difficult."

The Dolphin intervened. "I've got it," he said. "We'll buy him a back-brace." It was cheap, and easy, but it transformed his walk completely. They also got him a more formal set of clothes — and suddenly, they hardly recognised him.

"But what about his teeth?" one of them asked. "When he opens his mouth it's like a piano keyboard in there."

"Ah," said The Dolphin to Hayseed Hank, "the quick fix there is simple. Just don't smile."

It was worth all the trouble. Even though he hadn't changed his face at all, Hank's style was so totally different that for a while after that he played with no difficulty. Well, almost no difficulty . . .

The Landmark casino on a busy evening. Hayseed Hank is betting it up, and winning. The dealer is impassive, but not nasty. And the pit boss starts the mock-friendly treatment usually given to high rollers. Where are you from? How long are you in town? And so on. Hayseed Hank can't remain silent in this situation, and his accent is so Texan that saying he is a banker from Boston probably isn't a tremendously smart idea. So he says he's a Texan with "a little oil", first trip to Vegas, I just love your cute city, and on and on. The pit boss eats this up: a naive guy with lots of money — terrific customer. He pulls out a free meal ticket, asks him his name for that, Hayseed Hank dreams up some random name, the pit boss gives him the ticket, then wanders off. Hayseed Hank plays a few more hands and starts to leave the table. All this time, the dealer has said not a single word. Now he speaks.

"So long, Hayseed," he says impassively.

Then there was Hayseed Hank's teenage friend Conrad, who rushed from one enthusiasm to the next, leaving behind most of his common sense in the process. Now he discovered disguises.

"I wanna disguise myself too, just like Hayseed Hank and you!" he says one day to the Dolphin. "I'll make myself up any way you think! Come on!"

His enthusiasm is infectious, but the Dolphin is wary. "But Conrad," he points out, "you don't need it — you're not having trouble getting a game."

"Yeah, but it'd be such a thrill. Can't I disguise myself and help you in a play somewhere, somehow? Please?"

"Conrad, the only play I'll be doing for a while is on another 'junket' at the MGM, and the only help I need there is a woman companion. Everybody I could use is out of town right now."

He forgets about it all, and two days later checks into the MGM casino hotel. Now a "junket" is an arrangement where a player deposits a large chunk of cash, the "front money", with the casino in advance, and

then promises to play a high minimum bet and a certain number of hours per day. In exchange, the casino pays for the player's hotel room, and all his food. It sounds great, but naturally there are lots of catches. The feeling is quite different from the usual surreptitious style of Expert play: all the bosses quickly know you. It's the Dolphin's third "junket", so he's particularly well known, many pit bosses addressing him by name. They're still friendly.

He is quietly playing, half an hour later, when he sees what appears to be an apparition walking past the row of tables towards him. It is Conrad, trying to look like a woman! And the Dolphin is appalled, because Conrad is simply wearing a pants suit, a wig, and lots of make-up. The result would fail to fool a moron. But worse than that, he looks exactly like a teenage male homosexual prostitute.

The Dolphin cringes in horror. He gives Conrad a daggers-drawn look, and turns away from him in an obvious manner. But Conrad ignores that, and walks straight up to him under the ever-watchful eyes of all the pit bosses. He puts his hand possessively on the Dolphin's shoulder.

"Hello, darling," he says loudly, in a throaty voice. The pit bosses who know him are taking it all in, and their eyebrows are receding into their hairlines.

"Get away from me," the Dolphin mutters angrily. "You look awful." But Conrad thinks he looks like a woman, and pleads to

be allowed to stay for a few minutes. They argue passionately for a while, as the Dolphin simultaneously labors to keep track of the four decks of cards. It looks like a lovers' tiff. Then they notice a newly-arrived spectator, because that's yet another of the factors the frazzled Expert should keep an eye on. But this spectator is clearly not the usual kind: he is wearing a three-piece suit, and has very watchful eyes indeed.

It's obvious he's a casino executive. That is obvious to the Dolphin and Conrad too: he's clearly been called in because of Conrad's weird appearance, *they think*. But they are wrong.

The Dolphin is hastily assembling his chips in preparation for a discreet departure. Another screwed-up disguise venture! And it's getting worse: now a casino security guard has quietly appeared and is standing behind the spectator. Then the spectator steps forward. He reaches into the inside pocket of his jacket, brings out a little folder, opens it, and flashes . . . an FBI badge. The Dolphin and Conrad look at each other in total horror. Then the man reaches forward . . . and arrests the player quietly playing in the next seat!

They find out later he acquired his playing bankroll earlier the same day by robbing a bank.

Then there was the craziest disguise I've ever heard of. This was developed by Roy, an Expert who was so well known in

Atlantic City that he was desperate for another disguise. "The perfect disguise would be to be invisible," Roy says one day to his friend Footloose. "But no, that wouldn't work. People would come and sit on your lap in the blackjack chair . . . You'd have to put clothes on just to disguise your invisibility. Like the guy in that H.G. Wells novel *The Invisible Man*."

The next day a strange figure appears in the Atlantic City casinos: the Invisible Man. With his head entirely wrapped in white bandages except for the eyeholes, and his hands too, Roy staggers in, sits down, and plays. The dealer is shocked. The pit bosses are amazed. He sees smiles all around, hastily suppressed. This is marvelous! To hell with practicalities, the sheer entertainment value of it all is giving him a big thrill. There are whispered conversations among the bosses, but nobody approaches him. They seem puzzled, but embarrassed to approach him and they aren't "sweating the game" at all.

But Roy is. He has a problem with the all-encompassing bandages — his face and hands cannot breathe. Then he sweats so much that it starts to run down into his neck. He starts to feel faint. He is rapidly getting heat prostration. In desperation, he jumps up and walks hastily out to the Boardwalk. He rips off his bandages and sags in relief against the railing into the cool onshore breeze. But at least they didn't catch him — this time. ☐

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Women's surfing has come a long way, baby

BROADS ON BOARDS

BY NICK CARROLL

"The spectators who turn up at events really come to watch the men . . . Whoever negotiates the women's pay deserves a medal. Only the top four deserve that kind of money. Most of the girls are no good."

"Events like this are taking money away from the fellers . . . They (the women) have always just been a sideshow for the big men's events, and . . . they should stay that way."

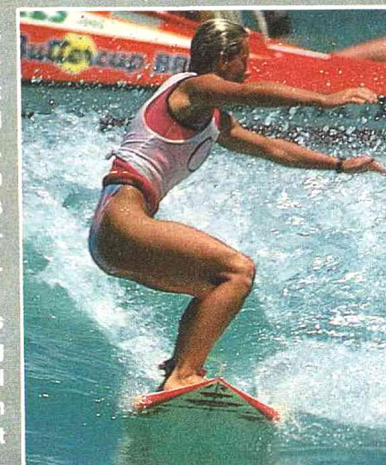
One of the above quotes comes from Australian Wimbledon champ Pat Cash, just before the great victory and his subsequent mellowing. The other fell recently from the lips of Channel Nine's *Wide World of Sports* commentator Darryl Eastlake. Pick 'em apart, if you can.

Pat was talking women's tennis, Darryl discussing women's professional surfing. Both quotes got them into hot water, if of a different kind.

Pat, sure enough, suffered the slings and arrows of outraged feminism; but did he receive a challenge of a more concrete nature? Like, a quick set or two to disprove the point? Not on your nellie.

Darryl, a gnarled veteran surfer himself, was less lucky. Pam Burridge, queen of Australian surfing, happened to be in front of the idiot box at the time. A couple of phone calls later, Darryl found himself committed to an aquatic showdown with one of Australia's most experienced water women.

To the great disappointment of surf fans around the globe, however, word somehow got to Darryl about his



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CRAWFORD,
PAUL SARGEANT, PETER SIMONS

BROADS ON BOARDS



chances, and one way or another the tourney is yet to be held. And for Pam and her mates on the women's pro surfing tour, it's a real shame. It'd have been a great way of showing that in the Eighties, women — West Oz's Jodie Cooper, world champ Frieda Zamba, Manly powerhouse Vanessa Noonan, Toni Sawyer, Kim Mearig and the rest — can actually surf. Maybe not like Martina hits a tennis ball, but they're doing okay.

All they need is a little room to move.

Fifteen or so years ago, the whole idea of women's surfing was hardly . . . well, back in 1972 surf mags were running an ad for surfboards made by the famed "Nipper" Williams. The ad featured a 24-shot sequence of a breast, from various angles. Along the bottom of the ad ran the slogan: Nipple Williams Surfboards.

This is a more or less accurate illustration women's role in the surfing world at the time.

Another — a letter to a magazine a year or so later: "All chicks are good for is fucking, and some are hopeless at that too."

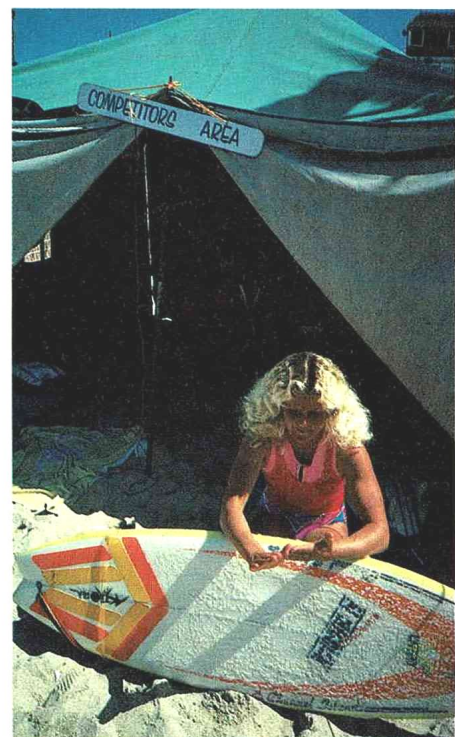
Another — the Collaroy Grunter. The Grunter, in fact, achieved the ultimate in surf-girl status: in her heroic efforts to satisfy the lusts of half Sydney's late-Sixties surfing population, she was afforded a *nickname*. And if no-one could remember the real name . . . tough luck, Grunter.

Surfing is full of marvellous stories like these. In fact, it's been perhaps the ultimate in male-dominated sports next to football, lent a kind of hip machismo by the big-wave kings of Australia and Hawaii: Nat Young, Mark Richards, Pipeline's Gerry Lopez, Waimea Bay's Big Ken Bradshaw.

Sure, even in the late Sixties there were some women braving the waves, like Manly's world champ Phyllis O'Donnell and Americans Joyce Hoffman and Linda Benson. But it was hard for a girl to be good in those days. They didn't get a hell of a lot of encouragement, for one.

Nat's comments on the importance of keeping women barefoot and pregnant are a matter of record.

Just as important — the surfboards, big and unwieldy as they were, made it hard enough for big strong blokes to perform with any skill. For most girls, they were about as useful as a truck with square wheels. So most of 'em stayed on the beach, looking cute. And who can deny it? Many of 'em are still there.



Far right: Former Australian women's champion, Jodie Cooper, displays an aggressive approach to wave-riding. Above centre: Californian Kim Mearig psyches up outside the competitors' tent before her event.





BROADS ON BOARDS

During the late Seventies, a kind of miracle happened to surfboards. They shrank: from an average length of 2.3 metres to under 2 metres. They grew lighter, thanks to advanced materials. And they grew extra fins, making them easier to turn.

All this was of special interest to any young girls eager for an attempt on the waves, including a 10-year-old kid from Manly Beach called Pam Burridge who wanted to surf more than anything in the world. Burridge was the first of a blossoming new breed of women surfers who took up the sport around the time boards shrank, and who are now busy breaking down the traditional idea of surf girl as merely beach girl.

There's Jodie Cooper from Albany, West Australia, powerful and aggressive in the water, who's having a board made to take on surfing's ultimate Boys' Club, Waimea Bay. There's Frieda Zamba, world champion from Florida who can do 360-degree turns. There's Wendy Botha from South Africa, and Toni Sawyer from Manly, who's been on more global surf safaris than anyone you could name. There's Californian Kim Mearig, who took women's surfing to new heights when she won the world crown in 1982.

They have their own sponsorships, their own world professional circuit, and if they're not all Miss Worlds, well, they're not aiming to be, either. At least they've scuttled the hoary belief among male surfers that all girl surfers look like men.

Burridge is quietly aware of her place as a role model for a sprouting generation of surfing women. "I think for young girls I've broken through some ground — just by being there and if not being a first, being a real public figure. I think it makes it easier for girls to start, and continue to surf even if they do get a lot of flak from guys in the water."

She is only too aware of the effect of her surfing on the fragile male ego: "They choose not to see it anyway," she says of some male surfers. "Especially if they're not such a crash-hot surfer and you're surfing better, they're really likely to be aggressive toward you; to take another tack to try and make you feel like you shouldn't be there. Because they're already feeling humiliated. To be beaten by a girl is still just the worst humiliation you can suffer."

Pam is hot enough to have dispensed the odd humiliation here and there. She has beaten male surfers in head-to-head encounters, with sometimes hilarious results.

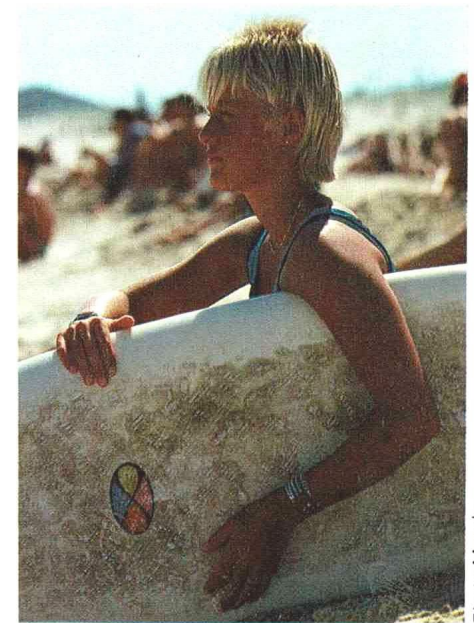
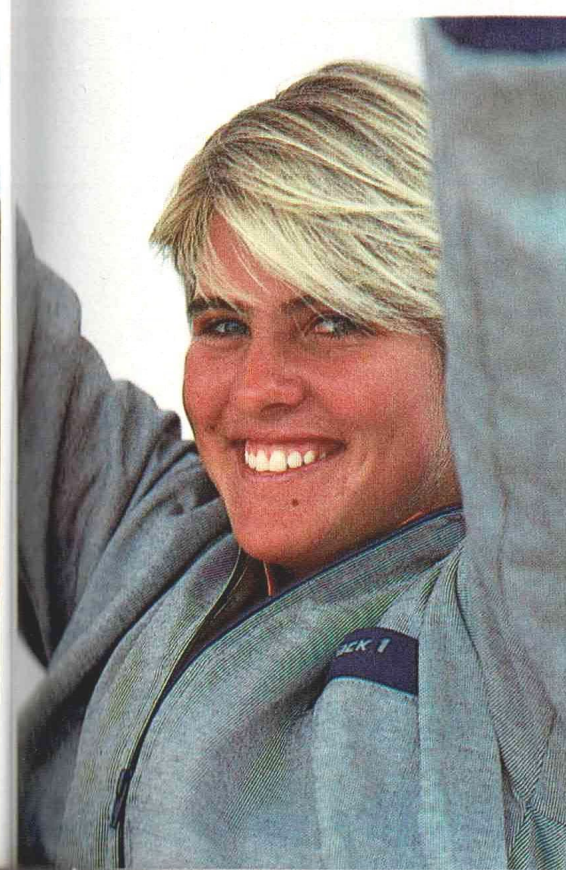
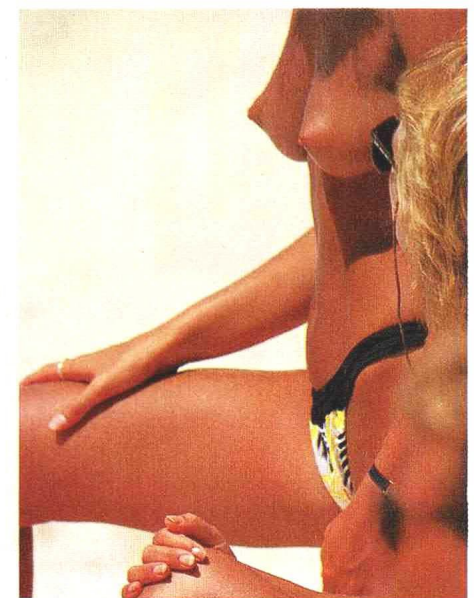


Photo Macris



Clockwise from top left: Freida Zamba struts the stuff that took her to the top in 1986. Bondi's Ashley Smith, boards and bodies, Pam Burridge, a trailblazer for women's surfing. The cream of women's surfing competitors deep in thought.

BROADS ON BOARDS



One well-known surfer, after a defeat at the hands of Burridge, gave up competing and restricted his surfing to malibu longboards.

But this is an exception to the rule, and it points obliquely to one of the biggest problems facing the girls — the relentless comparison with the guys. Women's pro events are usually held alongside the men's, which puts a weird kind of pressure on Pam and Jodie and the crew. And none of them are foolish enough to think they can match it with the top-flight male professionals.

Psychologically, promotionally, it is always uphill.

A classic example — last year at the Bells Beach Easter tournament in Victoria, America's Tom Curren was one heat away from a world title. One man stood before him: Mark Occhilupo, the only surfer to have a winning record against the American. The surf was perfect, and the pair put on an exhibition of the art that had spectators rivetted to the Bells cliffs.

The very next heat was Burridge versus Zamba, and if you forgot about Curren versus Occhilupo it wasn't bad, really. But somehow, this was about the time most of the spectators decided they needed a walk to the shops, or a quick trip to the dunny.

That doesn't say much for the women's ability to entertain. In fact, it led one male pro, the USA's Dave Parmenter, to hold forth with a classic of the chauvinist genre. "The only way that women's surfing will go anywhere," he declared, "is if they surf in the nude."

Take the girls away from the pressure of the big-time male events, however — give them a spotlight of their own in which to dance — and a different scene emerges. Last December, a shampoo company felt prompted to put \$27,000 on the line for a major surf competition at Maroubra Beach, Sydney. Entrants — women only.

Some of the best and brightest chauvinists in the surfing game made their way down to Maroubra on the weekend of the event, expecting a day or so of cynical fun at the expense of Pam, Jodie, Frieda and the others. What they found shocked them: a display of advanced, exciting surfing that pulled crowds and knocked around a few preconceptions. "I've never seen any of 'em surf like that before," surf mag editor and contest commentator John Ellis confided later, still stunned. "They . . . ripped!"

See? Just give the girls some room, step back . . . and watch. ○



Far right: Jodie Cooper hits the lip. The girl from Albany West Australia's next challenge may be taking on surfing's ultimate challenge, the massive waves of Hawaii's Waimea Bay.





THE GRL CAN'T HELP IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD BOXER

Like the blameless beauty in a classic Little Richard song, 19-year-old Annaliese Pratt can't help it. Can't help the fact that when she walks by heads swivel, eyes roll and lips pucker to whistle. Can't help the fact that she's got the goods to make conservative, three-piece-suited businessmen behave like leering construction workers. Can't help the fact that she's got a lot of what they once called "The Most."







Annaliese is accustomed to the attention — she's been turning heads since she was jailbait. That's not to say that she's completely comfortable with it. "I sometimes wish I was all brains and no bosoms," she pouts. "That way, if a man were interested in me, I'd know it wasn't purely physical. Then again, I don't think that way all too often."

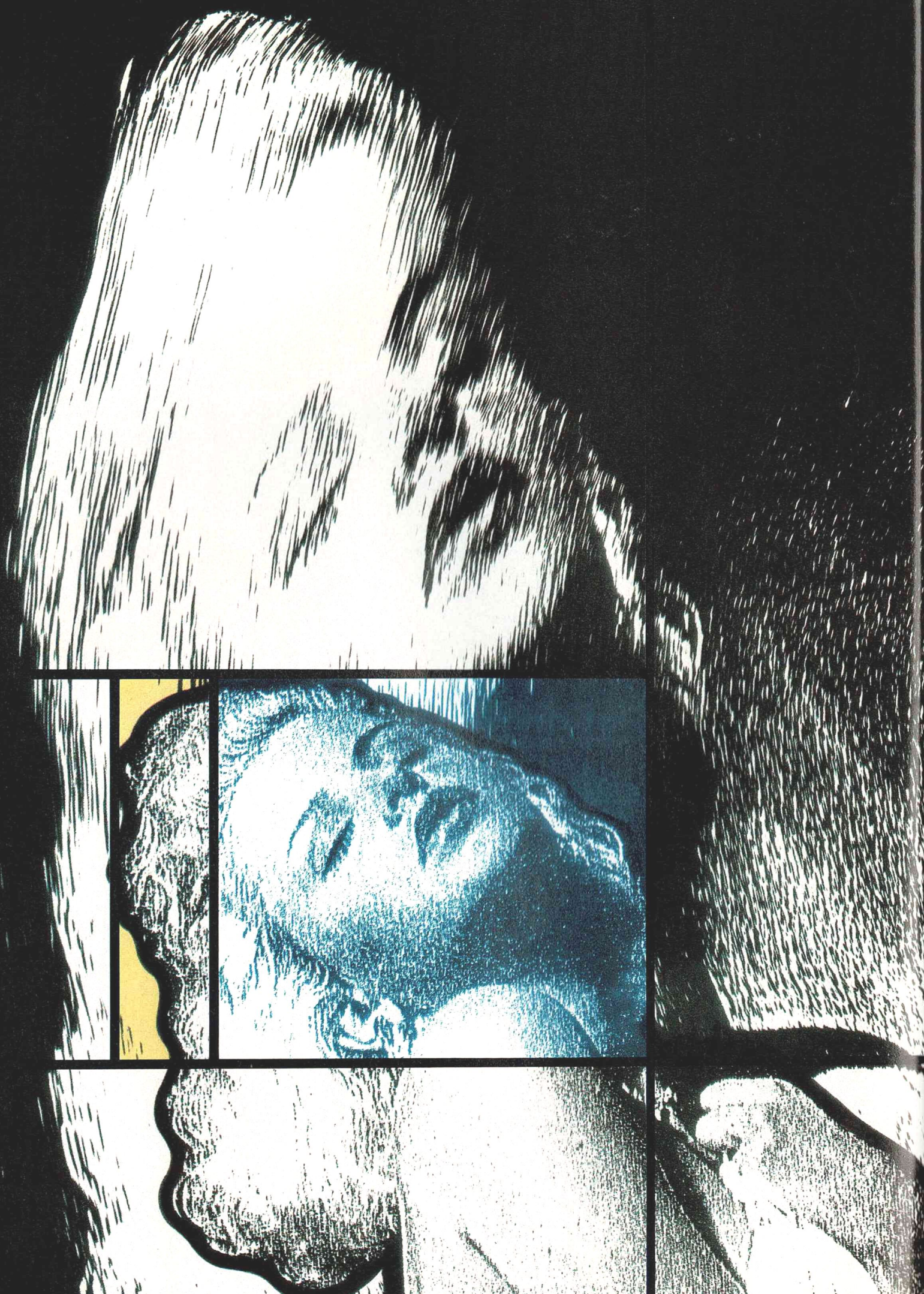




Annaliese says she's just coming to grips with the power inherent in beauty. "With each year comes more knowledge and more confidence," she says. "Our society worships physical perfection and I am becoming aware that my appearance and youth are assets with which to take on the world. Girls can do anything, you know, but pretty girls can do more and have more fun doing it."







The door was opened by Luther Huck, a fat man with a grudge.
"I'm trying to find a wife," I said.
"That's funny," he said. "Most of the punters who come here are trying to lose theirs."

"Not mine — somebody else's."
"Sounds better already," he replied.
Neither of us had smiled during this exchange.
"I'm looking for Barry Cromer's wife," I said.

His eyes narrowed, if that were possible. "Shit, she wouldn't be caught dead in a dump like this."

"Luther," I said sadly, "it's unlike you to belittle your place of employment." I pulled out a photograph of Margaret Cromer and flicked it at him.

"Good looking," he commented, "in a ladylike kind of way. We don't get many ladies here."

"If you do . . ." I said, handing him a \$50 bill and my card.

"We'll see," Huck responded as he closed the door in my face.

Luther was right. It did seem far-fetched that a woman like Margaret Cromer would hang out at Ronny Brackenridge's illegal gambling joint, but her husband had received an anonymous phone call, and some money was missing from their joint account. She'd been gone two days now, so he was checking out the options before calling the police and risking the hot breath of the afternoon papers.

New Right politicians couldn't afford to

FICTION BY SUSAN GEASON

CONNECTIONS

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLIDE

Any political press secretary knows that getting the right stories into the papers isn't as important as keeping the wrong ones out

FICTION

advertise missing wives with illegal gambling connections. I was doing damage control. As Barry Cromer's press secretary, I was no stranger to sleaze.

When Luther Huck called, I was at home watching television, drinking beer and finishing off last night's ham and pineapple pizza.

"She's here," he said.

"What's she doing?"

"Having dinner with Ronny." He sounded as amazed as I was.

"With Ronny Brackenridge?"

"Bring my other \$50, Fish," said the gracious Huck, slamming down the phone in my ear.

I put my suit coat back on, deciding nobody at Ridge's would be offended by my 11 o'clock shadow, and set off for Kings Cross. I left a message at Cromer's answering machine saying where I was going. I wasn't exactly expecting to get kidnapped and bumped off, but people have been known to get their faces rearranged at the Cross.

Drunken bands of westies roamed the streets looking for somewhere novel to throw up while prostitutes nodded off in doorways. The place stank like a carnival. I realised why I didn't go there any more.

Huck let me in, and my \$50 disappeared with the speed of light into his enormous

paw. I wondered if I'd ever be able to squeeze it out of Cromer, who still had the first pound note he'd ever been bribed with. The doorman pointed to a banquet in the corner, and sure enough, there was Margaret Cromer dining with Ronny Brackenridge of the Jaguar with the RONNY plates and the quiz show hostess girlfriends and a very broad range of acquaintances in politics, in the racing fraternity and on some of the meaner streets of South-East Asia.

It was Cromer's wife, all right, but not the tampered down Mosman matron of the photograph. The frills and pearls had gone. This woman was all teeth and tits, and Ronny was in imminent danger of falling down her cleavage.

They made a delightful couple, tanned and sparkling, with the glow of health that comes either from clean living or hours in expensive gyms with sunlamps and society masseurs. I thought her taste stank, but Ronny had a certain appeal for certain women. He was vulgar and probably too good looking, but he had the sly verve of a snake oil salesman and the nerves of a futures trader. I could see how Margaret Cromer wouldn't be burning to get back into bed with fat Barry.

What I couldn't figure out was how she'd met Brackenridge.

I lurked near the bar, wondering what the hell I was supposed to do — bust up the party and frogmarch her back to the North

Shore, or try to reach Cromer and let him stage-manage his own abduction. While I drank the most expensive beer in the southern hemisphere, the problem was solved for me. A photographer swam into view, an ageing blonde with the hopeless look of a woman who has to keep smiling but can't remember why. She smiled hard at Brackenridge, who beckoned her over.

There it was then, down in glorious polaroid for posterity: Margaret Cromer, wife of leading wowsie politician tete-a-tete with notorious vice figure in Kings Cross gambling den. (I was already thinking in headlines.) They laughed over the photo and Ronny placed it carefully in his jacket pocket.

I went home. Tomorrow would be soon enough to tell Cromer. I had lost my appetite for pizza.

Fortified with three cups of coffee and a chocolate donut, I went into Cromer's office and told him I'd found his wife.

"Where is the bitch?" he screamed, practically leaping over the desk — no mean feat for a 50-year-old 100-kilo politician with high blood pressure and a shrunken liver.

"At this moment I'm not absolutely certain," I hedged, taking up a defensive position behind a leather armchair. "But last night she dined at Ridge's as a personal guest of the proprietor." And was probably still in bed with him.

"Brackenridge!" Cromer yelled. "That smarmy bastard!" As an afterthought, he bellowed: "Brackenridge, my bum. It's obvious he's a wog of some sort."

"Please," I said, pained. "Not even in jest. Remember the ethnic vote." He was beginning to rant.

"There's more," I said. "There's pictures." I told him what had happened.

"Go and see Brackenridge," he ordered. "Find out what the fuck is going on. That bitch is up to something."

"Wouldn't you rather handle this yourself?" I asked, without much hope. "I mean, it's a very personal thing . . ."

"The bastard's taking photographs," he snarled. "Do you want a picture of me and Brackenridge in the *Sun Herald*? It's your job to keep me out of the bloody papers."

I loitered. "If you don't do it, I'll get Farquharson," he threatened.

Cromer had me. There was no way I was giving an opening to Farquharson, his private secretary, a young man with mysterious links with Right To Life, the Queensland National Party, Foundation 42 and half the SP bookies in Sydney. Farquharson was ambitious and possessed all the confidence of a teenage porn tycoon. Anyone with a soul hated him on sight. He was bound to succeed.

He was hanging round the door. "What's happening?"

"Nothing."

"The old boy is so nervous he's shedding skins," he said, scoring a direct hit on Cromer's psoriasis. That was his style.

"You're so charming, Farquharson," I said. "Do us all a favor and join the Labor Party."

I escaped before he could subject me to any more Socratic questioning and called Luther Huck and told him to set up a meet with Brackenridge. Meantime I hit the Wentworth and drank too many Victoria Bitters and discussed politics and horses with Betty.

I took out the picture of Cromer's wife and studied it. "What do you think of her?" I asked Betty, who was, like all barmaids, a keen student of human nature.

"Not a happy lady," she remarked. "Who is she?"

"The Boss's wife," I said.

She snorted and moved off down the bar to serve a loudmouthed barrister.

Desperation was what we had both seen in those pale eyes. Knowing Barry as I did, I fully understood why she'd bolted; what I couldn't understand was why I was helping him to get her back. Several more beers numbed my conscience slightly, but I was in a belligerent mood when I fronted Luther Huck at Ridge's. He smelt the grog and the aggro and let me in without a word.

Brackenridge was waiting for me, wearing a Zegna suit and more aftershave than a Mexican airline steward. We shook hands — a manicure, too. Ronny must have decided I needed solid food. He called over a waiter with a patronising sneer and dirty fingernails.

"Calamari and chips," I said. "And a Heineken."

"Jesus, Syd, you've got no taste at all," said Ronny. "At least have the lobster."

The waiter was enjoying this. He fiddled with the cutlery; maybe Ridge's gave you fish knives with your calamari. "Piss off," I said finally, and he flounced away.

"Was that absolutely necessary?" asked Ronny.

"I don't like dirty fingernails," I said.

Ronny's smile faded, and I had a vision of him personally removing the offending fingernails with a pair of pliers. "Okay, Ronny," I lied. "What's the deal?"

"A hundred grand for the picture," he said, laying it gently on the table like a winning poker hand.

I was momentarily winded. "He'll never pay it. He's as tight as a shark's arse."

Ronny laughed. It wasn't only the money he wanted. Cromer was a great anti-gambling crusader and an even greater hypocrite. "How's the old boy taking it?"

"Not all that well," I replied. "He suggested you were a wog on the make." I felt I had nothing to lose. By this time I detested everyone involved in the transaction, including myself.

Ronny's synthetic *bonhomie* evaporated, giving me a sneak preview of how he'd look in ten years' time when the means had begun to show through the ends. Two sharp lines bracketed his mouth, which wasn't smiling.

"At least I don't beat my wife," he said. I

found that slightly sophisticated, given that he wouldn't be caught dead married to the bimbo he beat up.

That's when it clicked. I took out my picture. The look on Margaret Cromer's face was fear. The woman I'd seen with Ronny Brackenridge had never been afraid of a man in her life. I stared at the photographs, then at Ronny. "It's a better job than Fine Cotton," I conceded, "but it's still a ring-in. Who is she?"

He hesitated, then said: "I'll get her." It was too easy. He hadn't played his last card yet. He summoned the waiter, who was sulking behind the bar: "Ask Miss Kincaid to come in, would you, Mark? And clean those fucking fingernails."

She exploded quietly into the room in a red silk dress that knew exactly where to touch down, shook my hand and said, "I'm Elizabeth Kincaid, Mr Fish. Margaret's twin sister." Then she touched Ronny's arm gently and said, "Thank you, Ronny darling. I can probably manage now."

Ronny beamed at her, gave me a hard man look and left. The waiter arrived with my calamari and clean fingernails. He glowered at me and beamed at her. I was beaming, too. I was in love.

She was even better close up — black hair, light tan, and pale blue eyes the color of the most expensive diamonds. Margaret Cromer had the same features — it was simply a matter of presentation.

"What's the perfume?" I asked.

"Money," she said, and we both laughed.

She quickly got down to brass tacks. "I've taken some trouble to set this up, Mr Fish . . ."

"Syd," I interrupted.

"Okay, Syd. And you've buggered it up. But I want you to know why I did it."

She was very persuasive, but then, I'm very easily led, especially by beautiful women. All she wanted, she said, was some repayment for all the years of humiliation her sister had endured at the pudgy hands of my employer. Something to help Margaret Cromer forget. "A hundred grand buys a lot of amnesia," I remarked.

"Look at it as accident compensation," she said. "Loss of earnings, pain and suffering. Meg is a casualty. She's unemployable."

"What does she think about all this?"

"She doesn't know. She's hiding in my apartment at the Gold Coast having a nervous breakdown. She thinks I'm away on a business trip."

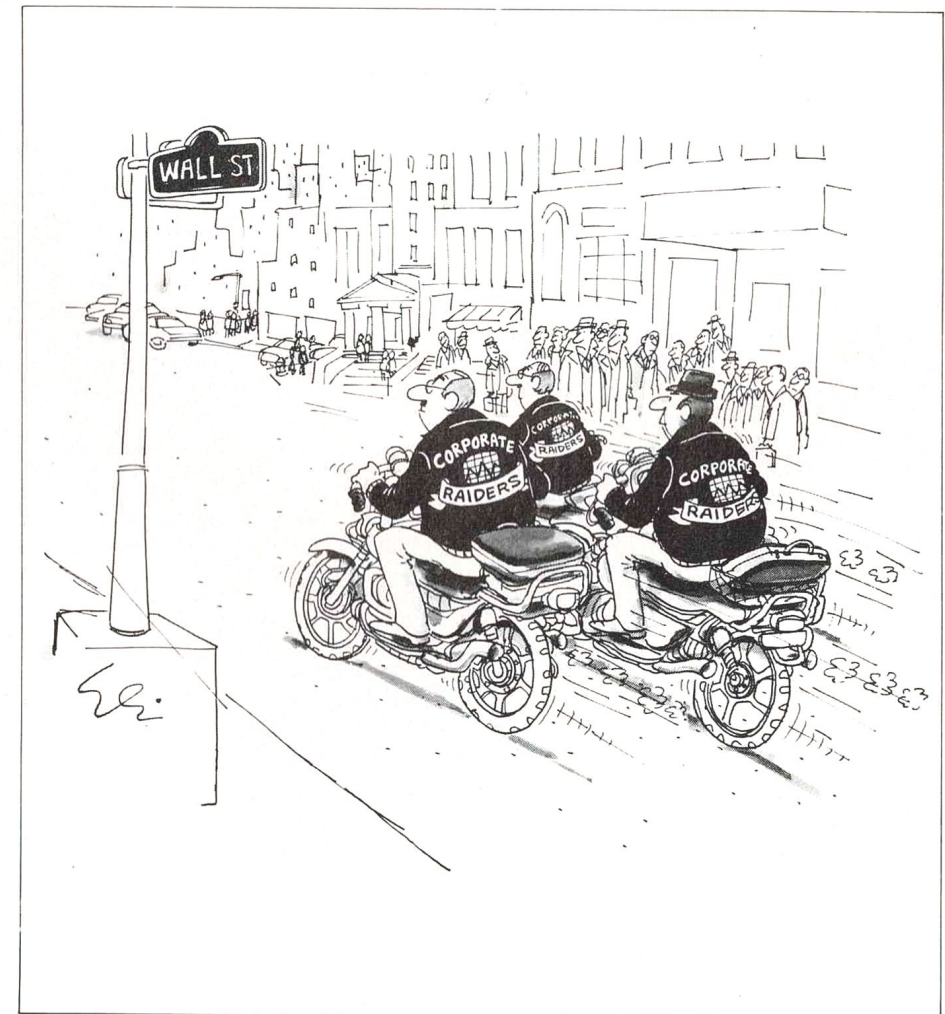
"Which you are."

"Which I am," she agreed. "She took some money out of an account, and she's terrified fatso will come after her and beat her up."

"She could always take him to court," I suggested, fighting a rearguard action.

"Cromer would buy a QC and wipe the

Continued on page 134

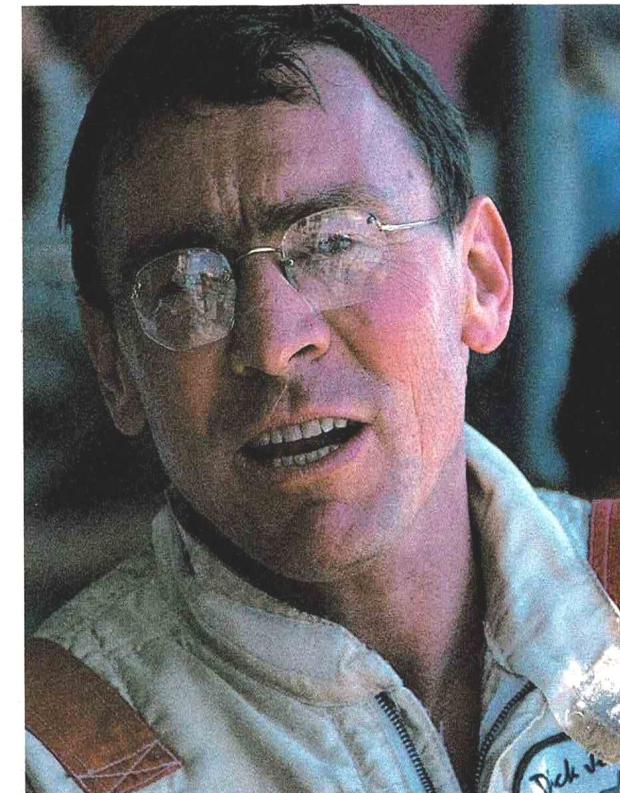




Larry Perkins is the low-profile genius of Australian motor sport

THE MAD MECHANIC

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY



It is October 1, 1984. Ten o'clock in the forenoon. On the highway 14 kays out of Bathurst. And the two highway coppers are damn well arresting the bloke who the previous afternoon had won Australia's Great Race, the James Hardie 1000. One day he rockets down Conrod Straight, a public road, at no less than 260 km/h, the next he gets pinged for driving too fast.

The offence: speeding at 117 km/h on a dual carriageway in a 100 zone. Jee-sus. The guy's an out-and-out homicidal menace. Lock him up. Throw away the key.

"Yeah, they saw fit to arrest me and detain me," recalls Larry Perkins of the unsavory incident with two almost-human members of the constabulary. "I wasn't amused. I saw a side of the police that I didn't particularly like. It was all so unnecessary."

The incident does illustrate how the Perkins low pro-

file can work both for and against him. On one hand it's hard to imagine the walloppers sticking Peter Brock (the driver who shared the racing spoils that weekend) in the can for a trifling traffic offence. On the other hand, had Brock been arrested and detained, inevi-

tably, the world would have known about it. Perkins' scandalous deeds didn't rate a line anywhere. That he isn't a mainstream motor racing cult figure, like one or two others of lesser ability, doesn't worry the bespectacled tinkerer from four-houses-and-a-general-store Cowangie, in upstate Victoria. He really doesn't give a stuff. It's not that folksy, down-to-earth Perkins avoids the limelight, it's just that he doesn't thrust himself into the glare.

Still, for him, public recognition isn't a pressing priority. In fact, he probably sees it as an intrusion on his valuable time.

MAD MECHANIC

Perkins has an awesome reputation as a driver who can make anything on four wheels go like the wind, and as a clever, always practical engineer. Despite a lack of formal engineering training, his expertise in race car design and development is legendary. He's a believer in the old racing adage — To Finish First, First You Must Finish. Perkins-built cars are uncannily reliable. His own racing Commodore was the only car (among dozens) to finish all nine races in this year's touring car championship.

He'd never entertain the idea, but the truth is LP needs the services of a PR man. A minder and a drum beater. A minder to keep him from being too honest to the wrong people; a publicity hound to shout his accomplishments from the garage rooftops. Check some of Perkins' achievements in a life unmatched in its variety and color and inventiveness . . .

- One of just nine Australians to have competed in the ultimate form of motor sport, grand prix racing.
- Three-times winner of Australia's blue ribbon touring car classic, the James Hardie 1000. Second twice, third once. In cars he prepared.
- Designed, built and drove Australia's first trans-continental solar car, the BP Explorer.

- Designed, built and drove a machine that managed nearly 2400 miles to the gallon in a Shell Mileage Marathon.
- Won 1971 Formula Ford Driver to Europe Series.
- Won 1972 Australia Formula II Championship.
- Won 1975 European Formula III Championship.
- Won 1979 Australian Rallycross Championship.
- Drove a bedraggled '64 Vee Dub against the might of the factory teams in the '85 Wynn's Safari, and went within an ace of leaving them red-faced.
- Restored an ancient airforce De Havilland trainer which he now pilots around outback Victoria.

Driving and fiddling is a Perkins family hand-me-down. Eddie Perkins was, with Gelnigite Jack Murray, the great trials driver of the Fifties. Fast Eddie won the '56 and '58 Mobilgas Trials driving a Volkswagen Beetle.

Larry and his brothers stayed home on the farm at Cowangie while Eddie went off on his motor sporting adventures. For mum and the boys there was the nightly ritual around the open fire, twiddling the dial of the family wireless in the hope of hearing progress results of the Redex or Mobilgas events.

The Perkins farm was 800 acres of good wheat land. As a cocky, Perkins the Elder made a great trials driver. "He was never a

serious farmer — he much preferred to fix up neighbors' farm equipment. He had a radius of customers and derived much of his income from repair work."

When Larry, Gary, Terry and Peter weren't attending the eight-kid schoolhouse at nearby Tutye (and later at Murrayville), Eddie scored himself an audience. It was on-the-job training for the brothers. "There couldn't have been a better grounding. It was one constant learning exercise."

Having a dad who participated in motor sport and a solid grounding of backyard engineering and self-expression inevitably led Larry Perkins into competition. At the age of 18, Larry paired up with Eddie in the 1968 Ampol Trial. Two years later he got himself a Formula Vee and began serious racing. He even moved to the big smoke, from Cowangie (pop. 17), to Melbourne (pop. 3,000,000). There ex-racer Bib Stillwell noticed the rough-nut farm kid with the try-anything attitude. He bought the Cowangie Kid a Formula Ford and in 1971 Perkins won the national Driver to Europe Series for these cars. LP was on his way.

Australia is no place for an aspiring Formula One racer. Australia has a fascination for touring cars . . . tin tops. Full stop. Amen. Competitors seeking fame and fortune in open cockpit cars must go to Europe.

Perkins won a return air ticket to London in the 1971 Formula Ford series. And in October 1972, after winning the Australian Formula II championship, he decided to use the ticket. He had some influential helpers in Europe, namely Gary Campbell and ex-driving champion and journalist David McKay. They agreed to pay his racing expenses that first season. Still, his was a hand-to-mouth existence.

Formula III racing in Europe is crazy-man's stuff. Wild, desperate. And so Perkins became just as feral as the locals. Madder. He won the European Formula III title, and managed to win the annual F3 rough-house at Monaco, so often a Formula One calling card. And in 1976, Perkins joined the elite group of Aussies who've made it all the way to Formula One.

In the next two seasons, he raced in 11 Formula One grands prix. The results were modest. Two of the teams for which he drove — BRM and Surtees — were hardly top drawer operations. And his brief tenure at Brabham was not blessed with luck nor opportunity. He hung around in England, test driving and hoping for an economic miracle. None came, of course. Dismayed but not demoralised, he headed for home.

Perkins is anything but a dreamer. "I recognised that my chances of a regular F1 drive had disappeared forever. But I was prepared to accept that my motor sporting future lay in lesser formulae. I went home to start afresh but not really knowing what I'd do." He soon found out. Perkins arrived back in Australia to an offer to drive in the

'79 James Hardie 1000 from the outrageous Melbourne man-about-town and occasional touring car race driver Peter Janson.

Two years earlier, when LP came home from Europe for a vacation, he and Janson competed together at Bathurst, this unusual partnership of the pinstriped, hardly shy social gadfly and the spade-calling, unpolished diamond. News that they'd paired up had taken the sport completely by surprise. The shocks kept coming when Perkins and Janson — the Odd Couple — subsequently finished third at Bathurst in '77.

And in '79, Perkins and Janson collared a fine second place. Welcome home.

The following year the same team produced the same result. Good stuff for a couple of privateers on a budget funded by Janson's weird and wonderful "deals." In tandem with his occasional touring car outings, Perkins was also driving Formula Pacifics in Australia and New Zealand. His engineering skills were on constant call too. He proudly points to an engine-building partnership with old family friend Jack Godbehear. "In one Australian Grand Prix, we built seven of the first 10 engines. I guess we bolted together 35 to 40 BDA engines, and never had a failure. Oh, yeah, and Alfie Costanzo won two of his Gold Star championships using our engines."

Ingenuity is a word often associated with Larry Perkins. In 1980 he and brother Gary put some thumb-twiddling time to use, building an entry in the first Australian Shell Mileage Marathon. The object of the event was to encourage local engineers to build a machine capable of toppling the UK-held fuel economy record of 1640 mpg.

"We knocked together a vehicle which managed to do 1730 mpg first time out. I drove it myself, which wasn't all that smart. I weigh 74 kilos and the rival teams all used 30 kilo midgets. We came third.

"For the following year's event we decided to hot up our machine. Accordingly, it did just under 2400 mpg. But we still finished third. Then the team in fourth protested because I wasn't wearing a helmet as I roared around the track at 20 km/h. Gary and I got jack of all the pettiness so we didn't bother to participate again . . ."

Instead Gary and Larry moved into solar power. "Hans Tholstrup rang me one day and suggested we do something with solar energy. After some contemplation we came up with the idea of driving across Australia in a solar car. The plan was that I design the vehicle and Hans organise a sponsor. BP came to the party.

"I did plenty of paper designing and then built the car with Gary's assistance. But we hadn't actually run the finished car — with solar cells and bodywork — until the start in Perth. Hans was pretty jumpy, I can tell you. But I was always confident that we'd done our sums."

Clearly Larry's role in BP Explorer's

silent and slow progress across Australia was not inconsiderable. It worries Perkins not one whit that Tholstrup stole the headlines and the glory: "It was a pleasing project. We didn't prove that solar power was practicable in transport, but our run did show it possible."

Musical chairs. At the end of 1981, Allan Grice and the JPS Team BMW parted company. Jim Richards accepted an offer to take a permanent role driving the German cars. This left Peter Brock without his usual long-distance partner (Richards and Brock had combined to win the Hardie classic the previous three years). Brock asked Perkins to fill the vacancy with the Holden Dealer Team. "I welcomed the chance to join what had been Australia's most successful team. I had admired the HDT for its professionalism, but my response to Peter was that I'd join only if I could work on the cars too. He agreed."

6
Pragmatic Perkins
and Polariser Pete—
a volatile mix. Oil and
water. Fire and ice. Bye
now. Perkins won't
elaborate.

"I was amazed at what I found. I suppose I'd expected the HDT Commodore race cars to be very, very good. They were in fact well built but lacked any real cohesive development program. The cars were no better than Janson's. The HDT had the dollars, but no teamwork. The basics were missing. The brakes, I remember, were appalling.

"I found I could take on tasks without anyone getting in my way." Brock and Perkins duly won at Bathurst in '82, and soon after LP was approached to run the whole HDT race team. "I said okay . . . but as long as I'm the boss." And so Brock and Perkins (and John Harvey) won the '83 Bathurst classic.

The following year was a roller coaster for Perkins. In June he and Brock raced a Porsche together at Le Mans. The car had come into their hands in a sad state; Perkins had virtually rebuilt it for the 24-hour enduro in a six-week labor of love. The Aussies were going well until around the 11 hour mark. Perkins was at the wheel. He made a mistake, and crashed. That's how he describes it. No crap.

But come October, Perkins-prepped

HDT Commodores finished one-two at Bathurst, with he and Brock completing their personal hat-trick of wins.

Midway through 1985 Perkins up and walked out of the hottest team in Australasian touring car racing. It's easy to appreciate why. Pragmatic Perkins and Polariser Pete — a volatile mix. Oil and water. Fire and ice. Bye now.

Perkins won't elaborate on his three years with Brock other than to say that towards the end Peter was insisting on doing things his way. And that he, Larry, didn't agree with the direction.

August 1985. Perkins gives an old VW Beetle a coat of awful green paint, drags some six-year-old Bridgestone tyres out of the barn and readies himself for the inaugural Wynn's Safari. He's up against the might of factory teams, including Andrew Cowan's kevlar-bodied Paris-Dakar 4WD Mitsubishi Pajero.

On the last stopover, Perkins' humble Vee Dub is second outright, behind Cowan but ahead of an armada of hot shots. It's a potentially embarrassing scenario . . . a 21-year-old two-wheel-drive bucket of bolts drubbing the car giants' big-buck high-tech gear. Then on the final morning, just a few hours out of Darwin, the Perkins machine rips out its front end in a treacherous washaway. It's the end of a gutsy 6000km drive, but the factory teams offer the battler little in the way of sympathy.

Now enter Perkins Engineering, of Moorabbin. It's the small racecar development/engine shop Perkins has set up with another Brock defector, engine builder Neil Burns. In 1986 wealthy Kiwi car dealer Colin Giltrap agreed to bankroll a new Commodore for Larry, sponsored in turn by the appropriately-named Enzed Fluid Connectors.

He lucked out at Bathurst with the near-new car but early in 1987, against a red hot international field in New Zealand (headed by the Tom Walkinshaw Jaguars), Perkins and co-driver Denny Hulme posted the team's first-ever victory.

Beneath the red-necked Perkins persona lurks an iron-clad will to be the best. Winning comes before anything. He makes no apology for his no-compromise single-minded approach to getting the best from his car.

Next year — 1988 — will be the Year of the Commodore, says Perkins. Fuel injection and other goodies will turn it into a very competitive touring car on the world scene. Believe it. His philosophy and track record suggest that not to listen would be foolish.

"I've conducted my life based on facts. Of course people are tempted to tell the world things they and everyone else know are not correct — perhaps it might be a comment on their own ability.

"But I've never seen much merit in that particular course." O—



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What
A
Feeling!

REAGAN

Continued from page 60

now," the President said dodging a question about the so-called scandal in the US Environmental Protection Administration in 1983. The President cleared up that "scandal," didn't he? In over something less than 14 words, he beautifully captured what a drag it is to keep up with things.

This is how the President dealt with accusations that his administration had knowingly disseminated "disinformation" about his daughter:

"Our position — this was wrong and false — our position has been one of which, after we took the action we felt we had to take, and I still believe was the correct thing to do, our position has been one in which we would just as soon have Mr Qaddafi go to bed every night wondering what we might do."

There is the genius of Ronald Reagan. He lets them all wonder — the press, the Congress, the daughters of those who would foster violence, the Russians, the Democrats. All of whom come under one heading:

OTHER PEOPLE

In 1968, Ronald Reagan spoke to Texas conservatives who were thinking of backing him instead of Richard Nixon for the

Republican presidential nomination. "I'd be the most enthusiastic, energetic, and active campaigner you've ever seen," Reagan promised. "Because they have got to go."

Yes! They! Ronald Reagan has put his finger on exactly who is causing all America's problems: Them out there.

He doesn't always name Them, but his audiences knew he didn't mean himself, and they knew he didn't mean themselves, when he said on TV early this year, "I'm not going to tell falsehoods to the American people. I'll leave that to others."

"When other people were burning our flag," he told a picnic crowd in Decatur, Alabama, "you were waving it." (Probably not the best way to put the fire out.) He finished his speech by saying, "And I don't know if a president has ever thanked you for that." Well, no! What other president would take time out from his glamorous schedule to thank people in Alabama for getting down to the hard work of waving the flag?

He is *interested* in other people. When he returned from his first trip to South America, he told his countrymen: "Well, I learned a lot . . . You'd be surprised. They're all individual countries."

But he knows they aren't him or America. "This whole thing boils down to a great irresponsibility on the part of the press," he said with regard to the so-called Iran-Contra scandal. The press is always other

people. And, of course, the Democrats, whose "great society" is to blame for everything wrong domestically. The Republican party, he points out, is becoming America's party. Who needs a party of others? In America, that is. There is one in Russia, of course. In Russia, they have no word for "freedom," the President proclaims; and even though in Russia they do have a word for "freedom," the faithful know what he means.

Americans, even if they aren't Democrats or reporters, can become *others* if they don't watch out. One of the President's biggest laughs came when he proposed that protesting farmers — instead of grain — be exported to Russia. Congress, as a whole, is already *others*. After addressing the staff of NASA, the President took the time out from his busy day to appear at a photo opportunity and said, "I just got back from outer space, too — Capitol Hill."

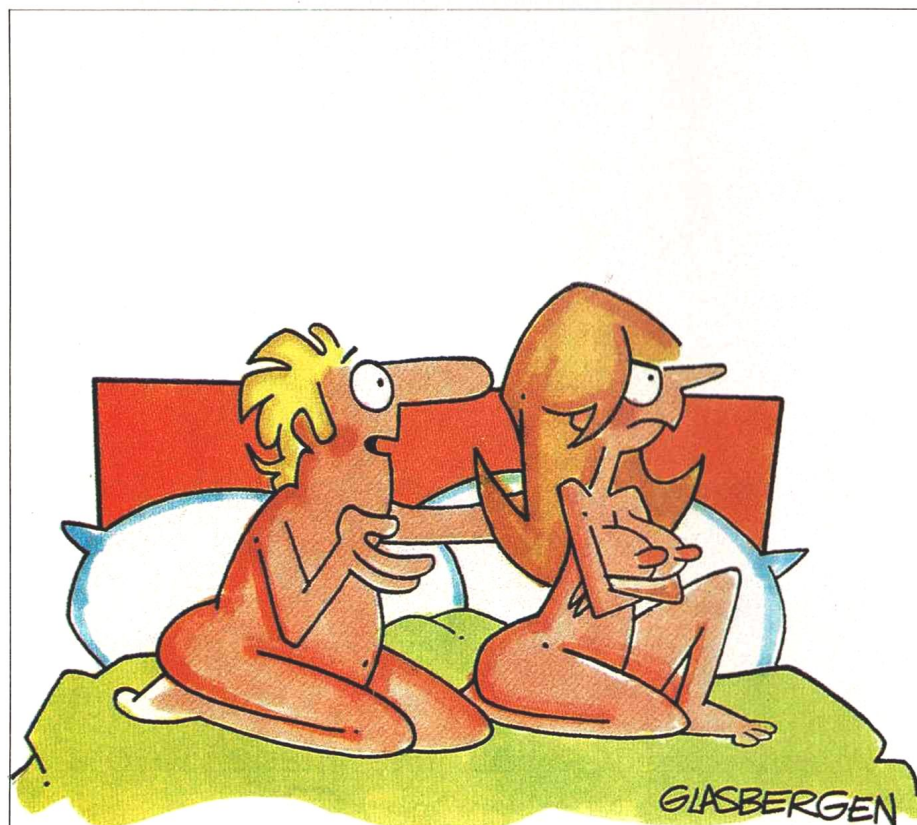
Which brings up probably the most mind-blowing idea the President has come up with, I mean cosmic. Chatting with Gorbachev, he mentioned (he confided later) that the two leaders would find their negotiations easier "if suddenly there was a threat to this world from some other species from another planet outside the universe. We would forget all the little differences that we have between our countries, and we would find out once and for all that we really are all human beings on this Earth together."

Wouldn't that be great? Invasion by a whole new species. If that didn't bring the Russians back to God, and stimulate both the superpower economies, and incidentally — well, heh, not so incidentally, when we're talking about the wit and wisdom of Ronald Reagan — make a heck of a movie, then well . . .

I'm reminded of what the President said when people accused his wife Nancy of being too powerful. (She can't possibly be *too* powerful, of course, because she is not one of the others. The President himself is not too powerful by his own account: "They tell me I'm the most powerful man in the world. I don't believe that. Over there in the White House some place, there's a fellow that puts a piece of paper on my desk every day that tells me what I'm going to be doing every 15 minutes. He's the most powerful man in the world." Now, what if *he* became one of the others? Never happen, not with Ronald Reagan in charge.)

What the President said when the people accused Nancy of being too powerful is something that applies not only to people who doubt the President's vision of world peace through alien invasion. It applies to *all* those other people, of whom there have been so many over the last six years. Here is what he said. And I hope all those other people take it to heart.

"A lot of people ought to be ashamed of themselves." ○ —



"Don't be angry because I can't remember your name!
When I get really horny, I can't even remember my name!"

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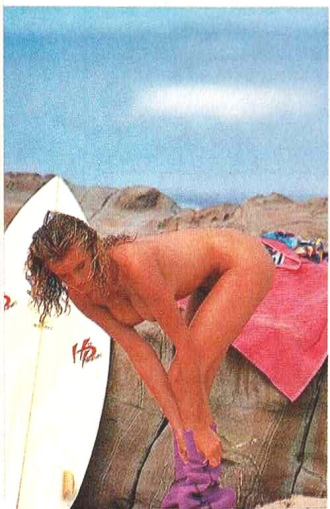
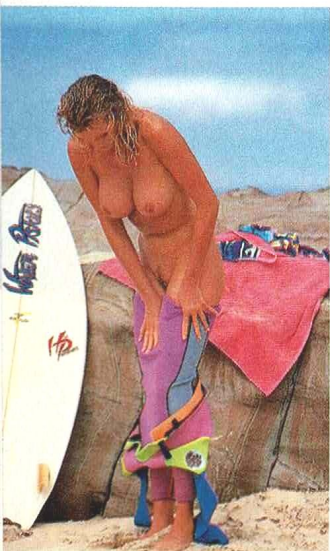
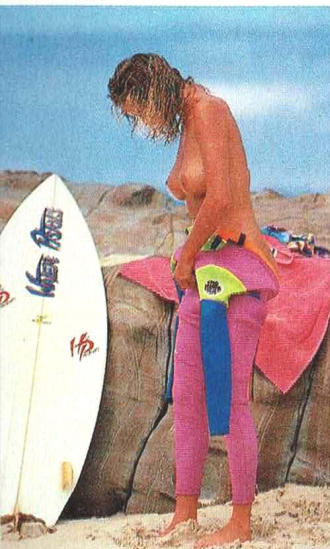
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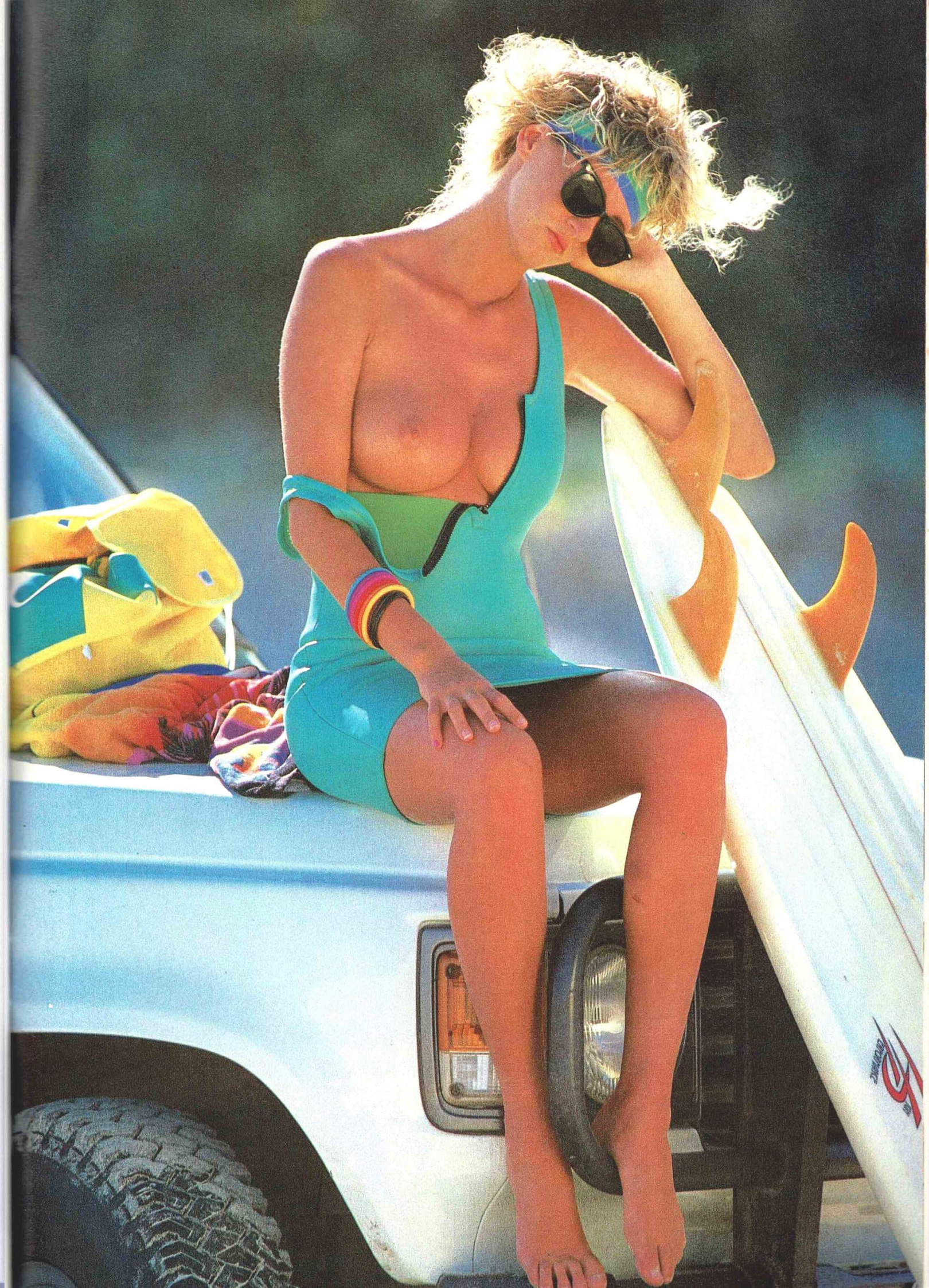
LIVING IS EASY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

Lisa Spears is a 19-year-old Sydneysider who's found the cure for the summertime blues. Lisa warmed to the surfing theme when she and photographer Nick Brokensha found a secluded beach at Crowdy Head in northern NSW. "It's just a shame that it's a fantasy pictorial," says Lisa. "I really wish I could actually ride one of these things."



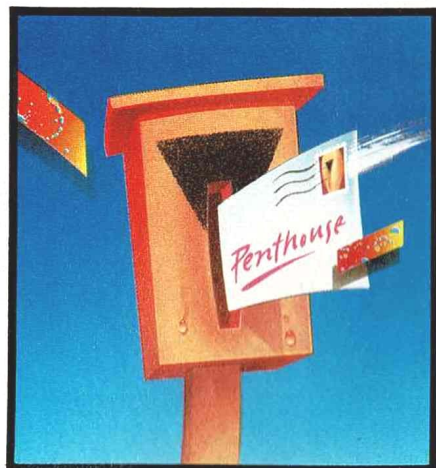






"I must admit it's a sport I wish my boyfriend
would take up. Boardriding must be the most
spectacular sport around to watch . . .
Those wetsuits those guys wear . . .
Hmm *hmmm*."





FORUM

Continued from page 118

lovely little arse.

By this time my prick had started to come alive again. I turned her over on to her back and furiously kissed her on the lips while I spread her thighs wide open. I got between her legs, putting my cock on her pussy lips and teasingly stroking it up and down her cunt. Linda started moaning and begging me to fuck her, pleading that I be gentle — this was her first time. I reassured her and told her to relax and get ready for what she'd remember as being the best fuck of her life. She began massaging her

tits as I continued to tease her pussy. Then, in one quick thrust, I pushed my prick into her tight, eager cunt, ripping her precious pussy sheath apart. Linda didn't seem to feel it at all. She began to buck her hips up and down on the bed as I continued to fuck her little twat with long, forceful strokes. Her cunt gripped my prick like a clam and refused to let go. We fucked wildly, our bodies moving in perfect unison. Linda regulated her body movements so that she would receive the full impact of my thrusts. By now she was moaning so loud that I thought she would wake up my housemate for sure. I'm pretty certain that he heard her screams when she reached orgasm.

I pounded Linda for about 15 minutes before I felt the familiar ache in my balls. Making one final thrust into her little pleasure hole, my cock erupted in a shattering orgasm, shooting a huge load of come deep into her. We fell asleep in each other's arms, and spent the rest of the weekend sucking and fucking. I eventually sent her back to her place on Sunday, but I will be picking her up this Friday night. I can't wait to spend another exciting weekend with her. — *Name and address withheld*

Double time

I am a 23-year-old divorced mother with two boyfriends, Dave and Gary. They are both in the military, so I see them on a rotating basis. Both men fulfill different

needs in my life, and with them, I am complete. Last weekend, a strange thing occurred—both lovers showed up at my place.

Now I'm sitting with the two men I love the most in this world. It's late, around 11, and we've been watching a movie. I've had a long day, and I lay my head on Dave's shoulder. He reaches up and rubs my hair. Across from me, in the armchair, Gary looks away. Although I chose Dave, I really want them both. I excuse myself to go to the bathroom. Once there, I decide to brush my teeth. I play with my hair for a few minutes and then go back to the living room.

Gary is nowhere to be seen. Dave is nude, standing on the soft fur rug that Gary likes, which is spread over the carpet. Two pillows are on it. He comes to me and takes my face in his hands. His tongue explores my mouth gently and I melt against him, my hands sliding over his roughened back. His thumbs rub lightly on my temples and his erection taunts my belly. I give myself up to the passion of his kiss, and as he deepens it, a fire starts in my pussy.

Suddenly, there is a second pair of hands on my shoulders while Dave's are still gently rubbing my face. These hands caress lightly and slide teasingly down to my sides, coming forward to cup my breasts. A light tongue spins burning circles up my neck and into my ear. I've stopped responding to Dave; I'm startled and confused by this second tongue and pair of large, gentle hands. A voice (it can only be Gary's), breathes in my ear, "Relax. Enjoy. This is for you." His head drops to my neck, licking gently, and I have to restrain a gasp of pleasure. Dave has left my mouth and is now kissing my eyes and throat. I breathe a name, a question, and his mouth covers my other ear. "I love you," he whispers. "Everything's okay."

Now reassured, I lean slightly back, feeling the heat of another man's body pressing into mine. Dave leans forward, and suddenly, I am held between the two surrounding me. My pussy starts to drip, "Yeah," Dave whispers, "let go—feel it."

I moan softly and undulate my hips. The sensation intensifies and I moan louder. Gary's hands slide inside my shirt, playing, teasing my nipples, while his lips leave tracks of fire on my shoulder. Dave's tongue grinds a trail on my neck while one hand slides smoothly into my jeans to rub a strong finger across my throbbing clit.

My shirt is slowly unbuttoned and my zipper pulled down. Gary slides down my body until he's on his knees and then starts down my jeans, every move marked by his lips and tongue. Dave slides his wet finger into his mouth and licks it slowly. Then he draws cool wet circles on my breast, following with his scalding tongue. My jeans are down and Gary slithers up me again while Dave and his tongue work their way down. His head brushes my muff: I quake, tense, and relax again. Gary, his gentle hands

teasing my breasts, lies down, pulling me back with him. He lies beside me, sucking and kneading my breasts while Dave sucks on my toes. My legs are spread and I'm hot, so hot. I groan a "please," and strain upward; I need something to touch my clit. Gary opens my mouth with his tongue and his hands tickle a breast. His hot tongue ties around mine, and then I feel another hot tongue flicking lightly across my clit. I almost scream, it feels so good. I never knew how good it could be, Dave's head buried between my legs and Gary probing my mouth and teasing my nipples. I can't organise all the sensations, but then, I don't care anymore. Gary drops his head to a breast and sucks while Dave wraps his lips around my clit and sucks. I scream as the fire washes over me. It goes on and on and they won't stop until I beg them to.

Then Dave gently turns me over on all fours and Gary wiggles his body partly underneath me. The same time, Gary grabs my head and pulls it to his, his tongue ramming mine. I feel Dave's cock, so hot, so hard, filling me up. I lurch and groan. Gary keeps my mouth busy while he reaches down and rubs my still-aching clit with his gentle fingers. I can't take it. I pitch and squirm, but Dave wraps his strong arm around my neck, and they just keep going. I can feel myself starting to come, and I scream their names. Dave's penis is ramming into me so hard, so good, and Gary's

fingers are rubbing my clit. I can't stand it, and I come explosively, bucking so hard they can scarcely hold me. Then Dave comes, ramming himself even deeper inside me and wrapping his arms around my waist to hold me there while I pitch.

No sooner does he sit up when he pulls out, and I am turned and pulled down directly on to Gary's dick. Dave presses himself against me from behind, and I lean back into him. His hands come around to replace Gary's on my clit, and Gary clamps his on to my waist, pulling me into his rhythm, moving me to his own time. I come again immediately as Dave sucks on my neck behind me, his hand becoming a wild thing on my clit. Gary screams and arches his body back, and then I do, too, throwing myself against Dave, feeling Gary's penis throb and pulse within me. I fall on top of him, and we roll to face each other while Dave circles around my back. Then we sleep.

Afterward, I murmur my love to them, my pain at losing them individually and my joy at having them both. They whisper love and promises. I feel safe, protected, and happy. What woman could go wrong with two men?—*Name and address withheld*

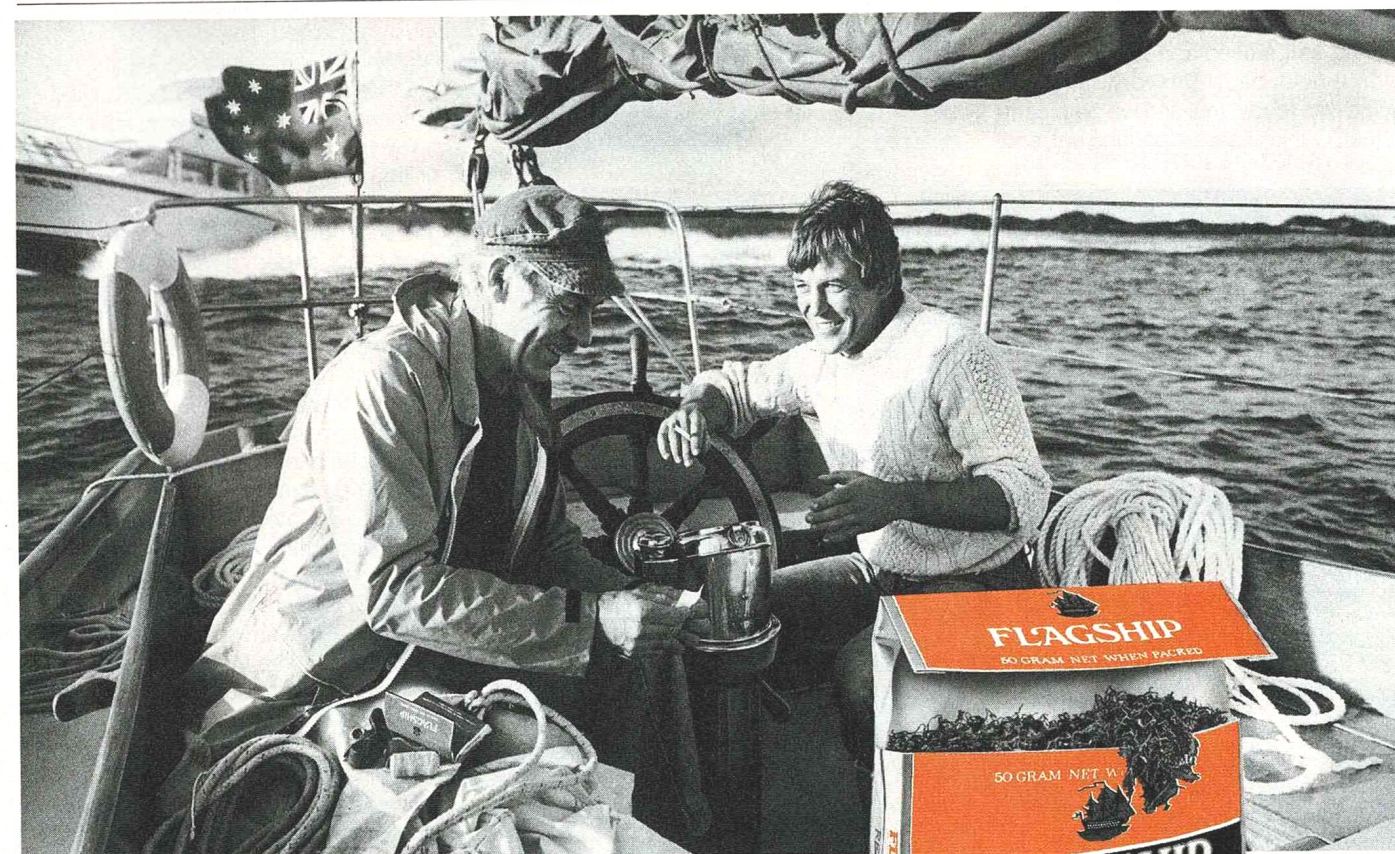
Little big man

Although I'm a great fan of Forum, I never thought I would be writing to you — until yesterday. Our office celebrated winning a major contract with a lunchtime party, and

we were told we could leave the office early. I took an hour to finish up some paperwork, and was ready to go when our new secretary, Daphne, walked in. She had a funny smile on her face, and I uneasily remembered that at the party, with both of us high on wine, she had been complaining that her husband was out of town too much and inattentive when he was home. I had said I would be glad to do *anything* to help out, while stroking her knees under the table.

I'm in my forties, while Daphne is a 19-year-old gorgeous redhead. She already had a "reputation" at work, due to her short skirts and low-cut blouses that showed off her great legs and breasts, which had to be at least 42s, if not larger. Also, Daphne is over six foot tall, and while I'm reasonably good-looking and keep in shape by lifting weights, I'm so short that my eyes are level with Daphne's tits.

Daphne must have had some more wine, because her voice was a little fuzzy as she asked, "Is your 'do anything' offer still on?" I nervously said yes, then watched in amazement as Daphne locked the door, walked over to the coffee table, and stood on it. Her green eyes seemed to stare right through me. She hesitated momentarily, then stripped. She had a perfectly proportioned figure, and her breasts, with their stiffened nipples now looked like 44s. "Okay, eat me — now!" she commanded. I stood before her, looking directly at her



Flagship. Too good to rush.

FORUM

pussy, which was covered with light-reddish-blond hair. I began to dip my tongue in and out, in and out, as my hands caressed her beautiful arse. She was soon moaning, then saying "Do it, do it" in time to the movements of my tongue. I pulled her closer, shoving her pussy into my face as I began to work on her hot, throbbing clit. She came right away, and her juices gushed over my face. Her fingertips were digging into my shoulders through my suit. I continued to tongue her joy button as I wet my forefinger in her come and plunged it into her slick cunt. Soon Daphne's whole body was shaking as I worked my tongue and finger in the same rhythm.

When I finally had to quit, my tongue felt raw. I could taste her all the way down my throat. I realised my suit was ripped in several places, and started to take it off. "No, let me," Daphne murmured, and helped me out of my clothes. My cock was standing straight up, stiff and ready. It's the only part of me that's out of proportion — it's nearly nine inches long and almost two inches wide when I'm excited, and believe me, I felt ready to explode.

"My God," Daphne exclaimed, "you're huge. My husband's so damn small I can hardly feel him." I decided it was time for some old-fashioned fucking. I helped Daphne down to the carpet and plunged my cock deep into her pussy. I was in kind of a frenzy, and my balls were literally bouncing as I moved as fast as I could. I couldn't hold back for very long, but Daphne was ready, too, and we both came together. Our juices were pouring out, and I

idly wondered what the carpet was going to look like. Daphne didn't say a word — she just smiled and closed her legs around me as she flexed her pussy. My cock stayed hard, and I started to slam into her again. Her legs were so tight I had trouble breathing, and her hands moved from my back to my arse. As she tightly gripped my arse cheeks, I came twice more, and Daphne's body seemed to leap off the carpet three or four times.

I was exhausted and tried to get up, but Daphne said, "Not yet, baby. No way I'm letting you go." I said, "This is crazy. The cleaning crew will be here soon." "Not until after six," she giggled. "It's only four now, and I want that pole of yours in my mouth." We rolled over and she began to stroke my limp shaft with one hand, slowly squeezing my balls with the other. Taking just the head of my cock in her mouth she pressed her tongue against its slit and sucked ever so gently. I couldn't believe it, but soon my cock was again at full stance. Daphne was sucking harder and harder, taking in more and more of my cock until its head was down her throat and her lips were gripping its base. Now I was moaning. Every time I thought I was going to come, she eased off just enough to leave me hanging. Finally, I found myself firing my wad into her ready and willing mouth. Daphne swallowed it all, then moved over me, put her lips to mine, and shoved her tongue down my throat. I knew my cock was finally out of action, and contented myself with putting my thumbs together and rubbing her clit. Our tongues were still together when I felt her body shudder again.

It was nearly 5.30, so we reluctantly dressed and cleaned the rug the best we

could. I drove Daphne to a nearby bus stop, since she didn't want her husband to see me dropping her off. He was going out of town that very night, and she told me she wanted to have me as much as possible the next two weeks. I asked if our age and height differences didn't bother her. "Are you crazy?" she laughed. "I came more times this afternoon than in the last six months. When they say big things come in small packages, they have to be talking about you." I just hope I can survive till the end of the month. — *Name and address withheld*

Little sister

At the time this story begins, I was a manager in a company. Things started innocently enough when I took my girlfriend Nina out for Chinese food. With us at dinner was Nina's sister whom I had not met before. She had some problems at home and had decided that a change of venue, visiting her big sister for the weekend, would help her mood.

As we talked, I remember noticing that Cara was quite attractive and interesting. I thought about getting to know her better, but I also knew that Nina was possessive and would not be the least bit amused if I got to know any woman better, let alone her little sister. Conversation, therefore, never progressed past small talk.

Since I had more spare space at my house than Nina had at hers, I suggested that we all sleep at my house. My offer was graciously accepted. That night, Nina and I slept in my bedroom while Cara occupied the guest bedroom. As I made love to Nina, thoughts of Cara kept popping into my head. I wished that I was making love to her, or that she would walk in and join us. Nina is not only possessive, but also straight, so I knew this was not in the cards. The weekend ended uneventfully, and Cara returned home.

About two months later, I had to go to her home town on business, so I decided to call Cara and ask her out to dinner. As I was going to be there on company business and planned to stay in a fancy hotel, I suggested she bring a bathing suit so that we could take advantage of the facilities. Upon landing, I rented a car at the airport and drove to my hotel. When I arrived, Cara was waiting for me in the lobby. As we stood in the check-in line, we talked and decided to go swimming before dinner. She accompanied me to my room so that we could change into our bathing suits. I behaved like a perfect gentleman. She responded in kind by playing the part of a well-bred lady. I changed in the bathroom while giving her the privacy of the more comfortable bedroom.

After swimming, we sat in the nearby jacuzzi, which we had all to ourselves, and talked. It seemed to me that our legs and feet accidentally kept touching each other more than one would expect for two uninvolved people. I was trying to decide

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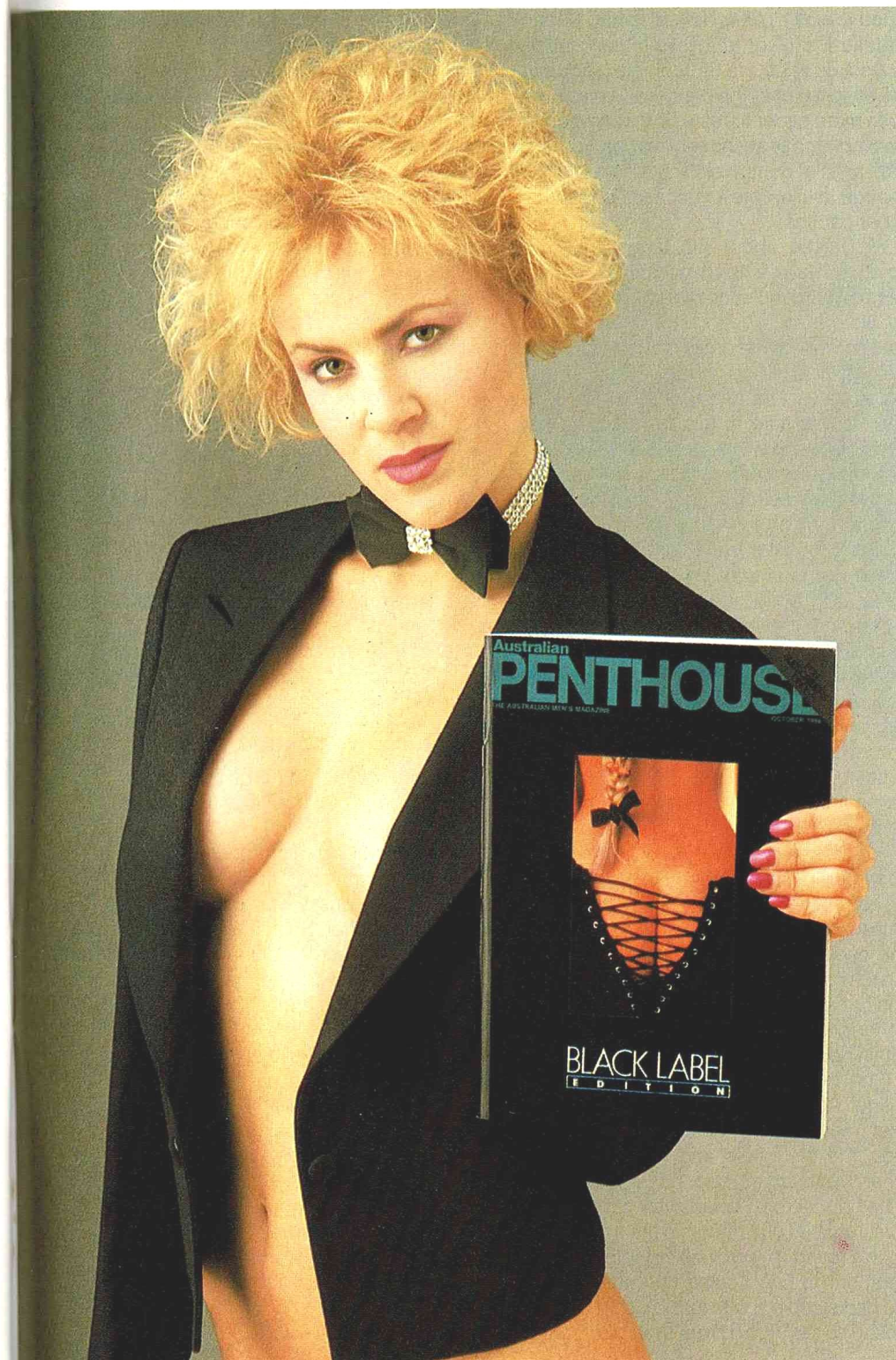
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FORUM

whether this could be attributed to my imagination working overtime, when Cara answered the question for me by starting to rub my crotch. As the water in the jacuzzi was turbulent, the 20 or so people sitting around the pool could not see what was going on beneath the water.

Before long, I felt my penis starting to swell. I was thinking about what to do next when Cara again decided things for me. Deftly, beneath the water, she removed her swimsuit, and then mine. Quickly and expertly she turned to face me, straddled my legs, and mounted my now fully hard member. It was a wonderfully erotic experience making love in front of a crowd of people. Nevertheless, I was thankful no one could see what was going on below our waists. I just hoped that the tub's jets would not suddenly stop, causing the water to instantly turn transparent. My fear added to the excitement of the moment.

While the unique surroundings and the spontaneity of our activities served to create the conditions for one of the most erotic experiences in my life, the surroundings also necessitated that our lovemaking be performed slowly and in a single position. Just as I was about to come, I gently removed Cara from my hard cock and suggested that we return to the room. She quickly agreed.

Back at the room, the wet swimsuits came off quickly and fell to the plushly carpeted floor. It didn't take Cara more than a few seconds to get me hard again. We continued our lovemaking, this time more wildly, as we no longer had to worry about the constraints of our previous surroundings. Magnificent simultaneous orgasms were reached quite some time later, followed by a leisurely dinner, and capped with continuous lovemaking and cuddling until morning, which arrived much sooner than either of us would have liked.

For the next two years, until Cara moved in with a boyfriend (I think he must be a very lucky guy), I looked her up whenever I had business. Since the first dinner Nina has asked me, at first frequently, of late occasionally, if Cara and I ever did anything other than eat and talk. Now you know why I had to withhold the names and cities. Nina still does not know. — *Name and address withheld*

Jail bait

Some time ago I was doing a stretch in jail. And like most men doing time, I was horny, frustrated, and looking forward to visiting day. When it finally rolled around, I was so horny that I just about jacked off before I even saw my girlfriend; but I decided to wait till after I talked to her — then I'd take a shower to relieve myself. Later, as I looked at Louise through the glass and talked to her over the phone, she made me even more eager to fuck. She was wearing a skimpy top that showed off her nice firm tits, and a denim skirt that was short enough to allow me an occasional glimpse of her panties.

We talked about the times we were going to have when I got out, and how much we missed each other. As we talked, Louise would lean forward from time to time, giving me a great view. This made things twice as bad for me — I was yearning to be sucked and fucked by her. Too soon it was time to go, and we said our good-byes and went our separate ways.

Louise later wrote to me that on the ride home, she was really hot — her thoughts kept returning to me and my rigid dick. It was a long drive home, and the itch between her legs was too much for her to take.

Keeping one hand on the wheel she spread her legs and slipped her other hand inside her panties. Finding her clit, she could feel her wetness starting to flow. Her hips and hand moved together in rhythm, and soon her hard-at-work fingers were sending spasms of ecstasy through her pelvic area. She shuddered and moaned as each wave of orgasm rocked her body. By now it was getting hard for her to drive, so she pulled over to get her head together — but not until she came a couple more times. Her panties were soaking wet, so she peeled them off so her hot, seething snatch could cool off. She collected herself and drove home, satisfied for the moment, although her desire still burned deep within her head and sweet pussy.

I, on the other hand, was in no better shape. As I returned to my cell after our brief meeting, my head was filled with thoughts of Louise and her juicy cunt. When I reached my bed, I lay back to think of her; but before I could even get comfortable, I passed out, right into dreamland. . . . Soon I found myself walking into my own bedroom to find Louise sprawled out on the bed sleeping, with just a T-shirt on. She looked so sexy lying there that I didn't want

to wake her, but something snapped in my mind, and I quickly undressed. I went over to the edge of the bed, knelt down, and gently spread her legs a little wider, making it easy for me to crawl between them and kiss her tender cunt lips. I took my time on her, making her hot. Starting from the top of her slit, I slowly ran the tip of my tongue down the entire length of her cunt.

I consider myself a master at the craft of oral delight, and the fact that I knew every inch of Louise's snatch made it even more pleasurable for her. My tongue was doing its job — her juices were starting to flow from her pussy and her hips began to gently rock with my every stroke. Not only was she turned on by me, but by the sight of my throbbing manhood in full gear, standing tall and proud like a well-trained soldier awaiting his next order.

As Louise's moaning and movements increased, her pussy lips began to swell, and the wetness engulfed my mouth and face. I probed deeper into her pussy till I found her clit, and sucked it while continuing to run my tongue up and down. This proved too much for Louise, and her first orgasm swept through her body like a gentle wind, making her pussy spill out even more of its sweet nectar. She grabbed the back of my head and forced it harder into her snatch. As my tongue and mouth continued their merry deed, Louise continued to explode again and again, each time more savagely. She passed out for a minute or so, right after pulling my head away.

When she opened her eyes, she smiled. When I rose up, she could smell her own musky odor on my face and hot breath. It must have aroused her in a big way, because when I kissed her, she pulled me tightly against her, practically swallowing my tongue. She reached between my legs and grabbed my raging tool. Feeling its thickness and hardness made the desire to feel it deep within her boil, and she guided its tip to the mouth of her cunt. I took over from there at full blast, sliding my hot meat in and out of her love tunnel with a vengeance.

We were fucking wildly, uncontrollably. I was feeding my hot cock to her, and Louise's warm pussy was eating up every inch it had to offer. Soon it was my turn to come; I could feel it within my balls and belly. With a powerful lunge, I thrust my cock in to the limit, and it slammed home, launching a load of red-hot sperm deep into Louise's cunt. The long thick stream of jizz just kept pouring out of my pipe. It overflowed from Louise's cunt, flowing down her buttocks, making a small lake on the sheet below us as we lay there, locked in an embrace. . . .

I snapped out of my dream at my cell mate's urging, and when I stood up, I noticed that my pants were filled with jizz. I just smiled and thought of what I'd tell Louise when I called her on the phone. — *Name and address withheld* ☐

☛ You were probably an uninspiring lover, and this is why your wife was so delighted at having some genuine sexual pleasure with someone else ☛

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

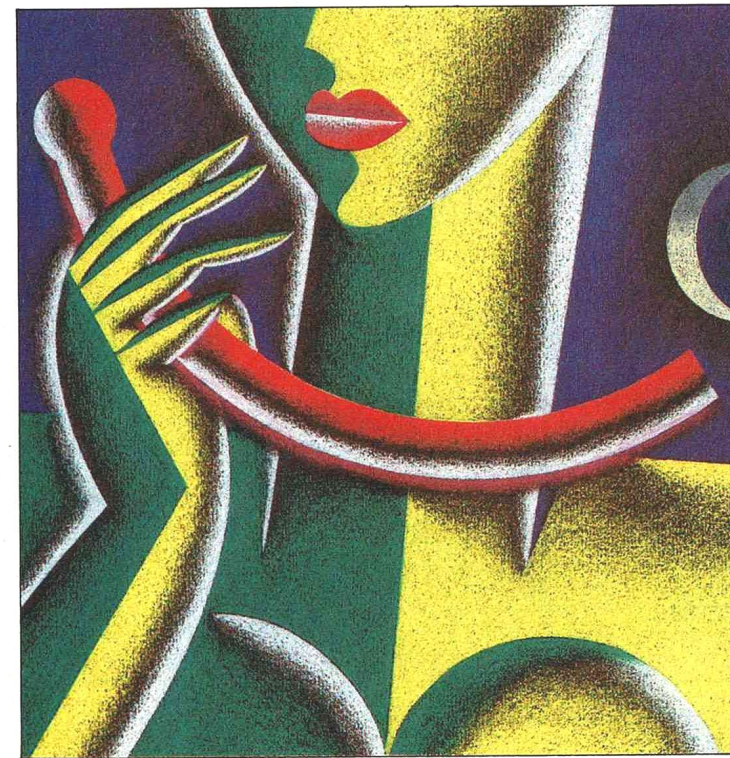
A fair situation

After almost ten years of being happily married, in which my wife and I were totally faithful to each other, I developed an urge to have an affair. Whether it was out of a sense of fair play or some kind of rationalisation to overcome the guilt that I knew would follow such an occurrence, I concluded that if she had an affair first, I would then be free to do as I pleased.

So much emphasis had been placed on fidelity during my marriage that at first I was sheepish to broach the subject with my wife. How wrong I was! I told her that a close business associate of mine thought she was attractive, and hinted that he would like to have an affair with her. I told her that if she wanted to, it would be quite all right with me, adding that variety is the spice of life. Her reaction was surprising, as she was quite interested to have sex with my friend.

I thought that the affair should take place in our home so that my wife would be both secure and comfortable. After we all had a superb dinner, cooked by my wife, she and my friend slipped off into the bedroom. Several hours passed before they re-entered the living room. Both had content looks of satisfaction on their faces. Little did I know that I'd opened a Pandora's box.

After this incident, my wife became obsessed, insisting that my friend visit her at least once a week. I finally felt free to do just about anything, and pursued an affair of my own. To my dismay, however, I found that fantasising about my wife making it with another man was more exciting than me making it with another woman. I soon realised that my satisfaction came through my wife's extracurricular activities, and in order to spice up our own sex life, I encouraged her to seek affairs with various men. Over the next few years, my wife had a few affairs with different men, and just the description of



her sexual escapades was enough to get me off.

The problem is this: Although I do get highly excited when my wife describes her lovers and their bedroom antics to me, it is only then that I am able to achieve climax. When my wife decided to give up her extramarital activities, my libido seemed to shrink. Even when she suggested a melange a trois (is that how you spell it, Xaviera?) I had no interest. Is this an obsession I have, and will it pass as time goes on? — *K.H.*

Most people, however upright their social conscience, experience some time in their lives a feeling that the rules may not be 100 percent right. An unjust fine for a minor traffic violation, an insult from a dear friend who has had one

drink too many, and the small, nagging irritations of everyday life sometimes provoke the thought, Goddamn it, there's something wrong with the system.

In a world where our leaders are naughtier than we have ever dared to be, it has become difficult to tell right from wrong. Consequently, we fall back on our childhood moral code, which tells us that sex is something we are not supposed to know anything about until we grow up, when we will get married and live happily ever after until divorce do us part.

Your problems stem from the fact that you have always taken the idea of marriage very seriously, but without really thinking about it very hard. What you have never accepted, or even realised, is that just like the rest of us, you are full of healthy, animal instincts, but are too conditioned or too inhibited to question what you believe to be the rules. You invented a character for your wife as a model of chastity, and after ten years you could not stand the high moral tone any longer.

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XAVIERA

I suggest that since you have always thought of sex as "wicked," you could not get really turned on to doing it with your wife, who was "good." Because of this attitude, you were probably an uninspiring lover for all those years, and this is the reason why she was so delighted at the idea of having some genuine sexual pleasure with someone else. Now that you have reclassified her as a "fallen woman," you suddenly see her as a wildly desirable sex object.

I suggest that you do a little self-analysis and try to discover which particular aspect of your wife's extramarital sexuality turns you on. Is it the movement of her body, the expression on her face, or just the fact that she is giving her all to somebody else?

Incidentally, the expression for a threesome is "menage a trois." "Menage" means a home or a household, while "melange" means something that is mixed up, like you.

Money where your mouth is

Although I am not as sexually active as I have been in the past, there is a question that hasn't been getting the proper attention regarding the protection from sexually transmitted diseases. I know that in recent years it has become very important to use prophylactics during intercourse, to help in

the prevention of AIDS and other diseases and infections. But what about someone like myself, who enjoys eating pussy? I relish the joy of doing so, and find that women also enjoy it very much. However, due to the great influx of AIDS (and other diseases) into the community, how does a man go about enjoying one of his favorite pastimes without worrying about catching something?

I came down with mono several years ago after spending a weekend with a sexually active woman, and I don't wish to repeat this again. Fortunately, I didn't catch something much worse than that, and I got help for the mono right away. I know that dentists use plastic sheets to cover the area of the mouth not being worked on, but it seems to me one hell of an impractical system for protecting me from getting something from a woman.

Because of this problem I am not sexually active anymore, and it's bothering the hell out of me. Fingering a woman doesn't give me half the satisfaction as cunnilingus does. Please offer any suggestions. — P.H.

The advent of AIDS has been shamelessly utilised by certain people to propagandise us against the pleasures of sex, when in fact the spread of the virus into the heterosexual community was caused not mainly by sexual contact, but by intravenous-drug users and infected-blood

transfusions.

The rubber industry has profited enormously by the AIDS scare, and has made an attempt to convince us that the use of a condom protects us absolutely. Wearing a rubber minimises the chance of catching something, but the only way to avoid all risk is either to limit your sexual activities to partners who are 100 percent healthy (which nobody is) or not to have any physical contact at all.

Your letter poses a challenge to condom manufacturers — maybe they can come up with a mouth protector to fit over the lips, teeth, and tongue, and maybe even a tongue extender with a built-in micro-vibrator. It would be a boom for hookers who specialise in blowjobs, and also for wives who won't suck because they don't like to swallow sperm. The idea will probably produce a new generation of rubber fetishists, who will get their kicks by licking lubricated latex.

Handy man

I have read about many fetishes in your column, but never the one that I am about to tell you. The part of a woman's body that I love the most is her hands. I believe that a woman's hands should be soft and pretty, and are a very useful tool in the art of lovemaking. Every time I see a girl, I look at her hands. Even if she is beautiful, if her hands are ugly I will not pursue her.

I could almost come by looking at beautiful hands. Lucky for me, my wife not only has pretty hands, but also doesn't mind my fetish. I love it when she puts on my favorite-color nail polish and jacks me off.

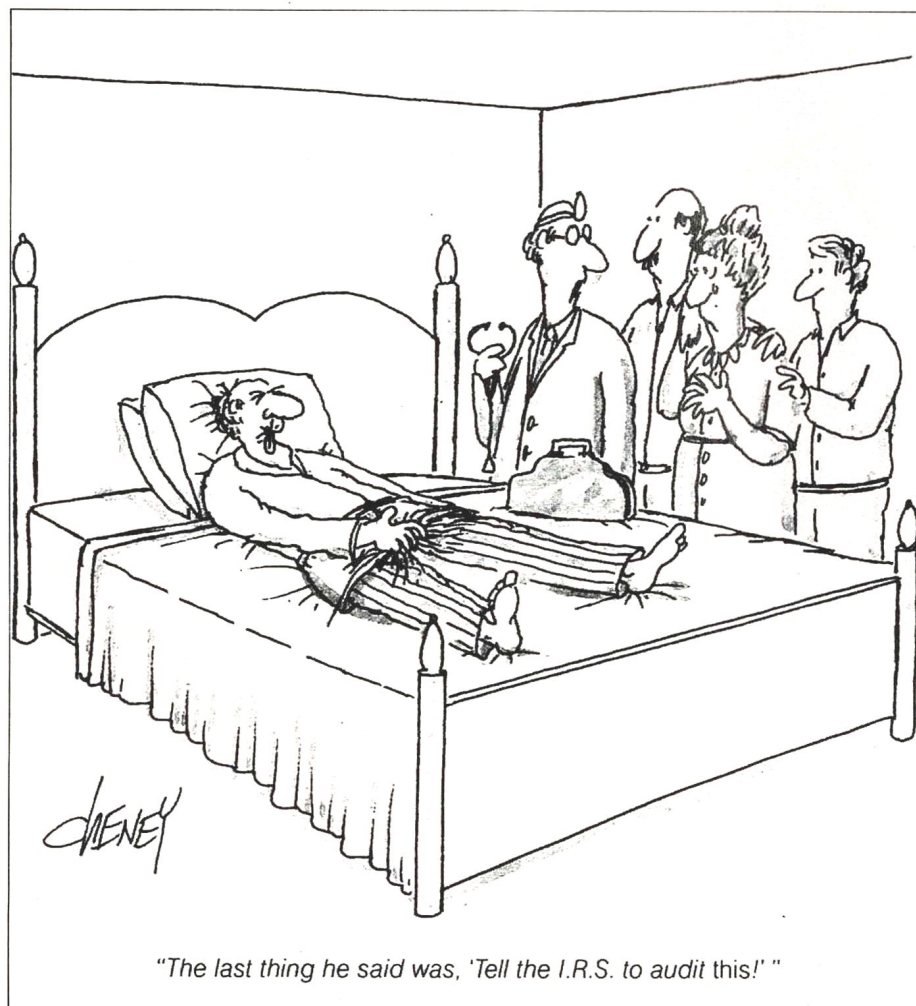
Xaviera, is this normal? Like I said, I have never read about this before. Do you believe that a woman's hands are just as important as the rest of her? — S.L.

I don't think you can have a fetish for hands any more than you can have a fetish for breasts or mouths or vaginas. A feminist girlfriend of mine once accused me of having a penis fetish. Nonsense. I love cocks — long or short, pale or dark, circumcised or not — and that is perfectly natural and normal, whether I take them in my pussy or in my mouth.

A fetish is a fixation not so much on the physical attributes of the opposite sex, but on an object that may be an extension of the sexual personality, like your girlfriend's bra or underpants, a silk scarf, or even shoes.

The reason I do not classify the human hand as fetish material is simply because the hand is a sexual organ, and as such is used more than all the other sexual organs put together. From the grope on the behind or the grab at the tits, to the delicate caresses, the fingers touching the lips or running through the hair, to the final titillation of nipple or clit, sensation is both given and received through the fingertips.

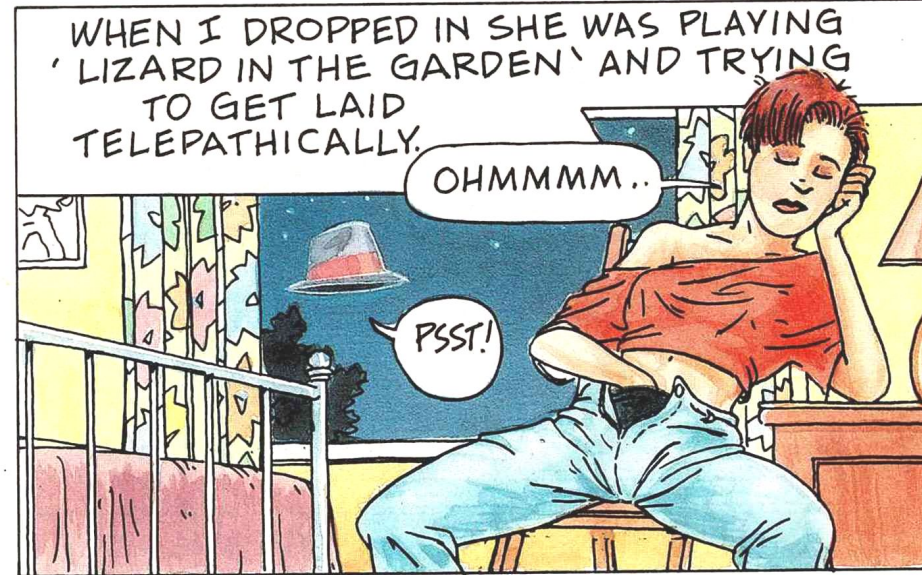
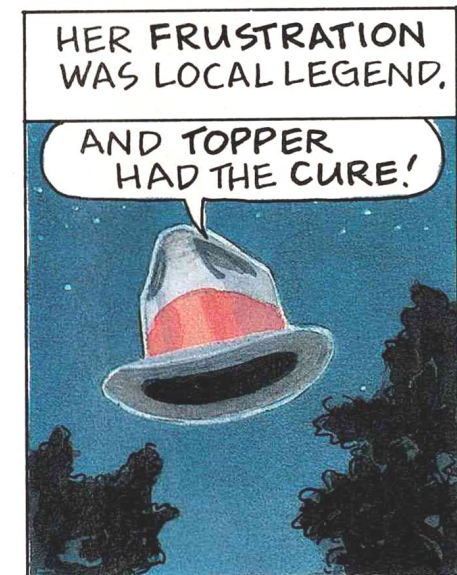
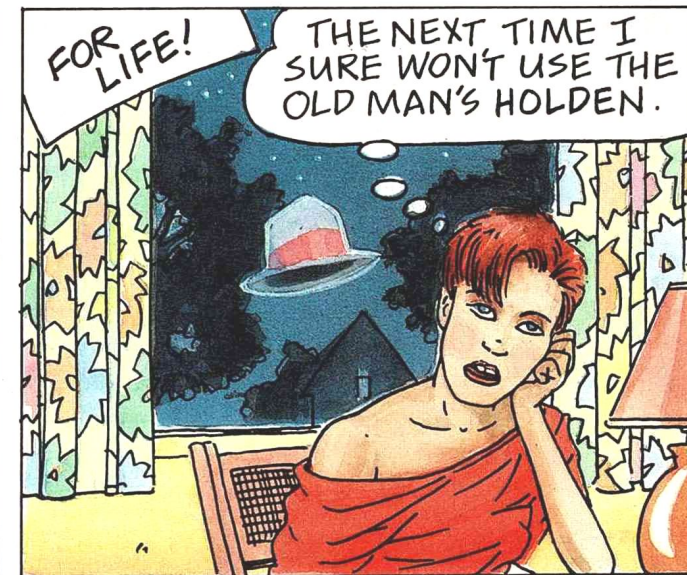
There is nothing unusual in adoring the beauty of a woman's hands. ☐

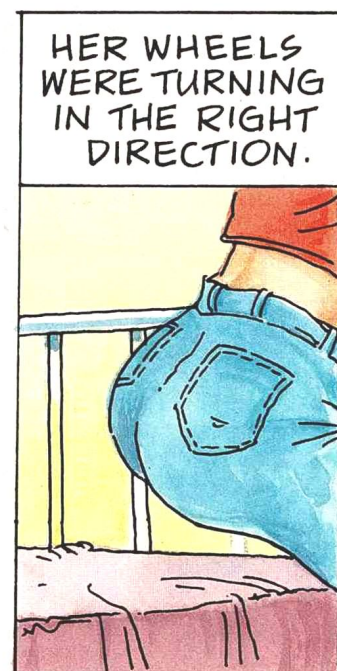
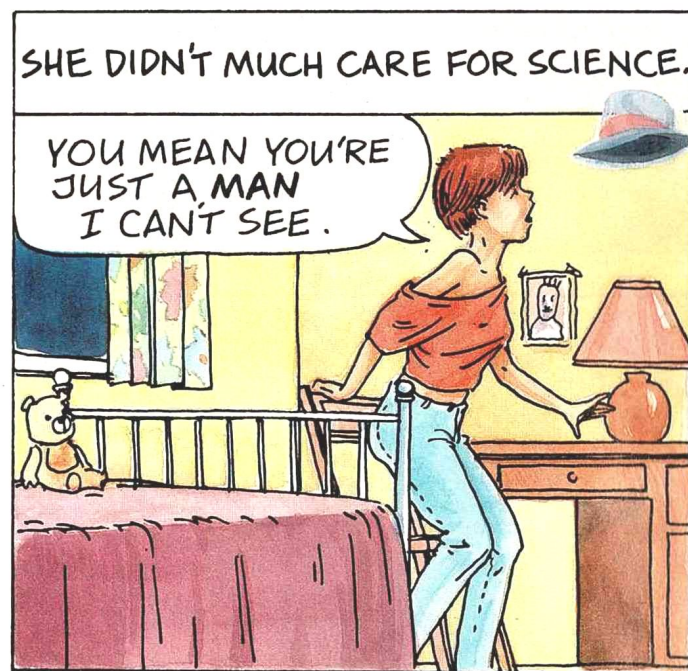


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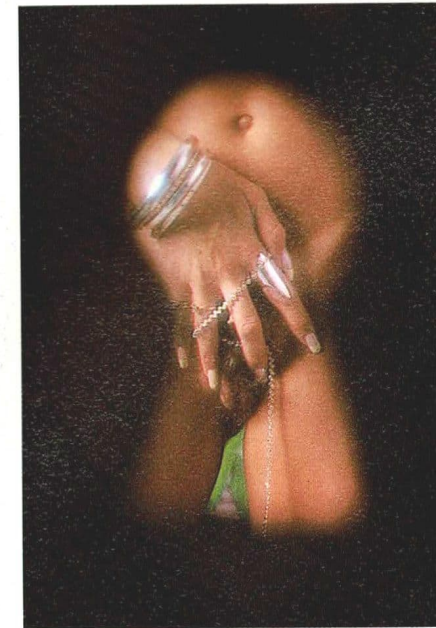




ELECTRIC AVENUE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

Matt was always full of surprises. Melissa never quite knew what crazy get-up he'd arrive home in in his ongoing efforts to spice their sex life. So when the helmeted figure arrived on her doorstep, she went right along with him, dragged him inside, and set upon him . . .





The helmet was soon removed. "Have I got the right house?" asked the rather bemused courier.



Despite her surprise, Melissa had lost it . . . Then the phone rang. It was Matt. "I've got a special surprise for you tonight, dear," he whispered. "Sorry babe," Melissa replied. "I've taken just about all the surprises I can swallow for one day . . ."



FICTION

Continued from page 101

floor with her," she said. "And anyway, Meg would give in without a fight. She's a lady, you see. And ladies lose."

I liked her. She was tough and nasty and funny, and could have put GMH into profit in 12 months. Whatever her game was, I was on her team. All that remained was to get the ball past Barry, and it looked as if I'd be carrying it.

"But how come Cromer didn't spring you?" I asked. "He must know his wife's got a twin sister."

"If he'd twigged," she said reasonably, "the cops would have been crawling all over me in ten seconds."

She said she'd been overseas doing the grand tour when her sister had married Cromer, and he couldn't get away from the Kincaids fast enough. "Cromer didn't want Meg's bog Irish family hanging round with their hands out," she said. "I've never actually met him."

It sounded like the Cromer I knew.

"And haven't you noticed how people who cheat all the time are really gullible themselves?" she marvelled.

Like me, I thought. There was just one other little thing bothering me. "Where does Ronny Brackenridge fit into all this?"

"Ah," she said. She'd been waiting for

this. "Ronny and I are old friends. We went to the same high school, and I ran into him again at university."

I choked. She laughed.

"Ronny financed his BA with gambling. Mostly playing poker with the Asian students. And winning, I might add. I think he had a horse, too."

"A BA," I croaked. "Ronny Brackenridge, BA. The bastard can't read or write."

"He didn't have to," she said. "I did all his assignments." She was enjoying herself. "I used to make him write them out in his own handwriting and put some spelling mistakes in. For authenticity."

"How did he do?" I asked.

"Mostly Cs," she said. "I didn't think they'd believe straight As."

I was horrified. Even flacks have illusions.

"Don't knock it," she said. "Ronny paid very well. It beat the hell out of waitressing. You could say Ronny was a formative influence. I thought about him a lot while I was teaching primary school at Wentworthville and living in a cockroach farm at Kirribilli."

"I just don't picture you as a school teacher," I said.

"Exactly. I hit Ronny for a loan and took off for the Gold Coast." She'd met lots of men at the Gold Coast, she told me. Men who knew how money worked and loved to talk about it. "I just listened," she said. "They weren't interested in my opinions."

"How unsporting of them."

She laughed. "Look, I'm not whingeing, Syd. I got an education; all they got was a quick feel."

She'd had the brains to turn all that information into a couple of dress shops and some flats. "So I've always had a soft spot for Ronny."

"Okay," I said. "I'm in. I'll give it a go."

"Good." She dug into a little gold purse and produced several pictures of herself and Ronny Brackenridge in highly compromising positions. "You might need these."

"You photograph well," I said.

She put her arms round my neck and kissed me. "Sometimes you need a snake to catch a toad," she whispered. When I calmed down several hours later, I wondered what that made me.

To make a long story short, I took the photos back to Cromer, weathered the abuse and hysteria, watched fear and greed battle it out and saw fear win, and couriered the cash back to Ridge's. All in a day's work. She stacked it neatly in a leather briefcase, thanked me and said I'd always be welcome at the Gold Coast. With all the other conmen, fugitives and losers in search of some sunshine and a ray of hope.

Barry never did find out exactly what had happened, but he had the unerring instincts of a sewer rat and he knew I was in it up to my armpits. So it wasn't long before I got the summons. He was sprawled behind his huge cedar power desk in his leather executive power chair, with his fat arms clasped behind his head, exuding a degree of arrogance exclusive to political hacks, property developers and successful heroin importers.

"The trouble with you," he began, even before I sat down, "is that you're arrogant." He stabbed a beefy finger in my general direction. "But you're not nearly as smart as you think you are."

"What's the problem?" I asked.

"I don't want any smart-arses on my staff. You can't get along with the others [Farquharson], and you're not getting me enough good press. You're fired."

I got up.

"Haven't you got anything to say for yourself?" he asked, disappointed.

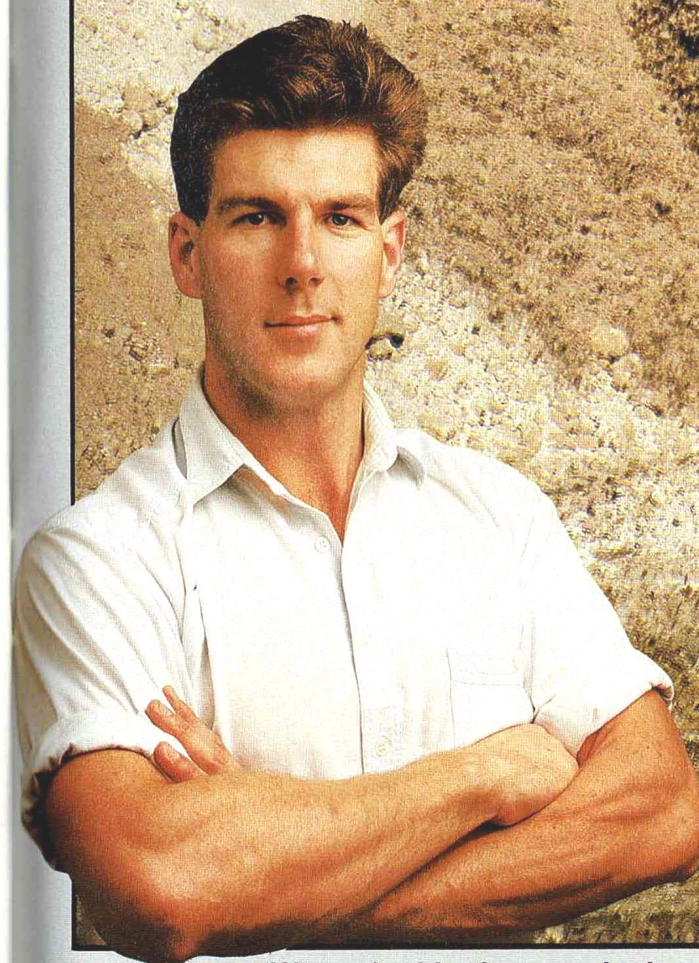
"Yeah," I said. "Barry, do you still beat your wife?"

So now I'm back casual subbing on an afternoon paper. I had to grovel to get that. Some newspaper people don't like Barry Cromer; others like to pretend journalists are above politics. Though my standard of living has dropped considerably, I'm reasonably happy, and I should have the worst of my credit card debts paid off in another year or so.

At which time I just might check out the Gold Coast. According to my sources, flexible people with experience in politics are always welcome in Queensland. And I have excellent connections. ☐



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KENWOOD

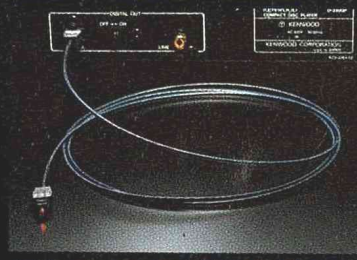
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Our new D Series components are at the top of their profession. The KA-3300D, for example, is an incredibly versatile "mission control" amplifier for a totally integrated digital-analogue audio system. It has its own twin high-speed D/A converters with 4x oversampling. Internal optical coupling. And even a special zero-loss fibre optic cable that links it to the DP-3300D CD Player.

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LOOSE ENDS

AIDS: WHERE DYA GEDDIT?



Maybe Thomas Edison woke up one morning with one of those little cartoon lightglobes over his head and said: "A bright idea came to me in my sleep. Today, I'll be danged if I won't invent me a lightglobe."

Then again, maybe it didn't happen quite that way. But ideas do crystallise in sleep, as we all know. While you're churning out the zeds, your grey cells are nutting out proposals to present you with over that first cup of coffee. It may not happen all the time, or the ideas you come up with are crumbly ones that fall short of changing the world. Ones like: "Eureka, I've just figured out the best way to wire up me muffler!" But sometimes they're momentous, complicated or mousetrappishly brilliant. Like the ones I woke up with the other day.

There wasn't a lightglobe when I shook off the fuzzy mantle of sleep and noted that I had been dribbling on my pillow. No, the symbol of my inspiration was different — sort of pinkish in color and cylindrical, with a little nubble on the end. I'll be buggered if it wasn't a condom! I blinked a couple of times and realised that my head was rattling with words and music. Then this jingle bubbled to the surface to a well-known tune: "I like nonoxynol jelly, Nonoxynol jelly for me! When I have my way with a he or a she, A spermicide condom keeps sex trouble-free./ Yes, I like nonoxynol jelly./ Spermicide frangas for me!"

Grasping the moment and the dressing gown, I stumbled to the next room to scribble down the jelly song, then sat back to wait. I didn't wait long. Words came tumbling like rats into the Weser, like kittens in a clothes drier. Could it have been my hand that wrote: "We're happy little sodomites, Safe as safe could be! We've had a nasty fright/And now on this we all agree./That we won't have sex tonight/ Unless our condoms are just right/To put a hose between the cheeks!"? I was allowed not a moment to reflect on the

relationship between Vegemite and anal sex before my fingers were at it again. Another ditty, this time to the tune of the old Pepsodent ad: "You'll wonder where your immunity went/If you have sex with a bloke who's bent."

A brief hiatus ensued in which I pondered what I had written. Three jingles. Admittedly, three highly derivative jingles. What could this mean? Then it hit me, the answer, like a diamond bullet to the brain, to quote Marlon Brando, who, I might add, wouldn't be caught dead these days doing that trick with the butter he pulled in *Last Tango In Paris*. But where was I? The Answer. Oh yes, I thought that if the Australian public is to realise the grave import of this AIDS mularky they need more than a skinny bloke with a bowling ball to get the message across. They need jingles — catchy little musical rhymes that burrow into the brain and keep on annoyingly keeping on all day and all night. And if those songs just happen to have tunes that all Australians have been weaned on, then so much the better to pluck at the the national psyche.

There was no time to ruminate. The power gripped me to inscribe: "Hey, True Blue, Just roll one on/If you're a dead cert for a poko/Or you're picking up a john./Hey, True Blue . . ." Then in capitals: "DON'T BI, AUSTRALIAN." Next thing, sex was swept aside to make way for these words of warning: "How d'ya feel/When you score some smack and take it back/To share the deal?/How d'ya feel/When they're passing the fit/And you're third for a hit/After Cheryl and Neil?/How d'ya feel when the doctor says he's gotta test your blood?/How d'ya feel?/What'll it reveal?/You'll feel like a Tooheys, Cos if you've go it, Bluey/We won't come in cooe of you!"

It was soon after I had scribbled "AIDS. When only the test will do" that I got to wondering whether this was how Singo did it. This advertising lark, I thought, was a breeze. My mind

drifted to visions of me behind the wheel of a Porsche, me wolfing down Beluga caviar while "doing lunch", me coaxing the corks out of magnums of vintage Veuve . . . Man, the heavy lettuce was as good as mine.

As someone wise once said, never count your sturgeon's eggs until they're on toast. No sooner had I plotted a money for nothing existence than my inspiration evaporated. I sat there waiting for the biro to deliver up another stroke of genius. Ten minutes. Twenty. Nothing. It was with considerable effort that I sketched out: "Take your penis to Paris. Wear a frenchie." I said it to myself, then out loud, then with a French accent, but it just didn't have what it takes. Gone was the sprightly insouciance that

masked deep meaning. Gone, and with them my Porsche, my harbor view and my cocaine. I tried again, a lyric to the tune of the Cottées jingle. It began: "My dad kicks the fruits/Who touch boys' bottles . . ." but it got no further because I screwed it up and chucked it at the wall.

Ah well, I thought, there's more to life than selling the sizzle, not the sausage and running things up flagpoles to see who salutes. I could become a missionary and save starving black babies. And then my eyes lighted on that ball of paper. Slowly I picked it up, smoothed it out and wrote: "Condoms: Run one up your flagpole." Perhaps there was hope yet.

That night I fell asleep wondering whether the Grim Reaper had a dick. — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

New Zealand's **Jenny Morris** has been gracing local stages for over six years. From early gyrations in striped T-shirt and mini-skirt with the Crocodiles in such dives as the now defunct Bondi Astra, to the heavy keyboard sound of QED and touring the world with INXS, she's always had a strong leaning towards simple melodies and finger popping rhythms. Especially in QED she tried to avoid being seen as simply the cute, bouncy female lead singer. Pop is a great pigeonholer but she has maintained a certain good-natured dignity through the whole process. Becoming part of the INXS entourage for a while obviously has had no detrimental effects on her public profile. She has since toured under her own name, of which *Body And Soul* (WEA) is the vinyl evidence (her first truly solo outing). Half the tracks come from her own pen while the brothers Finn have contributed one each, as has INXS musical maestro Andrew Fariss and a couple of country rockers. Combined with Morris' not so latent country tendencies the effect is often like LA country rock and rollers Lone Justice — going as she has for a live thrashing band feel rather than any contrived keyboard dinkiness that QED sometimes lapsed into. The album is crammed with spirit if not gems of songs (and some tunes like her own "Lighthearted" are real fillers), but she's a strong voice worth a listen.



Ace rhythm duo **Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare**, who've been the powerhouse behind the more memorable works of the likes of Grace Jones, are back in their own right as the **Rhythm Killers** (Island). These masters of dub and soul have the electronic thwack of new age disco punks like the Beastie Boys but with a more traditional sense of "the

Rap." "We have one desire and that's to dance until you drop."

Cute blue-eyed English soul duo **Go West** try to set bums in motion for some furious *Dancing On The Couch* (Chrysalis). There's not a lot here to drag us to our feet as their previous pop snap often takes on an ominous rock throb or a big ballad croon.

More upbeat goodtimes from the black culture of South African pop comes from **Sipho Mabuse** (Virgin). Big in his home country this man unleashes his blend of tribal rhythms and western pop sense (weaned on early covers of Beatles and Motown). Just as Jamaica gave the West back an influential reworking of pop and soul in the form of reggae, so South African musicians seem set to do the same — especially aided by Grammy award-winning patrons like Paul Simon. The essence of tracks like "Jive Soweto" have been heavily "borrowed" by Malcolm McLaren a couple of years back, but not all tracks have this sense of beaded ankles raising dust in the local market place — as the beautiful balladic lode of "Path To Freedom" testifies.

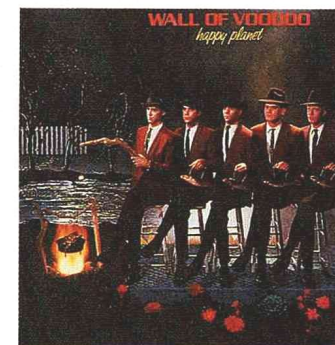
English band **XTC** have decided over the last few years to eschew assaults on the world's stages in favor of semi-rural retirement in their home town of Swindon, where they periodically venture into the studio to commit their own quaint vision of the world to vinyl. *Skylarking* (Virgin) has the trio delivering themselves into the hands of producer Todd Rundgren. An initial frolic and gambol in "Summer's Cauldron" leads to reminiscences of "things we did on) Grass" — whether it's the village common or illicit herbs is left unclear. Their earlier convincing thrash only surfaces on Andy Partridge's "Earn Enough For Us" — a continuation of his scenario of "Love On A Farmboy's Wages." Rustic acoustic guitar gives way to a Swindonian hybrid of cool jazz and latin ("The Man Who Sailed



Around His Soul") and more often sawing, swirling strings as when "1000 Umbrellas (Open Up To Spoil The View)." XTC seem content to merrily stroll down their own musical country lanes peering under hedges and recounting tales of their perceived normalcy.

Many American acts over the years have questioned and lampooned the American Dream — a house, a car, a TV dinner — the birthright of the children of the chosen land created by the Money God. This disposable heaven has provided artists from Frank Zappa to the Dead Kennedys with a wealth to rail against. It has also been kind to regular tourists **Wall Of Voodoo** who emanate a sense of late night sleaze — a celebration of this 24 hour a day culture that is part parody and almost Celtic in its reverence for the associated folklore and characters. For the promotion of *Happy Planet* (CBS) they scored the services of one of the classic victims of fame, success, money, drugs and mental illness — Brian Wilson (creative genius of the Beach Boys). Voodoo's version of his "Do It Again" is more like a quotation from this tinsel myth than any mere cover that sits comfortably with their own material. They seem to be heading in the novellette style that ex-Voodoo singer Stan Ridgway utilised on *The Big Heat*. Sardonic self-analysis doesn't necessarily make for great music and the fact that it emanates from a foreign cultural imperialist like the USA doesn't make it essentially more exotic than less pretentious locals like Gang Gajang. — *Jeremy Cook*

KIWI BODY AND SOUL



Clockwise from far left: Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare thrill as the Rhythm Killers; Jenny Morris' Body And Soul; Sipho Mabuse unleashed; Late night sleaze from Wall Of Voodoo.

Like his fellow countryman Dr Who, the character of James Bond has felt the need of yet another metamorphosis. Old Roger Moore has been shuffled off to the Sunnyside Safe House For Retired Secret Agents and in his place rises the chisel-chinned form of Timothy Dalton.

Dalton comes complete with a dermis untouched by a surgeon's scalpel and a waistline unneeding of elastic correction. He looks just as James Bond should look, and he says all the right things. In fact, if it wasn't for one small detail — make that two probably rather large ones — you'd swear he was the genuine article. But you see, somewhere in the transformation the Bond balls appear to have done a bunk.

In *The Living Daylights* (Director: John Glen, Screenplay: Richard Maibaum/Michael G. Wilson), Jimmy Bond is not the rootin', shootin' coot we've come to know and expect. Oh, he's still shootin', but rootin'? Not tonight, Gaylene. In this the fifteenth Bond movie, the infamous Bond fun gun, the meat magnum, the pork repeater (call it what you willie) stays firmly furled in his Savile Row slacks. The new Bond is a one-woman man who will do no more than kiss his leading lady, in this case the beautiful Maryam D'Abo as Eastern European cellist Kara Milovy. And don't blink or you'll miss the Bond Lovelies, the ranks of whom have dwindled from the scores on display in his pre-AIDS heyday down to about three.

Ah, but all this sexist carry-on would be truly irrelevant if *The Living Daylights* could boast a plot that packs a punch. Not so; it has a hard-to-follow storyline that sees Bond on the trail of a mysterious American arms dealer and pitted against a brace of lacklustre baddies. As the evil contingent, Jeroen Krabbe, Joe Don Baker and Andreas Wisniewski work valiantly well within a script that fails to develop their characters. Locations, too, seem to lack the visual opulence apparent in previous films.

The Living Daylights' formula is definitely one of less glitz, fewer tits, and the tongue has been removed from the cheek (among

other places) to conform more closely with the original intentions of Bond's creator Ian Fleming. Unfortunately though, Fleming always was a forgettable writer.

Talking about tongue in cheek, nobody does it better than Jack Nicholson and Jack playing the Devil is not to be missed. The Devil he is in *The Witches Of Eastwick* (Director: George Miller, Screenplay: Michael Christofer, based on the book by John Updike.)

In this odd and appealing Faustian romp, three small-town bored and single women (Susan Sarandon, Cher and Michelle Pfeiffer) combine willpowers to summon up the man of their dreams, who turns out to be the attractive and mysterious Daryl Van Horne (Nicholson). Van Horne seduces each of the women in turn before the four-some set up house together in his magnificent, magical mansion. Happy fun and games are shortlived as the town's godfearing citizenry twig to the evil goings on up at the big house and to the identity of its new leaseholder. The beautiful witches, too, begin to realise that their *menage a quatre* can lead to no good and they conspire to end it.

The Witches Of Eastwick is not to be approached with expectations of misty tableaux of haggard crones whipping up eye of newt daiquiris. The movie is bright, colorful and humorously larger than life. Its atmosphere of quirky fun is peppered with special effects, some light and magical, others alarmingly savage. It contains a healthy quota of surprises and Cher, Sarandon and Pfeiffer are truly bewitching.

Fans of American comedian Steve Martin won't be disappointed with his latest vehicle *Roxanne* (Director: Fred Schepisi, Screenplay: Steve Martin). Even those who have somehow failed to succumb to his goofy comic genius in the past would be hard-pressed to dislike this warm and witty showcase for his talents and those of his co-star Daryl Hannah.

In a plot frankly pinched from the tale of Cyrano De Bergerac,

FILM

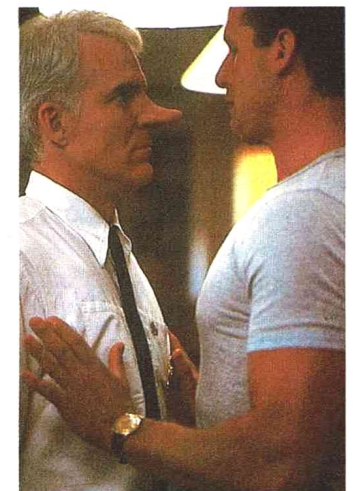
THE CASE OF THE MISSING GONADS



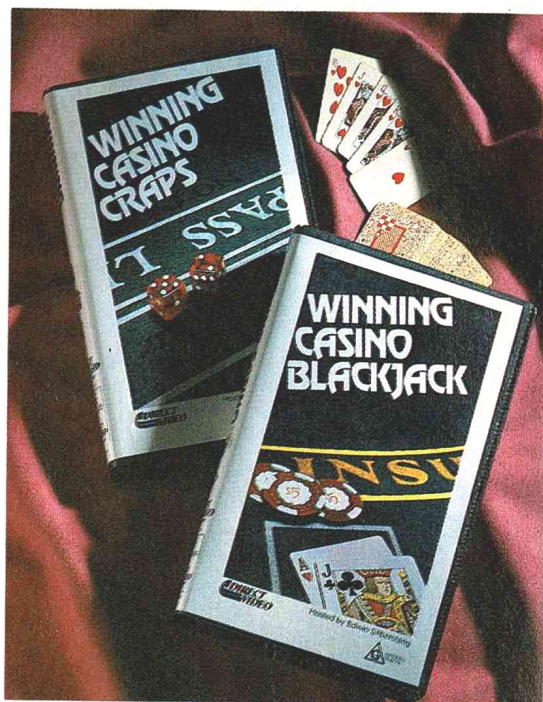
Martin plays C.D. Bales, small-town firechief with a wit and heart as big as the great outdoors and a nose of similar proportions. He falls in love with gorgeous, intelligent visitor Roxanne (Hannah), who views him with only sisterly affection, preferring the physical charms of handsome fireman Chris (Rick Rossovich).

Chris has the IQ of a caravan site and is so lunkishly shy that he throws up when faced with the company of a pretty girl. He enlists Bales to write love letters to Roxanne; Bales pours heartfelt poetry into his writing and succeeds in seducing Roxanne and firmly entrenching the unhappy love triangle. Until, of course, the farce is revealed.

Roxanne has a gentle continuity and completeness lacking in more than a couple of Martin's previous films. Its humorous high points, though, match anything he has done before. The film has heart. It's got soul. And it's got nose. Boy, has it got nose. — *C.J. Mackay*



From the top: Dalton and D'Abo almost get it on in The Living Daylights; Sarandon, Pfeiffer and Cher, truly bewitching as The Witches Of Eastwick; Steve Martin gets nose with Rick Rossovich in Roxanne.



WINNING WAYS

Blackjack is the most popular casino game in the world. It's also one of the very few where your decisions alter the outcome and it's the game with the lowest of house percentages. Can you play it? Do you want to play it better? Craps is the ultimate dice game, described by many gamblers as the most exciting and fascinating of all casino games. Despite the fact that Craps is the game that presents gamblers the best prospect of winning large amounts of money from modest stakes, its rules and terminology are a mystery as far as most Aussie gamblers are concerned. Are you in the dark about

Craps? If you want to know more about these two games, two new releases from Direct Video will put you in the money-making picture. *Winning Casino Blackjack* and *Winning Casino Craps* are how-to tapes hosted by American gambling expert Edwin Silberstang. In each tape, Silberstang, author of 25 books on gambling, guides the viewer through from game basics to pro hints. In the face of Australia's casino gambling boom, a dekho at these videos will put you in front before you pull up a table. Available in stores now, or contact Direct Video on (02) 406 6448 for stockists.



MAKING WAVES

Yamaha's making waves — jet-powered — with two revolutionary new water vehicles. The WaveRunner and WaveJammer combine the principles of motor cycle riding with jet skis, but with a whole new feeling of stability. Novices can get on one and go. All very easy to handle, but these mothers really move with the hammer down. You can stand or sit. Both vehicles are powered by 32hp two-stroke engines without propellers to cut the fun short. User friendly. A buzz. You'll love them.



WIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

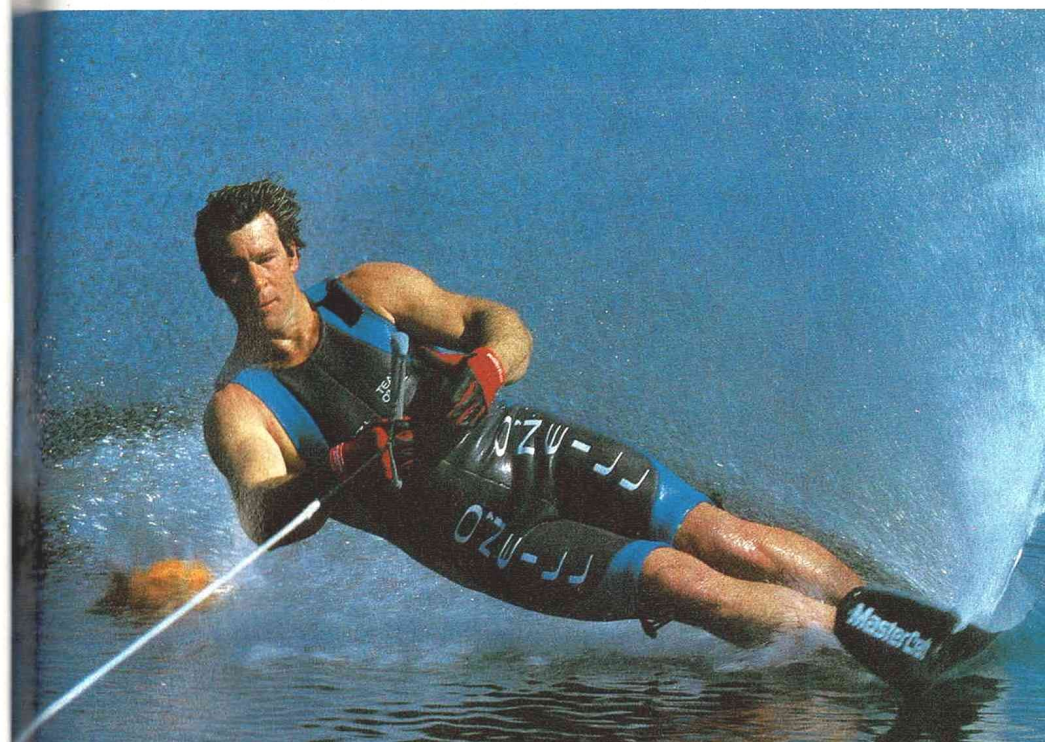
Summertime and the winning is easy, ice is tinkling and the martinis are dry. The Gordon's Gin martinis, that is. To kick off summer in their accustomed sophisticated manner, the chaps at Gordon's Gin are offering two of their newly launched Entertainment Collections to *Australian Penthouse* readers. One of three Gordon's promotional packs for the Aussie summer, the entertainment set includes all products pictured here. The line-up of prizes will include imported dry martini and highball glasses, delicately etched with the Gordon's logo, a 750ml cocktail shaker, ice-bucket, serving tray and superbly crafted bridge set encased in a gold stamped black leather folder. Prices of individual items range from \$25 to \$45.

To win a Gordon's Entertainment Collection, simply write to *Penthouse* telling us the name of the berries featured on the Gordon's label. Hint: These berries are used to flavor gin after distilling. You should know the answer to that one standing on your head. Send your entry in an envelope clearly marked with your name and address to: Gordon's Gin Competition, Loose Ends, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Entries close Friday, November 13. The first two correct entries drawn at random will receive an early Christmas present courtesy of Gordon's and *Penthouse*.

The Gordon's Entertainment Collection, Fashion Collection and Outdoor Collection are available by mail order by contacting: The Gordon's Collections, PO Box 3016, Darlinghurst, Sydney NSW 2010.

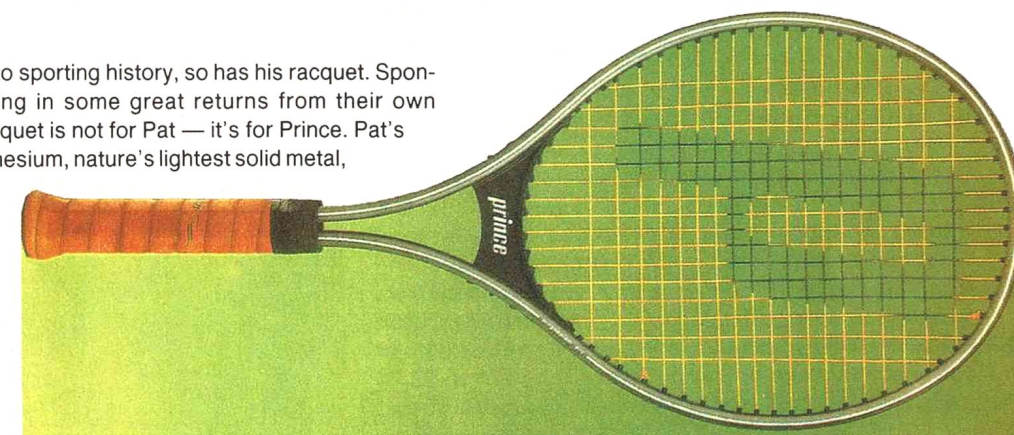
WORLD FIRST

Mastercraft Skis is proud to introduce the world's first asymmetrical slalom ski — something of a breakthrough, if you talk to the experts. With feet fixed, skiers have always talked about their on and off sides in turns. Unique advances have resulted in two different perimeter shapes on the Lapoint Radius: an abrupt pivot point and taper on the strong side, and a gradual sidecut taper and flatter angle on the bevels on the weak side for smooth, carving turns. Combined with the right amount of rocker and tunnel width, plus graphite for acceleration, it is the choice for more advanced carvers. Recommended retail is a top-of-the-line \$930, and the people to contact are the experts from Sydney's Waterski Warehouse. Whatever your level of proficiency, they can steer you toward the ski to bring out your best. Ring them on (02) 682 6820.



CASHING IN

As Pat Cash clubbed his way into sporting history, so has his racquet. Sponsors found themselves getting in some great returns from their own servicing. No, the P on the racquet is not for Pat — it's for Prince. Pat's particular model is forged from magnesium, nature's lightest solid metal, with a high damping capacity to resist vibration and to give a stiffness comparable to graphite. The Prince's Magnesium Pro is not the cheapest racquet on the market by a long lob, but there's no cutting corners on the road to Wimbledon glory.



THE THIRD MAN

Elegant, understated packaging echoes the subtly masculine fragrance of the French men's grooming range that takes its name from the famous Graham Greene novel and film *The Third Man*. This range of four products is new to Australia and its stylish presentation and olfactory appeal make it a worthy consideration as a birthday or Christmas gift, or a treat for yourself. The price range appeals, too. After Shave Soothing Balm sells for \$27; Stick Deodorant \$28; Shaving Foam \$24; After Shave Splash-On \$44. Look for The Third Man range of toiletries in department stores and perfumeries across Australia.





DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT

There are currently around 120 million keys in Australia — or about 7.5 per person. Another 44 million are sold each year and there are no available figures on how many are lost, except to say that it's lots. If you're the type who's always losing his keys or locking them in the car you may like to invest in a little plastic innovation that goes by the name of the Creditcard Key. Made from DuPont's latest in space age plastic, the Creditcard Key (the size and shape of normal credit cards) has two cut-out keys connected by a strong hinge and any key cutter can cut them from your house or car keys, to give you a handy spare set to keep in your wallet with your other credit cards. This American invention sold 27 million in the States in just three months and they're predicting success in Australia. They sell for about \$8.95 at selected outlets and the motor trade. Don't leave home without it. And don't lose your wallet.

HANDS ON

According to a recent survey there are three things certain to diminish a man's chances on that all-important first date. The first is saying, "Do you use it on the first date?"; the second is breaking wind at the dinner table and waving your serviette around to clear the air and the third, and arguably the most heinous, is by having dry, cracked hands. Yes, dry, cracked hands. She won't care if those hands got that way through hard yakka — if you make a grab for her left patella under the table and ladder her new pantyhose you're history, clobber. Remedy hands like Tutankhamen by using Rosken Skin Repair after cementing, grouting, painting, grinding or doing all those handyperson things. Skin Repair contains glycerine, olive oil and a special type of silicon that seals and protects. Prices range from \$2.25 for a 45g tube to \$5.90 for a 250g jar. At pharmacies and supermarkets.



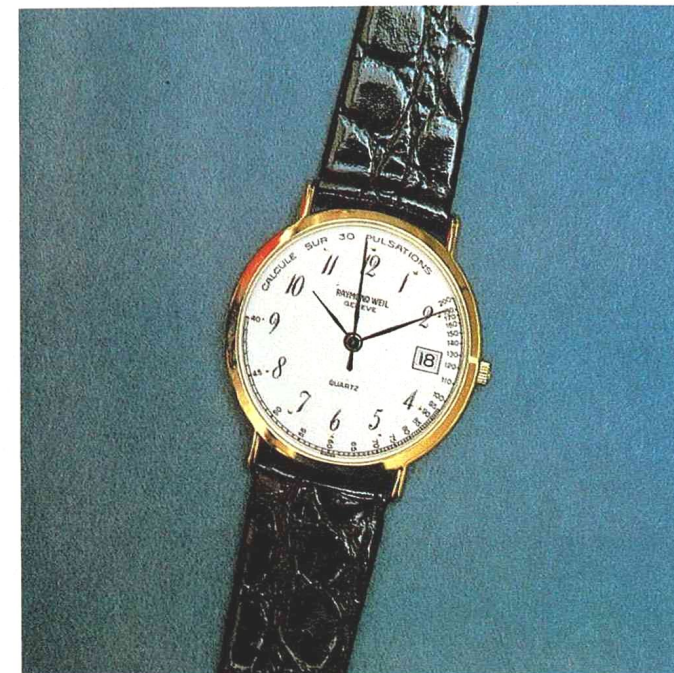
SCULL

Ask most Australians if they can scull and pull, and you might be met with the response, "You buy the keg and I'll show you my form." If they're smart enough to own a Whitehall Pulling boat, though, they might take you to some secluded waterway and initiate you into the delights of dipping an oar. The aerobic benefits of rowing are one thing — these traditional shapes lend an elegance and superb efficiency to this relaxing pastime. The design was common around the latter half of the 19th Century, but modern materials and modern adaptations by Peter Lentz, of Recreational Rowing Craft of Kendall in NSW, lighten the weight and further improve performance. Fibreglass hulls are generously appointed with hand-crafted timber and fastened with traditional bronze, copper and brass. Peter makes a stunning range — and any one can be custom-built to your specifications. Talk to Peter or Wendy for details and prices by ringing (065) 59 4035.



MAKING A KILLING

How To Host A Murder, the latest game from Ventura, has been described as a cross between a spooky Agatha Christie novel and taking part in a whodunnit play. The game is played around a table with eight people taking the parts of suspects. It comes with a cassette that reveals details of the murder, a blueprint of the murder scene, a host guide and instructions, eight top secret clue manuals containing classified information for each player, and other stuff. The object is for the group to determine who out of the eight suspects is the murderer. No-one is allowed to lie outright, though he may answer questions evasively to shift suspicion. There are six murder scenarios currently available. You can be in at the kill for \$29.95.



WRIST ACTION

Are you the type of busy, active guy who uses any spare time on your hands to jog, work out down at the gym or bash a ball around a court? Raymond Weil has just the watch for you — one that will give you the time of day as well as monitoring your heartbeat during activity or stress. For quick and simple monitoring you begin to count the pulse beats as the second hand passes the 12 o'clock mark. After

30 beats the heart rate can be read from the scale on the outer rim of the watch face. As you can see from the photo, designer Weill has not sacrificed form for function. It's a stylish timepiece that's just as much at home in the boardroom as it is on the squash court. An ideal gift for doctors, health freaks and hypochondriacs, this Swiss watch sells for about \$430 at selected jewellers in all states.

DEEP

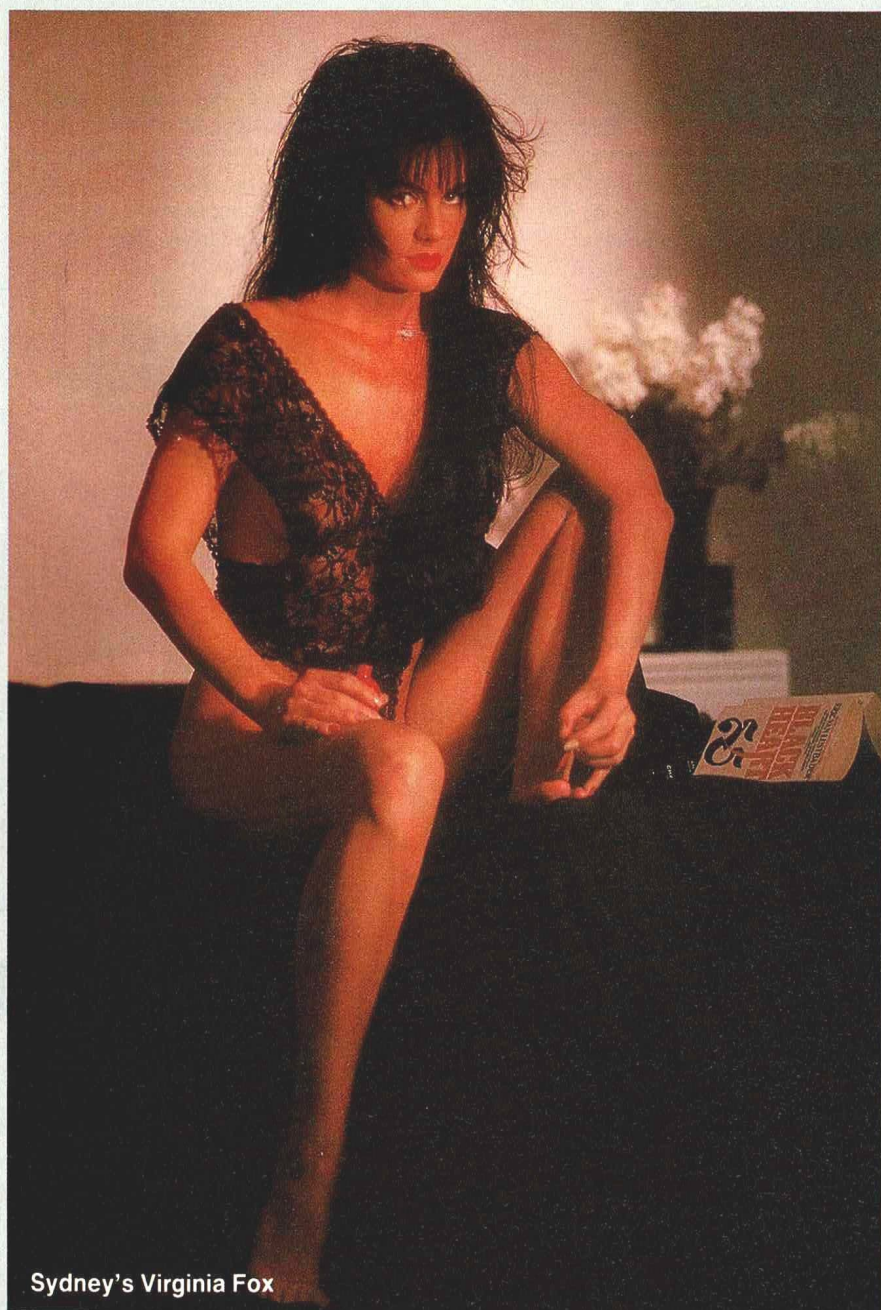
Beauty may be only skin deep in some books, but the beauties of skindiving to the ocean's depths more than compensate for the beautiful people into SCUBA. However, the dramas of the deep require some reliable back-up as well, and TUSA's diving accessories fit the bill. The FK-300 Liberator diving knife makes sheathing and drawing your knife safe and simple. It has one-touch release, and the knife is automatically locked when sheathed. It's new, and it can be tested in leading dive stores.



MASKED QUALITY

Tusa's TM-5000Q masks answer the needs of divers with easy installation of corrective lenses. Equipped with a convenient strap adjuster for swift underwater adjustment. Great fit and lightweight. Top quality. Be there.





Sydney's Virginia Fox

COMING IN DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

One Nerd in Bangkok — Acclaimed playwright and actor Steve J. Spears thought he had it made when he scored a trip to Thailand. But he didn't count on some strange Asian customs or his own unfortunate physical failings. Don't miss this hilarious tale of woe from one of Australia's funniest writers in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

More Offensive Jokes — You asked for it, you got it. Overwhelming response to our feature 101 Offensive Jokes forced our research team to get down and give you another collection of *really* bad jokes. If you want to know what happens when you put your hand up a gypsy's dress, or why so many homosexuals wear moustaches, pick up a copy of the December issue.

Whiplash Smile — When 25-year-old Sydney stunner Virginia Fox cracks the whip and demands artistic creativity in a man she doesn't mean he should paint her kitchen. Virginia seeks artistic outlets a shade more sophisticated — which is why she turned on such a hot performance for the *Penthouse* cameras.

Christmas Cheer — Next month's big festive issue offers you the chance to win \$2,500 worth of imported beer, presents the definitive Christmas Gift Guide, and reveals some startling facts about AIDS in Australia and the infighting and incompetence within the organisations fighting to prevent it. And of course there's a bevy of the world's most beautiful women. Give yourself a well-deserved Christmas present — December *Australian Penthouse*.

KING KONG

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body." He had limped out of the surgery and paddled straight into the Sunset lineup. According to *The Performers'* producer Bruce Raymond, "Kong surfed better with the stitches than before."

Last winter on the North Shore Kong cemented his big wave reputation at Sunset Beach and Waimea Bay and proved that there was very little compromise in his competitive push with a fine second to the veteran Mark Richards in the Billabong Pro. He also found time to introduce young brother Bongo (yes, Bongo) to the thrills of an eight-metre day at Waimea Bay. Says Kong: "He was just coming out to sit in the channel and watch, but he's an aggressive little bastard and he just had to take off. He made the drop and just kept going, all the way in to the beach."

On a competitive roll now, Kong returned to Australia for his dramatic lunge at the title. In case you're wondering if Kong is as tough as his publicity suggests, consider the following: with six weeks break in the tour, Kong thought he'd keep in shape by trying a triathlon . . . or four. Competing four weekends out of five leading up to the Bells Beach Easter Classic, he finished mid-pack in each of the 1½-kilometre swim, 30-kilometre bike ride, 10-kilometre run events. Oh, and he found time to marry Pasquale. "I can't travel with the boys anymore," he says. "It's too competitive. They're your mates but they're out to get you. They're not sinking their money into it for nothing."

When tyro Nicky Wood knocked Kong out of the Coke Classic and contention for the 1986-87 title, the loser marched up the beach and told a television reporter: "The wheels just fell off." But Kong failed his own four-year plan by just one place. At 23 he feels this is going to be his year. "That title means everything I've put into surfing. I've probably got a few problems with my contest surfing, like I should do more close to shore, but I'm putting everything into winning this year."

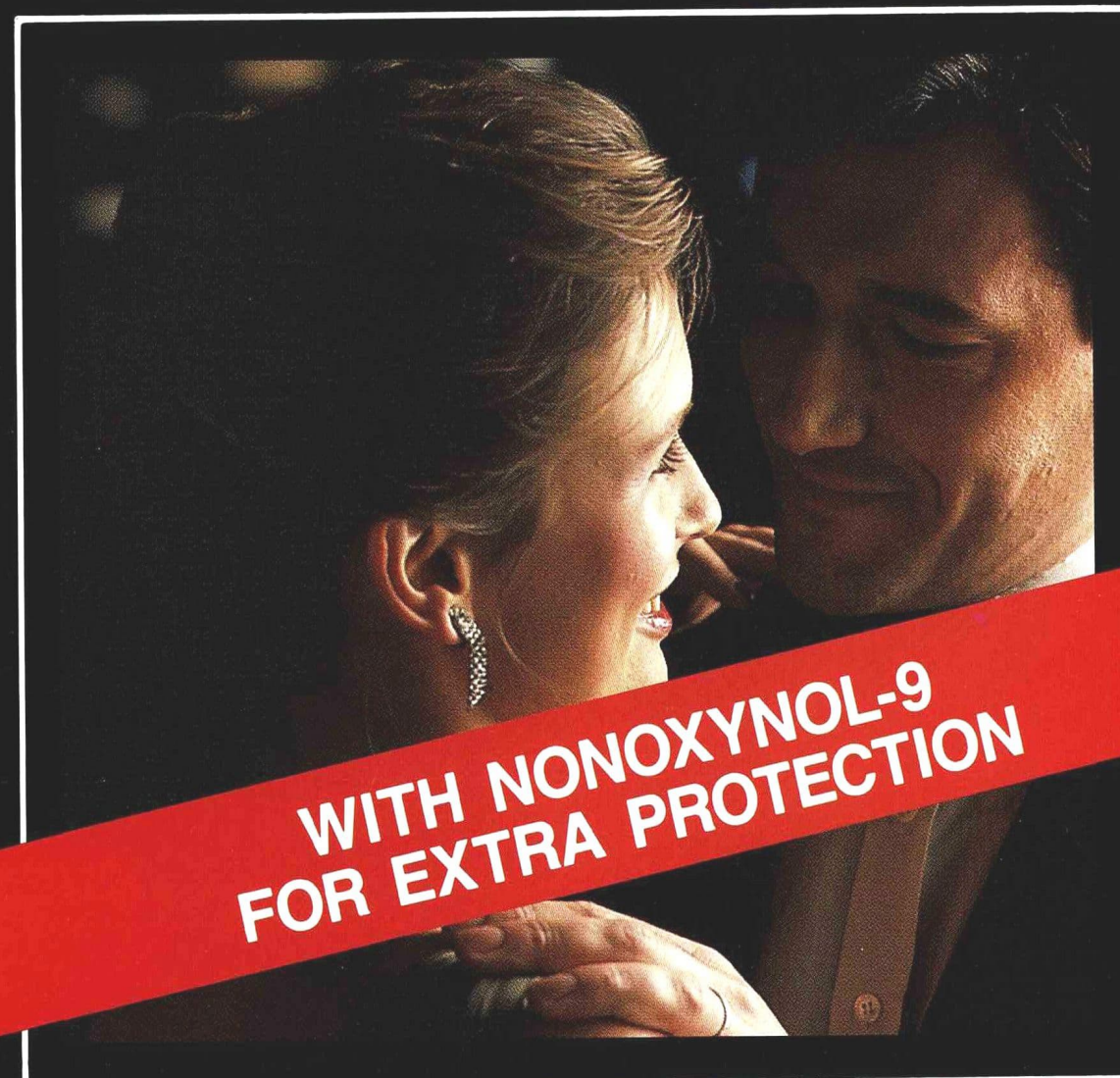
With just two tour wins and less than \$50,000 in career winnings behind him, it would be an overstatement to say that Elkerton has set the world of competitive surfing on fire. Yet his influence has been felt far more than that of many of his contemporaries who look better on paper. According to the brash and often abrasive Kong, it is only a matter of time before he has the loot as well as the glory. But if things don't pan out he isn't too worried. He still has a half-share in Bully's prawn trawler and there are hundreds of offshore surf spots he hasn't even surfed yet.

Kong says: "Bongo's 17 and he made more money out of fishing than I did on the tour last year. Shit, what have I got to worry about?" 

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